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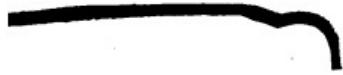
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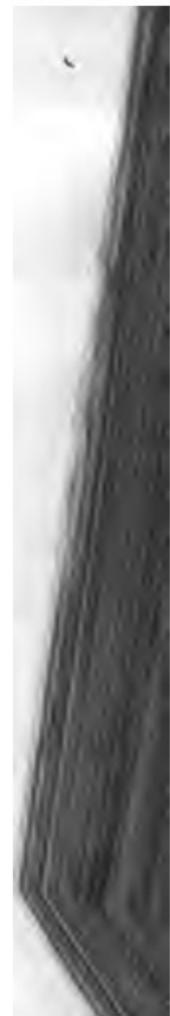


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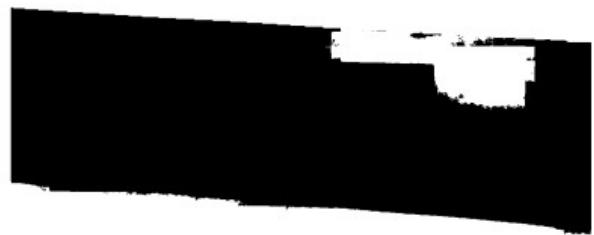
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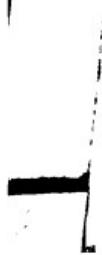
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King Henry VIII.
Act III. Scene II.

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LESSON
OF
IMPORTANT NOTES.

VOLUME XIII.

STAINING





KING HENRY VIII.

VOL. XIII.



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P R O L O G U E.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,

that bear a weighty and a serious brow,
High, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
Are now present. Those, that can pity, here
may, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to
see

Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
To undertake, may see away their shilling
Only in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
Noise of targets; or too see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
Rank our chosen truth with such a show
Fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend,) /
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
Known
First and happiest hearers of the town,

PROLOGUE.

Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Henry the Eighth.

Cardinal Wolsey. " *Cardinal Campeius.*

Ambassador from the Emperor, Charles V.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of Norfolk. *Duke of Buckingham.*

Earl of Suffolk. *Earl of Surrey.*

Chamberlain. *Lord Chancellor.*

Bishop of Winchester.

Lord Bishop of Lincoln, *Lord Abergavenny,* *Lord Windsor.*

Sir Thomas Lovell.

Sir Nicholas Vaux.

Servant to Wolsey.

Servant to Wolsey.

Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.

Other Gentlemen.

Physician to the King.

King at Arms.

Uveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

London, and a Serjeant at Arms.

Porter-keeper of the Council-Chamber. *Porter, and his Man.*

Cryer to Gardiner. *A Cryer.*

Queen Katharine, wife to King Henry; afterwards divorced.

Anne Bullen, her maid of honour; afterwards Queen.



*An old Lady; Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, Woman to Queen Katharine.*

*Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb show
Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits
which appear to her, Scribes, Office
Guards, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, chiefly in London, and Westminst
once at Kimbolton.*

K I N G H E N R Y VIII.

A C T I . S C E N E I .

London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your Grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-
back;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could
have weigh'd.
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single ; but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's : To-day , the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and to-morrow, they
Made Britain , India: every man , that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins , all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil , did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them , that their very labour
Was to them as a painting : now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable ; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool , and beggar. The two Kings,
Equal in lustre , were now best , now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise : and, being present both,
'Twas said , they saw but one ; and no discern'r
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these
suns

(For so they phrase them,) by their heralds chal-
leng'd
The noble spirits to arms , they did perform
Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous
story,
Being now seen possible enough , got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. O , you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship , and affect
In honour honesty , the tract of every thing
Would by a good discouser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was r'
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,

Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, Certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my Lord?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good de-
cretion

Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is
free'd

From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays of the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, Sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high seats done to the crown; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he
that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the King, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on
them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, — That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath at-
tach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and ¶

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I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription: — but this top-pride fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, ~~but~~
From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the King I'll say't; and make my
vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the King our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a
glass

Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir. This cun-
ning Cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd;
As he cry'd, Thus let be; to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our Count-
Cardinal
Has done this, 'tis well: for worthy Wolsey:
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,

PROLOGUE.

Be sad, as we would make ye: Think
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see the
And follow'd with the general throng,
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment
How soon this mightiness meets misery
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

KING HENRY VIII.

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Buck. Lo you, my Lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his Highness' pleasure;
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
heaven
Be done in this and all things! — I obey. —
O my Lord Abergavny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company: — The
King

[To ABERGAVENNY.
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the King's plea-
sure

By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, to attack Lord Montacute; and the
bodies
Of the Duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, hic chancellor, —

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great Car-
dinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd al-
ready:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
 Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
 By dark'ning my clear sun. — My Lord, farewell.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber.

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
 Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the
 level

Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
 To you that chok'd it — Let be called before us
 That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
 I'll hear him his confessions justify;
 And point by point the treasons of his master
 He shall again relate.

The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a
 suitor.

K. Hen.

KING HENRY VIII.

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K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us: — Half
your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your Majesty.

That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commis-
sions

Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the
heart

Of all their loyalties: — wherein, although,
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!

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Wherein? and what taxation? — My Lord
dinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part, in saught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that if
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my Lord,
You know no more than others: but you fr
Things, that are known alike; which is
wholesome
To those which would not know them, a
must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exact
Whereof my Sovereign would have note, t
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am hold
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's,
Comes through commissions, which compe
each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This make
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold
froze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,

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here their prayers did ; and it's come to
pass,
actable obedience is a slave
incensed will. I would , your Highness
give it quick consideration , for
no primer business.
Lew. By my life,
against our pleasure.

And for me ,
no farther gone in this , than by
e voice ; and that not pass'd me , but
ned approbation of the judges .

traduc'd by tongues , which neither know
ilties , nor person , yet will be
consciences of my doing , — let me say ,
the fate of place , and the rough brake
true must go through . We must not stint
essary actions , in the fear
of malicious censurers ; which ever ,
nous fishes , do a vessel follow
new trimm'd ; but benefit no further
ainly longing . What we oft do best ,
interpreters , once weak ones , is
, or not allow'd ; what worst , as oft ,
a grosser quality , is cry'd up
t best act . If we shall stand still ,
our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at ,
uld take root here where we sit , or sit
atus only .

Lew. Things done well ,
th a care , exempt themselves from fear ;
done without example , in their issue
be fear'd . Have you a precedent
commission ? I believe , not any .
t not rend our subjects from our laws ,
them in our will . Sixth part of each ?

A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part
timber;

And, though we leave it with a root, thus
The air will drink the sap. To every coun-
Where this is question'd, send our letters,
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission: Pray, look
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you [To the Se-
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the King's grace and pardon. The
commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revok-
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise yo'
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Se-

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the Duke o-
ingham

Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
To nature none more bound; his training
That he may furnish and instruct great tea-
And never seek for aid out of himself.
Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing on-
rupt,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times mo-
Than ever they were fair. This man so co-
Who was euroll'd 'mongst wonders, and w-
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could no'

KING HENRY VIII.

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His hour of speech a minne; he, my Lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall
hear

(This was his gentleman in trust,) of him
Things to strike honour sad. — Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate
what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.
Serv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the King
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the scepter his; These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergany; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond yon, to your friends.

O. Kath. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Serv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Serv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,

His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surr. Not long before your Highness sped to
France,

The Duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Loudoners
Concerning the French journey: I reply'd,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious
To the King's danger. Presently the Duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he
doubted,

'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Colrt, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd, — Neither the King
nor his heirs,
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper: bid him
strive

To gain the love of the commonalty; the Duke
Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your
office

On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on: —

Go forward.

Serv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, By the devil's illusions
This monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas
dang'rous for him,

To ruminant on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man: — Canst thou
say further?

Serv. I can, my Liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Serv. Being at Greenwich,
After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir William Blomer, —

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time: — Being my sworn servant,
The Duke retaipl'd him his. — But on; What
hence?

Serv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been com-*
mitted,
As, to the Tower, I thought, — I would have
play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if
granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Sury. Not long before your Highness sped to
France,

The Duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I reply'd,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious
To the King's danger. Presently the Duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he
doubted,

'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; that oft, says he,
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You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on: —

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Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrew'd
ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear di-
rectly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones;
one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reign'd among them.
Cham. Death! my Lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, *sure,* they have worn out christendom.
How now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. Faith, my Lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray
our monsieurs

To think an English courter may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions,) leave these remnants
Of foot, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance.
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean

The faith they have in tennis, and talk stock
 Short blister'd breeches, and those types of t
 And understand again like honest men;
 Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I ts
 They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
 The lag end of their lewdness, and he laugh
Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick,
 diseases

A ~~new~~ crown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
 Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
 There will be woe indeed, Lords; the sly w
 sons

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladie
 A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow
Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad tl
 going;

(For, sure, there's no converting of them;) n
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
 A long time out of play, may bring his f
 song,

And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lad
 Held current musick too.

Cham. Well said, Lord *Sands*;
 Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my Lord;
 Not shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
 Whither were you going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's;
 Your Lordship is a guest too,

Cham. O, 'tis true:
 This night he makes a supper, and a great o
 To many lords and ladies; there will be
 The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you

KING HENRY VIII.

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Lor. That churchman bears a bounteous mind
indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my Lord, he has where-
withal; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your Lordship shall along: — Come, good Sir
Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your Lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the
Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door, ANNE BULLEN, and divers
Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his
Grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,

In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first—good company, good wine, good
come
Can make good people. — O, my Lord,
are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Thomas Lovell.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardin
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of the
Should find a running banquet ere they rested.
I think, would better please them: By my lif
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your Lordship were but now c
fessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford.

Cham. Sweet Ladies, will it please you
Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of thi
His Grace is ent'reng.— Nay, you must not fre
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep th
waking;

Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,

And thank your Lordship. — By your leave, sweet
Ladies :

[*Seats himself between ANNE BULLEN
and another Lady.*]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love
too:

But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

{*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my Lord. —

So, now you are fairly seated: — Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY; attended;
and takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that
noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not ~~freely~~ merry,
Is not my friend: This; to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. {*Drinks.*

Sands. Your Grace is noble: —
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours, —
Ladies, you are not merry; — Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise

KING HENRY VIII.

is noble bevy, has brought with her abroad; he would have all as merry good company, good wine, good welcome
to good people. — O, my Lord, you are tardy;

Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell.

thought of this fair company wings to me.

You are young, Sir Harry Guilford.

Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal my lay-thoughts in him, some of these in a running banquet ere they rested, would better please them: By my life, a sweet society of fair ones.

I, that your Lordship were but now confessor

or two of these!

I would, I were; old find easy penance.

Faith, how easy?

As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Sweet Ladies, will it please you sit?

Sir Harry,

that side, I'll take the charge of this:

is ent'reng. — Nay, you must not freeze;

ten plac'd together makes cold weather.

Sands, you are one will keep the

waking;

: between these ladies.

By my faith,

Shall shine at full upon them: — Some attend him.

[Exit Chamberlain, attended, all arise, and tables removed.

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all: and, once more, I shower a welcome on you; — Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen torch-bearers; usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gratefully salute him.

A noble company! What are their pleasures? — *Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd

To tell your Grace; — That, having heard by fame

Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,

Have leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which
I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses ANNE BULLEN.*

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,

In their fair cheeks', my Lord; then we shall
have them

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your Ladyship: and pledge it, Madam,
For 'tis to such a thing, —

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your Grace, they would talk
anon.

[*Drum and trumpets within: chambers discharged.*]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this? — Nay, Ladies, fear
not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd,

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble trapp of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and
landed;
And hither make, as great Ambassadors
From foreign Princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French
tongue;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty

Shall shine full upon them: — Some attend him,

[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All
drives and tables removed.]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all: and, once more, I shower a welcome on you; — Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, us Maskers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen torch-bearers; usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gratefully salute him.

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Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,

But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,

Grave leave to view these ladies, and entreat

An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasure.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The sonorous King chooses ANNE BULLEN.*

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O' I would be rived on beauty.

Till now I never knew thee. [Musick. Dan.
Wol. My Lord, —
Cham. Your Grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by this p-
son,

More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my Lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, a-*
returns.]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have yo-
Grace

Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then. —

[*Comes from his seat*
By all your good leaves, Gentlemen; — Here
make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, Cardinal:
[*Unmaskis*]

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, Lord
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardin-
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thon
Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her Highness'
men.

K.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one. —
Sweet-heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. — A health, Gentlemen,
Let it go round,

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
In the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my Lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my Lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. —
Sweet partner,

I must not yet forsake you: — Let's be merry; —
Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen
healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. — Let the musick knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

, A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1. *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2. *Gent.* O, — God save you!

Even to the hilt, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

2. *Gent.* I'll save you

54 KING HENRY VIII.

That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the
money
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2. *Gent.* Were you there?

1. *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2. *Gent.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd

1. *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2. *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

1. *Gent.* Yes, truly, is he, and conc-
upon it.

2. *Gent.* I am sorry for't.

1. *Gent.* So are a number more.

2. *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1. *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The
Duke

Came to the bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The King's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessi
Of divers witnesses; which the Duke desir'd
To him brought, *vivā voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. *Gent.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?

1. *Gent.* The same.

All these accus'd him strongly; which he
Would have flung from him, but, indee
could not:

And so his Peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Mr
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

ething spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
ll to himself again, and, sweetly,
rest show'd a most noble patience.
t. I do not think, he fears death.
u. Sure, he does not,
was so wraugh; the cause
little grieve at.
u. Certainly,
inal is the end of this.
t. 'Tis likely,
njectures: First, Kildare's attainer,
ty of Ireland; who remov'd,
rey was sent thither, and in haste too,
ould help his father.
t. That trick of state
ep envious one.
t. At his return,
, he will requite it. This is noted,
rally whoever the King favours,
inal instantly will find employment,
nough from court too.

KING HENRY VIII.

After BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tip-
staves before him, the axe with the edge to-
wards him; halberds on each side: with him—
Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir
WILLIAM SANDS, and common people.

2. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me,
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgement,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven be

And, if I have a conscience, witness,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those, that sought it, I could wish more

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them
Yet let them look they glory not in mischi-
Nor build their evils on the graves of gre-
For then my guiltless blood must cry again-
For further life in this world I ne'er hope
Nor will I sue, although the King have
More than I dare make faults. You

And dare be bold to weep for Bucking-
His noble friends, and fellows, whom
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my
And, as the long divorce of steel fall
Make of your prayers one sweet sacri-
And lift my soul to heaven. — Lew

Lov. I do beseech your Grace,

malice in your heart
against me, now to forgive me frankly.
Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive
you,

I be forgiven: I forgive all;
not be those numberless offences
, I can't take peace with: no black envy
to my grave. — Commend me to his
Grace;

— speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
him half in heaven: my vows and
prayers

: King's; and, till my soul forsake me,
for blessings on him: May he live
in I have time to tell his years!
'd, and loving, may his rule be!
n old time shall lead him to his end,
and he fill up one monument!
o the water side I must conduct your
Grace;

my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
takes you to your end.

Prepare there,
is coming: see, the barge be ready;
with such furniture, as suits
ness of his person.

Say, Sir Nicholas,
se; my state now will but mock me:
ame hither, I was Lord High Constable;
e of Buckingham; now, poor Edward
Bohun:

richer than my base accusers,
r knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
that blood will make them one day
groan for't.

ather, Henry of Buckingham,

Henry the seventh succeeded, ~~when my~~
My father's loss, like a most royal Prince
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out
Made my name once more noble. No
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name
That made me happy, at one stroke he
For ever from the world. I had my time
And, must needs say, a noble one
~~makes me~~

A little happier than my wretched fate
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes, —
Fell by our servants, by those men
most;

A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you think
This from a dying man receive as certain
Where you are liberal of your loves, all
By sure, you be not loose; for those
friends,

And give your hearts to, when they or
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
like water from us, never found again.

I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2. Gent. If the Duke be guiltless,
'Tis fall of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil; if it fall,
Greater than this.

1. Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,
Sir?

2. Gent. The secret is so weighty; 'twill re-
quire a strong faith to conceal it.

1. Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2. Gent. I am confident;
You shall, Sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the King and Katharine?

1. Gent. Yes; but it held not?
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst despise it.

2. Gent. But that slander, Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good Queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this business.

1. Gent. 'Tis the Cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2. *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark: But
 — is't not cruel,
 That she should feel the smart of this? (The Car-
 dinal
 Will have his will, and she must fall.

1. *Gent.* 'Tis woful.
 We are too open here to argue this;
 Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

Cham. *My Lord,* — The horses your Lord-
 ship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw
 well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were
 young, and handsome; and of the best breed in
 the north. When they were ready to set out
 for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by
 commission, and main power, took 'em from
 me; with this reason, — His master wbuld be
 served before a subject, if not before the King:
 which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have
 them;
 He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good
 Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
all of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
as crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
is crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
tis is the Cardinal's doing, the King-Cardinal:
hat blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
irns what he list. The King will know him
one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
ad with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd
the league
tween us and the Emperor, the Queen's great
nephew,
dives into the King's soul; and there scatters
angers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
saps, and despairs, and all these for his mar-
riage:

ad, out of all these to restore the King,
counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
hat, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
bout his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
f her, that loves him with that excellence
hat angels love good men with; even of her,
hat, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
ill bless the King: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel!
'Tis most true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end, —
The French King's sister. Heaven will one day
open

The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From Princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand;
If the King please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

Nbr. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much
upon him: —

My Lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The King hath sent me otherwhere: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your Lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.
{Exit Lord Chamberlain.

KING HENRY VIII.

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NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflited.

K. Hen. Who is there? ha

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way, 's business of estate; in which, we come to know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold; o to; I'll make you know your times of busi- ness: this an hour for temporal affairs? ha? —

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPFIUS.

Ho's there? my good Lord Cardinal? — O my Wolsey,

quiet of my wounded conscience,

you art a cure fit for a King. — You're wel-

come, [To CAMPFIUS.] learned reverend Sir, into our kingdom;

us, and it: — My good Lord, have great care

not found a talker,

old Sir, you cannot.

old, your Grace would give us but an hour

ivate conference.

Hen. We are busy; go,

[To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of; I would not be so sick though, for his place:

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do, I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK*]

Wol. Your Grace has given a precedent of wisdom

Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices; Rome, the purse of judge-

ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius
Whom, once more, I present unto your Highness

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms Lhi

him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have
wished for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strai-

gers' loves,

You are so noble: To your Highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding,) — you,

Lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their

In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The Queen shall
be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come: — Where's Gar-
diner?

Wol. I know, your Majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and
my favour
To him that does best; God forbid else. Car-
dinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour
to you;
You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd
me. [Aside.]

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[They converse apart.]

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor
Pace

In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread
then

Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you en
him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtu
Kept him a foreign man still: which so gri
him,
That he ran mad, and died.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living m
murers,
There's places of reburke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good
low,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learns, this
ther,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to
Queen.

[*Exit Gardi*
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. — O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, —
science. —
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.]

[*Exit*

S C E N E III.

An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartment.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither; — Here's the p
that pinches:

KING HENRY VIII.

+7

His Highness having liv'd so long with her; and
she

So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her, — by my life,
She never knew harm-doing; — O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, — the
which

To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
Tis sweet at first to acquire, — after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be tem-
poral,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
A soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily;
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content;
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead;
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,

Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
 Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
 Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which
 (Saving your mincing) the capacity
 Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive
 If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth, —

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth, — You w
 not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under he

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd w
 hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
 What think you of a Duchess? have you limb
 To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck
 a little;

I would not be a young Count in your way,
 For more than blushing comes to: if your ha
 Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
 Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a Queen
 For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
 You'd venture an embalming: I myself
 Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'lo
 No more to the crown but that. Lo, who co
 here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Ladies. What w
 worth to know
 The secret of your conference.

A

My good lord,
demand; it values not your asking:
less' sorrows we were pitying.
It was a gentle business, and becoming
of good wofmen: there is hope,
be well.
Now I pray God, athen!
You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings
uch creatures: That you may, fair Lady,
speak sincerely, and high note's
your many virtues, the King's Majesty
is his good opinion to you, and
ose honour to you no less flowing
chioness of Peinbroke; to which title
id pound a year, annual support,
s grace he adds.
I do not know,
d of my obedience I should tender;
my all is nothing: nor my prayers
ords duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
th than empty vanities; yet prayers, and
wishes,
can return. Beseech your Lordship,
to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
a blushing handmaid, to his Highness;
ealth, and royalty, I pray for.
Lady,
t fail to approve the fair conceit,
hath of you. — I have perus'd her well;
[Aside.
id honour in her are so mingled,
have caught the King: and who knows
yet,
this lady may proceed a gem,
n all this isle? — I'll to the King,

~~Come pat between two tally wands,~~
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate
A very fresh-fish here, (fyre, fyre upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth:
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter
pence, no.

There was a lady once, ('tis an old story
That would not be a Queen, that would
For all the mud in Egypt: — Have you

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness
broke!

A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect,
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time

, the Archbischop of Canterbury alone; him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Ro- : , and Saint Asaph; next them, with small distance, follows a Gentleman g the purse, with the great seal, and final's hat; then two Priests, bearing silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher aded, accompanied with a Sergeant s, bearing a silver mace; then two ten, bearing two great silver pillars; sm, side by side, the two Cardinals and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with d and mace. Then enter the King n, and their trains. The King takes or the cloth of state; the two Can under him, as judges. The Queen e, at some distance from the King. ps place themselves on each side in manner of a consistory; below Scribes. The Lords sit ~ The Crier ~

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England,

into court.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right

justice;

And to bestow your pity on me: for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, born out of your dominions; having here no judge indifferent, nor no more assurance of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas! In what have I offended you? what cause hath my behaviour given to your displeasure? That thus you should proceed to put me to death. And take your good grace from me?

witness,

... true and humble witness,

in this time, you can report,
we it too, against mine honour aught,
I to wedlock, or my love and duty,
your sacred person, in God's name,
away; and let the foul'st contempt
upon me, and so give me up
arrest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
your father, was reputed for
most prudent, of an excellent
teh'd wit and judgement: Ferdinand,
King of Spain, was reckon'd one
Prince, that there had reign'd by many
ye: It is not to be question'd
ad gather'd a wise council to them
l'm, that did debate this business,
d our marriage lawful: Wherefore I
humbly

Sir, to spare me, till I may
ende in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
ye: if not; i'the name of God,
be fulfill'd!

What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace

Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, Madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal, —

To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam

Q. Kath. Sir,

I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a Queen, (or long have dream'd so,) cer-
tain,

The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay,
before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, —
Which God's dew quench! — Therefore, I say
again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,

You speak not like yourself: who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
wrong:

I have no spleen against you: nor injustice

or any: how far I have proceeded,
or further shall, is warranted
mission from the consistory,
the whole consistory of Rome. You charge
me,

that I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
the King is present: If it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which be-
fore

His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and
humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his Highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my jndge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,

And to be judg'd by him,

[She curt'sies to the King, and offe
to depart.

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well,
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again,

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come in
the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray ye
keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. — Now the Le
help,
They vex me past my patience! — pray ye
pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, GRIFFITH, and
other Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world, who shall report he
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government
Obeying in commanding, — and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee ou
The Queen of earthly Queens: — She is ne
born;

And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself toward me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,

est manner I require your Highness
shall please you to declare, in hearing
these ears, (for where I am rabb'd and
bound,

e must I be unloos'd; although not there
once and fully satisfied,) whether ever I
ad broach this business to your Highness; or
laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you, — but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, — spake one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are oft to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The Queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justify'd? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd; oft
The passages made toward it: — on my honour,
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to his point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me
to't, —

I will be bold with time, and your attention: —
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; —
give heed to't; —

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French Ambas-
sador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and

Our daughter Mary : I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution , he
(I mean , the Bishop) did requite a respite ;
Wherein he might the King his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate ,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager ,
Sometimes our brother's wife . This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience , enter'd me ,
Yea , with a splitting power , and made to tremble
The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way ,
That many maz'd considerings did throng ,
And press'd in with this caution . First , me-
thought ,

I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
Commanded nature , that my lady's womb ,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me , should
Do no more offices of life to 't , than
The grave does to the dead : for her male issue
Or died where they were made , or shortly after
This world had air'd them ? Hence I took a
thought ,

This was a judgement on me ; that my kingdom ,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world , should not
Be gladded in't by me : Then follows , that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue 's fail ; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe . Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience , I did steer
Toward this remedy , whereupon we are
Now present here together ; that's to say ,
I meant to rectify my conscience , — which
I then did feel full sick , and yet not well , —
By all the reverend fathers of the land ,
And doctors learn'd . — First , I began in private
With you , my Lord of Lincoln ; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek ,

When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my Liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself
to say

How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. So please your Highness,
The question did at first so stagger me, —
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, — that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your Highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons: — Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of the good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our Queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o'the world.

Cam. So please your Highness,
The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his Holiness.

[They rise to depart.]

K. Hen. I may perceive, [Aside.
These Cardinals trifl with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Róme.

My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer!
Prythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on.

[*Exeunt; in manner as they enter*

A C T III. SCENE I.

Palace at Bridewell.

A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The Queen, and some of her Women, at Wc

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grieves
sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them; if thou canst: Ie
working,

S O N G.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

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Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. Au't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals.

Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their Graces

To come near. [Exit. Gent.] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?

I do not like their coming, now I think on't.

They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:

But all hoods made not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPFIUS.

Wol. Peace to your Highness!

Q. Kath. Your Graces find me here part of a housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend Lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble Madam, to withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;

There's nothing I have done yet, a' my conscience,

Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My Lords, I care not, (so much I am happy

Above a number,) if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,* —

Q. Kath. O, my good Lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
Suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank
you.
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord Car-
dinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble Lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed;
(And service to his Majesty and you,)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant:
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good Lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd Madam;
My Lord of York, — out of his noble nature;
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,) —

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Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me.

My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove
so!) [Aside.]

But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, look-

ing
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your Graces;
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with
our hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
t little for my profit: Can you think, Lords,
at any Englishman dare give me counsel?
be a known friend, 'gainst his Highness' plea-
sure,
ough he be grown so desperate to be honest,) live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
that must weigh out my afflictions,
that my trust must grow to, live not here;
are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
ine own country, Lords.

I would, your Grace

leave your griefs, and take my counsel,

is. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection;

He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,
my ruin:

Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men
I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them for shame, my Lords. Is this your
comfort?

The cordial that you bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Thake heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at
once

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe
upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my Lords,
And

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And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long — (let me
speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends,) — a wise, a true
one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,) —
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next heaven?
obey'd him?

Been, one of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, — a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we
aim at.

Q. Kath. My Lord, I dare not make myself
so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English
earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your
hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living. —

Vox. xiii.

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Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes? [To her women.

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me: — Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are
honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, goo,
Lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our placesd
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For gooduess' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this car-
riage.

The hearts of Princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and
servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong
your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King
loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
'To trust us in your business', we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

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Q. Kath. Do what you will, my Lords: And, pray, forgive me, I have us'd myself unmannly; on know, I am a woman, lacking wit to make a seemly answer to such persons. Nay, do my service to his Majesty: he has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers, while I shall have my life. Come, reverend Fathers, sto your counsels on me: she now begs, hat little thought, when she set footing here, he should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Antechamber in the King's Apartment.
Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints, and force them with a constancy, the Cardinal must stand under them: If you omit no offer of this time, I cannot promise, that you shall sustain more new disgraces, than these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful to meet the least occasion, that may give me remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke, he reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peers

have uncountenanc'd gone by him, or at least ungracely neglected? when did he regard

The stamp and nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My Lords, you speak yorr pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The Cardinal's letter to the Pope mis-
carried,
And came to the eye o' the King: wherein was
read,

How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness
To stay the judgement o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

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Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The King in this perceives him , how he
coasts,

And hedges , his own way . But in this point
All his tricks founder , and he brings his physick
After his patient's death ; the King already
Hath married the fair lady .

Sur. 'Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish , my Lord ;
For , I protest , you have it ,

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My amen to 't !

Nor. All men's .

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
Marry , this is yet but young , and may be left
To some ears unreckoned . — But , my Lords ,
She is a gallant creature , and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me , from her
Will fall some blessing to this land , which shall
In it be memoriz'd .

Sur. But , will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's ?
The Lord forbid !

Nor. Marry , amen !

Suf. No , no ;
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose ,
Will make this sting the sooner . Cardinal Cam-
peius

Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the King unhandled ; and
Is posted , as the agent of our Cardinal ,
To second all his plot . I do assure you
The King cry'd , ha ! at this .

Cham. Now , God incense him ,
And let him cry ha , louder !

Nor. But, my Lord, When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which Have satisfy'd the King for his divorce, Together with all famous colleges Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe, His second marriage shall be publish'd, and Her coronation. Katharine no more Shall be call'd, Queen; but Princess dowager, And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain In the King's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him For it, an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so. The Cardinal —

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently. He did unseal them: and the first he view'd, He did it with a serious mind; a heedless cut Was in his countenance: You, he bade Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while. —

[Exit Cromwell.]

It shall be to the Duchess of Alencon,
The French King's sister: he shall marry her. —
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him;
There is more in it than fair visage. — Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens. — Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. — The Marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late Queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the Queen's Queen! —
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes. — What though I know her
virtuous,
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would fret
the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule; and Lovell.

Suf. The King, the King.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To his own portion! and what expence by
hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name
thrift,
Does he rake this together! — Now, my Lor
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange co
motion

Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard: and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange p
tures

We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing, —
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stufis, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject,

Nor. It's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thoughts are below the moon, not worth

His serious considering,

[He takes his seat; and whisper LOVELL,
who goes to WOLSEY,

Wol. Heaven forgive me! —

Ever God bless your Highness!

K. Hen. Good my Lord,

You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory

Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce
time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion,

Wol. Sir,

For holy offices I have time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well,

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,

As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come
home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow

My bonnies upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increase this business! [Aside.]

K. Hen. Haye I not made you
The priuie man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confess, your royal
graces, shower'd on me daily, have been more, than
I could

My studied purposes requisite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: — my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires.
Yet, fill'd with my abilities; Mine own ends,
Have been nime so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heauen for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is, the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,

On you, than any; so your hand, and hearty,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more

KING HENRY VIII.

To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your Highness' good I ever lab
More than mine own; that am, have, a
Though all the world should crack the
you,

And throw it from their soul; though I
Abound, as thick as thought could n
and

Appear in forms more horrid; yet my
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river b
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, Lords, he has a loyal bre
For you have seen him open't. — Read
[Giving hi
And, after, this: and then to breakfast,
What appetite you have.

*Exit King, frowning upon
Wolsey: the Nobles thi
him, smiling; and whi*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chaf
Upon the daring hantman that has gall'
Then makes him nothing. I must read
I tear, the story of his anger. — 'Tis so
This paper has undone me: — 'Tis the
Of all that world of wealth I have dr
ther

For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the
And see my friends in Rome. O neglig
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross de
Made me put this main secret in the pac

I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this — *To the
 Pope?*

The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his Holiness. Nay then, farewell!
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-
 ness

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK;
the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamber-
berlain,

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal: who
 commands you
 To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands; and to confine yourself
 To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's;
 Till you hear further from his Highness.

Wol. Stay,
 Where's your commission, Lords? words cannot
 carry
 Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them?
 Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to
 do it,
 (I mean, your malice,) know, officious Lords,
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, — envy.

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
 As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
 You have christian warrant for them, and, no
 doubt,
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
 You ask with such a violence, the King,
 (Mine, and your Master,) with his own hand gave
 me:

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
 Ty'd it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest!

Wol. Proud Lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
 Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
 The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
 (With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,) Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
 You sent me deputy for Ireland;
 Far from his succour, from the King, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st
 him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most false. The Duke by law
 Found his deserts: how innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,

KING HENRY VIII.

His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, Lord, I should tell yon;
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal Master,
Dare name a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects yon; thou
should'st feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. — My
Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the Pope, against the King: your
goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. —
My Lord of Norfolk; — as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen, —
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life: — I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown
weuch
Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise
this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my Lord, are in the King's
hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, Cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.
First, that, without the King's assent, or know-
ledge,
You wrote to be a Legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you went to Rome,
or else
To foreign Princes, *Ego et Rex mens*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your servant.

Sur. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of King or council, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the King's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his Highness and Ferrara.

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of mere ambition, you have
caus'd
be stamp'd on the King's in.
that you have sent innumerable
got; I leave, substance, to your own cone
me, and to prepare the ways
dignities; to the mere undoing
gdom. Many more there are,
they are of you, and odious,
int my mouth with.
my Lord,
falling man too far; 'tis virtue,
lie open to the laws; let them,
correct him. My heart weeps to see him
of his great self.
forgive him.

Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure
is, —

all those things, you have done of late
our power legatine within this kingdom,
into the compass of a *præmunire*, —
therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
attles, and whatsoever, and to be
at of the King's protection: — This is my char
Nor. And so we'll leave you to your med
How to live better. For your stubborn asw
About the giving back the great seal to us.
The King shall know it, and, no doubt,
So fare you well: my little thank you.

[Exeunt all but N

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And, — when he thinks, good easy man, fall surely

His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of Princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. —

Enter Cromwell, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;

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truly happy, my good Cromwell,
myself now; and I feel within me
above all earthly dignities,
and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd
nably thank his me, Grace; and from these,
the ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
'ad would sink a navy, too much honour:
'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
o heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Crom. I am glad, your Grace has made that
Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, me-
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is
Lord Chancellor in your chosen
Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his bones, and his conscience; that
When he has run his course, and sleeps in
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with wel
Install'd Lord Archhishop of Canterbury.

Vol. That's news indeed.

Wom. Last, that the lady Anne,
since the King hath in secrecy long marry'd,
this day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
going to chapel; and the voice is now
every where about her coronation.

Vol. There was the weight that pull'd me
down. O Cromwell,
King has gone beyond me, all my glories
but one woman I have lost for ever:
none shall ever usher forth mine honours,
till again the noble troops that waited
at my smile. Go, get thee from me, Crom-
well;
I a poor fallen man, unworthy now
to be thy lord and master: Seek the King;
the sun, I pray, may never set! I have told
him
all, and how true thou art: he will advance
thee;
a little memory of me will stir him,
now his noble nature,) not to let
hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
let him not; make use now, and provide
thine own future safety.

Wom. O my Lord,
I then leave you? must I needs forego
you, so noble, and so true a master?
witness, all that have not hearts of iron;
what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord. —
King shall have my service; but my prayers
ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Vol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
on thy miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
of thy honest truth to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, C
well ;

And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no me
Of me more must be heard of, — say, I t
thee,

Say, Wolsey, — that once trod the ways of
And sounded all the depths and shoals of
nour, —

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise
A sure and safe one, though thy master mis
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambiti
By that sin fell the angels, how can man the
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts th
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace;
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and f
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy e
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou f
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the
And, — Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have
To the last penny; 'tis the King's: my r
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwel
well,

Had I but serv'd my God with half the
I serv'd my King, he would not in mi
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Wel So I have. Farewell

the hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do
dwell. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T I V . S C E N E I.

A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1. *Gent.* You are well met once again.

2. *Gent.* And so are you.

3. *Gent.* You come to take your stand here,
and behold

the lady Anne pass from her coronation?

4. *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last
encounter,

the Duke of Buckingham came from trial.

1. *Gent.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd
sorrow;

his, general joy.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis well: the citizens, I am sure,
have shown at full their royal minds;

4. let them have their rights, they are ever for-

ward. *[There is a short pause]* P

a celebration of this day with shows, pageants,
and sights of honour.

1. *Gent.* Never greater, never better taken,
nor, I'll assure you, better taken, Sir.

2. *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that con-

tains,

hat paper in your hand? *[There is a short pause]* I will

1. *Gent.* Yes, 'tis the list, and it is given out

if those, that claim their offices this day, with
y custom of the coronation, inc band w

[There is a short pause] *[There is a short pause]*

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be High-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest.

2. *Gent.* I thank you, Sir; had I not known
those customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The Princess dowager? how goes her business?

1. *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The Arch-
bishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Amphill, where the Princess lay; to
which

She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not;
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorce'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2. *Gent.* Alas, good Lady! — [Trumpets.
The trumpets sound: stand close, the Queen is
coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

- 1. A lively flourish of trumpets; then, enter
- 2. Two judges.
- 3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace
before him.
- 3. Choristers singing. [Musick,
- 4. Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then

Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head, a gilt copper crown.

5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of Marshalsey, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2. *Gent.* A royal train, believe me. — These I know; —

Who's that, that bears the scepter?

1. *Gent.* Marquis Dorset:

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod?

2. *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman: And that should be

The Duke of Suffolk.

1. *Gent.* 'Tis the same; High-steward.

2. *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

3. *Gent.* Yes,

2. *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!

[*Looking on the*
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our King has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he an
lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

1. *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four E
Of the Cinque-ports.

2. *Gent.* Those men are happy; and a
are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Nor

1. *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are Co

2. *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These
indeed;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

3. *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great
of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, Sir! Where have you been?

3. *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey
a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2. *Gent.* You saw
The ceremony?

3. *Gent.* That I did.

2. *Gent.* How was it?

3. *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

KING HENRY VIII.

2. Gent. Good Sir, speak it to us.

5. Gent. As well as I am able. The

stream

Of lords, and ladies, having brought the Que
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-helly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife;* there; all were
woven

so strangely in one piece.

2. Gent. But, 'pray, what follow'd?

3. Gent. At length her Grace rose, and with

modest paces

went to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,

at her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
She rose again, and bow'd her to the people;
Then by the Archbishop of Canterbury
had all the royal makings of a Queen;
oily oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems

nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,

With all the choicest musick of the kingdom;
Together sung *Te deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1. *Gent.* Sir, you
Must no more call it York-place, that is past;
For, since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the King's, and call'd — Whitehall.

5. *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2. *Gent.* What two reverend Bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Queen?

5. *Gent.* Stokealby and Gardiner; the one,
Winchester,
(Newly preferri'd from the King's secretary,) .
The other, London.

2. *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is hold no great good lover of the Archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3. *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when
comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from
him.

2. *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

5. *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the King, and truly
A worthy friend. — The King
Has made him Master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2. *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3. *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, Gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests

KING HENRY VIII.

Something I can command. As I walk thith
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, Sir. [Exe-

S C E N E II.

Kimbolton.

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led betw.
GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.*

Grif. How does your Grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaden brauches, bow to the e
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair
So, — now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou l
me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wo
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but, I think, your G
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't
Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me ho
died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam:
For after the stout Earl of Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forwa
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he cam
Leicester,

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend Abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words, — *O father Ab-
bot,*

*An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!*

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on
him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
him,

And yet with charity; — He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with Princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I'the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

KING HENRY VIII.

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Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock ; undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as sum-
mer.

And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, Madam ;
He was most princely : Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virttie.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt' himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour : Peace be with him ! —
Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :
I have not long to trouble thee. — Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her; — Softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend court'sies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, Madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

KING HENRY VIII

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Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I see
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.

Pat. Do you note, [Musick ceases.
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark you her eyes?
Grif. She is going, wench? pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your Grace, —

Kath. You are a sancy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
'o use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your Highness' par-
don;
r haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
gentleman, sent from the King, to see you,
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this
me ne'er see again.

[Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.

Re-enter GRIFITH with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my Lord,

The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pr

you,

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,

First, mine own service to your Grace? the ne
The King's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort com
too late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution:

That gentle physick, given in time, had cu
me;

But now I am past all comforts here, but praye
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my po
name

Banish'd the kingdom! — Patience, is that lett
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

[*Giving it to KATHARIN*

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliv
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing, Madam;

Ka

In which I have commended to his goodness
model of our chaste loves, his young daughter: —
ews of heaven full thick in blessings on
her! —

ing him to give her virtuous breeding;
young and of a noble modest nature;
, she will deserve well;) and a little
e her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him;
knows how dearly. My next poor petition
t his noble Grace would have some pity
my wretched women, that so long,
allow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
ch there is not one, I dare avow
ow I should not lie,) but will deserve,
true, and true beauty of the soul,
nesty, and decent carriage,
good husband, let him be a noble;
are, those men are happy that shall have
them.

t is, for my men; — they are the poorest,
erty could never draw them from me; —
ey may have their wages duly paid them;
mething over to remember me by;
had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
means, we had not parted thus.

re the whole contents: — And, good my
Lord,
you love the dearest in this world,
wish christian peace to souls departed,
hes, poor people's friend; and urge the
King

ne this last night.
By heaven, I will;
ne lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest Lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his Highness :
 Say, his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless
 him,
 For so I will. — Mine eyes grow dim. — Farewell,
 My Lord. — Griffith, farewell. — Nay, Patient
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ;
 Call in more women. — When I am dead, good
 wench,
 Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may
 know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,
 Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet I li
 A Queen, and daughter to a King, inter me.
 I can no more. —

[*Exeunt, leading KATHARIN*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thom LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, s't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights ; times to repair our nature .-

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With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. — Good hour of night, Sir
Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at pri-
mero

With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the
matter?

It seems, you ate in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that
walk

(As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in
labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir
Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, Sir, Sir, —
Hear me, Sir Thomas: You are a gentleman

Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well, —
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and
she,

Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-
well, —

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made Master
O'the rolls, and the King's secretary; further, Sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The Arch-
bishop

Is the King's hand, and tongue; And who dare
speak

One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the Lord's o' the council, that he is
For so I know he is, they know he is,) (A most arch heretick, a pestilence.

That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken with the King; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great Grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my Lord; I rest your
servant.

[*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*

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Lovell is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of SUFFOLK.

Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night; ind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Sir, I did never win of you before.

Hen. But little, Charles; all not, when my fancy's on my play. — Lovell, from the Queen what is' the news? I could not personally deliver to her you commanded me, but by her woman your message; who return'd her thanks greatest humbleness, and desir'd your High-ness

heartily to pray for her.

Hen. What say'st thou? ha!

Cry for her? what, is she crying out?

So said her woman; and that her sufferings made

it each pang a death.

Hen. Alas, good lady!

God safely quit her of her burden, and gentle travail, to the gladding of Highness with an heir!

Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles, to bed; and in thy prayers remember state of my poor Queen. Leave me alone; must think of that, which company not be friendly to.

I wish your Highness at night, and my good mistress will number in my prayers.

Hen. Charles, good night. —

[*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

Enter Sir Anthony Denny;

Well, Sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Archbishop,

As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good Lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.

[*Exit Denny.*

Lov. This is about that which the Bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [*Aside,*

Re-enter DENNY with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

[*LOVELL seems to stay,*

Ha! — I have said. — Be gone.

What! — [*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY;*

Cran. I am fearful: — Wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my Lord? You do desire to know

Wherefore I sent for you,

Cran. It is my duty,

To attend your Highness' pleasure,

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;

I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.

Ah, my good Lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows;

I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my Lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being con-
sider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious ton-
gues,

Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall saik, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i' the world, with the whole
world?

Your enemies
Are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the trnht o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Wecn you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your Majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they should chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. — Look, the good man
weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mo-
ther!

I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. — Get you gone,

KING HENRY VIII.

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And do as I have bid you. — [Exit CRAMER.]
He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [Within.] Come back; what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I
bring

Will make my boldness manners. — Now, good
angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings.

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! — 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Loyell, —

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to
the Queen. [Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light I'll
have more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?

I will have more, or else unsay't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exit

SCENE II.

Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet
gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd
To make great haste. All fast? what means th
— Hoa!

Who waits there? — Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my Lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your Grace must wait, till you
call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: The King
Shall understand it presently. [Exit Bu

Cran. [Aside.] 'Tis Butts,
The King's physician; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace!
certain,

This is of purpose lay'd by some that hate me.

KING HENRY VIII.

(God turn their hearts! I never sought their
lice,) To quench mine honour: they would shame
make me Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But t
pleasures Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a window above, the King and Bu-

Butts, I'll show your Grace the strangest sigh-

K. Hen. What's that, *Butts*?

Butts. I think, your Highness saw this in
a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my Lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuiva-

Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above them yet, I
thought,

They had parted so much honesty among them
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasu-

And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, *Butts*, there's knavery;

Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;

We shall hear more anon. —

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Suffolk, Earl of Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, and Cromwell. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, Master Secretary: Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your Honours, The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Kep. Without, my noble Lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Kep. My Lord Archbishop; And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Kep. Your Grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the council-table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I am very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the King first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your
chaplains,

KING HENRY VIII . . . 109

(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble Lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
spur them,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness;
Farewell, all physick: And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neigh-
hours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pited in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords, hitherto, in all the
progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my Lords,)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publick peace, than I do.
'Pray heaven, the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your Lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my Lord,

That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My Lord, because we have business of
more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highness'
pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I
thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will
pass,
I shall both find your Lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, Lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My Lord, my Lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss dis-
covers,
To men that understand you, words and weak-
ness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect,
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good Master Secretary,

KING HENRY VIII.

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I cry your Honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my Lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their

fears.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much

Forbear, for shame, my Lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my Lord; — It
I take it, by all voices, stands agreed,
that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the King's further pleasure
be known unto us: Are you all agreed, Lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
at I must needs to the Tower, my Lords?

Gar. What other

ould you expect? you are strangely troublesome;

t some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Chan. For me?

it I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,

see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my Lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my Lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King, my Master.

Cham. This is the King's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told
ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my Lords
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Car. Dread Sovereign, how much are we bound
to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgement comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden com-
mendations,

Bishop

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
 To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
 They are too thin and base to hide offences.
 To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
 But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
 Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody. —
 Good man, [To CRANMER.] sit down. Now let
 me see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee;
 By all that's holy, he had better starve,
 Than but once think his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Grace, —

K. Hen. No, Sir, it does not please me.
 I had thought, I had had men of some under-
 standing

And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
 Was it discretion, Lords, to let this man,
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
 This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
 At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this? Did my com-
 mission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
 Not as a groom; There's some of ye, I see,
 More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
 My most dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my Lords, respect him;
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, If a Prince
 May be behoden to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him;
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
 Be friends, for shame, my Lords. — My Lord of
 Canterbury,
 I have a suit which you must not deny me;
 That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now alive may
 glory
 In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?
K. Hen. Come, come, my Lord, you'd spare
 your spoons; you shall have
 Two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of
 Norfolk,
 And Lady Marquiss Dorset; Will these please you?
 Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge
 you,
 Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
 And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
 Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show
 thy true heart.
 The common voice, I see, is verify'd
 Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Can-*
terbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for
ever. —
Come Lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.

ave made ye one, Lords, one remain;
Now stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt,*

S C E N E III.

The Palace Yard.

and tumult within: Enter Porter, and his Man.

t. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals; a take the court for Parks-garden? ye rude leave your gaping.

ithin.] Good Master Porter, I belong to rder:

t. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, gue: Is this a place to roar in? — Fetch dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; re but switches to them. — I'll scratch your

You must be seeing christenings? Do you or ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

z. Pray, Sir, be patient: 'tis as much im- possible

s we sweep them from the door with can- nons,) .

nter them, as 'tis to make them sleep ay-day morning; which will never be:

ay as well push against Paul's, as stir them;

t. How got they in, and be hang'd?

n. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in? *such as one sound cudgel of four foot ee the poor remainder) could distribute,*

no spare, Sir.

You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow them down before me: but, if I spar'd any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, Master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. — Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o'my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharg'd against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, clubs! when I might see from far some forty trucheneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length

They came to the broomstaff with 'me, I defy'd them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour-in, and let them win the work: The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the yonths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadle's, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitnde are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,

As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters; These lazy knaves? — Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies; When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your Honour
We are but men; and what so many may do;
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads

Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;

And here ye lie baiting of bumbards; when
Ye shold do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play there two
months.

Port. Make way there for the Princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll
make your head ake.

Port. You i'the camlet, get up o'the rail; I'll
pick you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The Palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his Marshal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a manly, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other godmother, and ladies. The troop pass about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart, Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send
prosperous life, long; and ever happy, to the
high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!

KING HENRY VIII.

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Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal Grace,
and the good Queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray; —
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious Lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good Lord Archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, Lord.
[The King kisses the child.
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.
K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too
prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her oradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness,)
A pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely Graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse
her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
 She shall be lov'd, and fea't'd: Her own sha
 bless her;
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grow
 with her:
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety.
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
 God shall be truly known; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by bloo
 [Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as wh
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud
 darkness,)
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, trut
 terror,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations: He sha
 flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him: — Our children
 children
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.
K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of Eng
 land,

KING HENRY VIII.

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An aged Princess; many day's shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
her.

K. Hen. O Lord Archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Ma-
ker. —

I thank ye all, — To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
Lords; —

Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

E P I L O G U

'Tis ten to one, this play can never
All that are here: Some come to tak
And sleep an act or two; but those,
We have frightened with our trumpets;
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, — t.
Which we have not done neither: tha
All the expected good we are like to
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful constrnction of good wo
For such a one we show'd them; If t
And say, 'twill do, I know, within
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill
If they hold, when their ladies bid t

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T R O I L U S

AND

C R E S S I D A

Wij zijn blij dat u ons de mogelijkheid geeft om u te informeren over de mogelijkheden van de gezondheidszorg in ons land.



P R O L O G U E.

In Troy there lies the scene: From isles of
Greece

The Princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships
Fraught with the ministers and instruments,
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' Queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits;
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all ou hazard: — And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, — but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument, —
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures see;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Priam, *King of Troy*:
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris, } his Sons.
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Aeneas, } Trojan Commanders.
Antenor,
Calchas, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.
Pandarus, Uncle to Cressida.
Margarelon, a bastard son of Priam.

Agamemnon, the Grecian General:
Menelaus, his brother.
Achilles,
Ajax,
Ulysses, } Grecian Commanders.
Nestor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Thersites, a deformed and scurrilous Greek.
Alexander, servant to Cressida.
Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; to Diomedes.

Helen, wife to Menelaus.
Andromache, wife to Hector.
Cassandra, daughter to Priam; a Prophet.
Cressida, daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Troy, and the Grecian Camp.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

A G T L S C E N E I

Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter Troilus arm'd, and Pandarus.

Tro. Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of that;
for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat,
must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the
bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word — hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; may, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do,
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts, —
So, traitor! — when she comes! — When is she
thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look; or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee, — When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain:
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women, — But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her, — But I would somebody had hev'd her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit: but

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep,
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad,

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In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her
voice;

Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; To whose soft
seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st
me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say — I love
her;

But, saying, thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be
as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; au
she be not, she has the mends iu her own haunds.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-
thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you:
gone between and between, but small thanks for
my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what
with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's
not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me,
she would be as fair on friday, as Helen is on
sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she
were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's
a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the
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Greeks; and so I'll tell her, the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus, —

Pan. Not I,

Tro. Sweet Pandarus, —

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit PANDARUS. An Alarm

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! dead rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her skin;
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus, — O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this failing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bath.

Alarum. Enter AENEAS.

Aene. How now, Prince Troilus? whither not afied?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's attire sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Aeneas, from the field to-day?

Aene. That Paris is returned home, and hurt

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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By whom, *Aeneas*?
Troilus, by Menelaus.
Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarum.
Hark! what good sport is out of town
to-day!
Better at home, if would I might, were
the sport abroad; — Are you bound thither?
In all swift haste.
Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

The same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Who were those went by?
Queen Hecuba, and Helen,
d whither go they?
to the eastern tower,
it commands as subject all the vale,
battle. Hector, whose patience
re, fix'd, to-day was moy'd:
omache, and struck his armourer:
there were husbandry in war,
rose, he was harness'd light;
d goes he; where every flower
phet, weep what it foresaw
ath.
was his cause of anger?
use goes, this: There is among the
Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; And what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk,
sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, Lady, hath robb'd many
beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant
as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the
elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crooked
humours, that his valour is crush'd into folly,
his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man
hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor
any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of
it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry
against the hair: He hath the joints of every thing;
but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gony
Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind
Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me
smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector, in
the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and
shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting
and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What's

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— you talk of? — Good morrow, Alexander. — How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True; he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: And there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were,

Cres. So he is.

Pan. — Condition, I had gone bare-foot wth saddle

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Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no he's not himself. — 'W
a were himself! Well, the gods are above; I
must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,
would, my heart were in her body! — No at-
tor is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall
me another tale, when the other's come to't.
tor shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his.

Pan. Nor his qualities; —

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him; his
better.

Pan. You have no judgement, niece: Helen
self swore the other day, that Troilus, for a h
favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,) — Not h
neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and
brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Par-

Cres. Why, Paris hat colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too 'tud
she prais'd him above, his complexion is I
than his; he having colour enough, and the
higher, is too flaming a praise for a good co-
xion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue
~~commended~~ Troilus for a copper nose.

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Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compass'd window, — and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lie as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him; — she came, and puts me her withē hand to his cloven chin, —

Cres. Juno have mercy! — How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn:

Pan. Why, go to then: — But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus, —

Cres. Troitus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how

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she tickled his chin; — Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing; — Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; — Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't it had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs,* quoth he, *and one white;* *That white hair is my father,* an'd all the rest are his sons. Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband?* *The forked one,* quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But there was such laughing! and Helen so bitch'd, and Paris so chased; and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.

Cres. So let it now: for it has been a great while going by.

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Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a pettle against May. [A Retreat sounded.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida,

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

AENEAS passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Aeneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgements in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person: — When comes Troilus? — I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me,

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do the rich shall have more.

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Hector passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; here's a fellow! — Go thy way, Hector; — 'here's a brave man, niece. — O brave Hector! — look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good — Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good: — Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is' not a gallant man too, is't not? — Why, thi is brave now. — Who said he came hurt hom to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Trail now! — you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus, — I marvel, where Tlus is: — That's Helenus; — I think he wen forth to-day: — That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no: — yes, he'll fight i sent well: — I marvel, where Troilus

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Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?
— Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis
Troilus! there's a man, niece! — Help! — Brave
Troilus! The Prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him; — O brave Troilus! — look well upon him, niece; look yon, how his sword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes! — O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? — Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel..

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Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? — Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye, — for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches,

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come:

[Exit Boy.
I donht, he be hurt. — Fare ye well, goud nicee.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

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Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by—
Cres. To bring, uncle, —

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token — you are a baw'd. —
[Exit PANDARUS.]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprize:

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
Thet she belov'd knows nought, that knows not
this, —

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach, —
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth
bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and Others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,

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Fails in the promis'd largeness: cheeks and dis-
asters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting say,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth,
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy wall'd
stand.

Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you Prin-
ces,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed,
nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find perservative constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingle.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way

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With those of nobler bulk ?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains
cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Persus' horse : Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide
In storms of fortune : For, in her ray and bright-
ness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the brike,
Than by the tiger : but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, Why, then, the thing
of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune,

Ulyss. Agamemnon, —
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, — hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which, — most mighty for thy place and
sway, —

[To AGAMEMNON.
And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out
life, — [To NESTOR.
I give to both your speeches, — which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass ; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

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Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree,
On which heaven rides,) knit all the Grecian
ears

To his experienc'd tongue, — yet let it please
both, —

Thou great, — and wise, — to hear Ulyss
speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't of
less expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his snailish jaws,
We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been
down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions;
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and their
center,

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Inisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a King,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the
planets,

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In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, hor-
rors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is
shak'd,

Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
be primogenitive and due of birth,
Rerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
it by degree, stand in authentick place?
ke but degree away, untune that string,
d, hark, what discord follows! each thing
meets

were oppugnancy: The bounded waters
ld lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
make a sop of all this solid globe:
gth should be lord of imbecility,
he rude son should strike his father dead:
should be right; or, rather, right and
wrong,

in whose endless jar justice resides,) lose their names, and so should justice
too.

ery thing includes itself in power,
ito will, will into appetite;
elite, an universal wolf,
y seconded with will and power,
te perforce an universal prey,
, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
, when degree is suffocate,

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llows the choking.
ad this neglection of degree it is,
hat by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
t hath to climb. The general's with a purpose
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength
Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover
The fever whereof all our power is sick.
Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ul

What is the remedy? — whom op
Ulyss. The great Achilles, — whom op

The sinew and the forehead crowns
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patro
— a lazy bed, the livelong day
— iests; — A awkward action
— walls.)

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"Tis like a chime a mending; with terms in
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typho,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause; —
Cries — Excellent! — 'tis Agamemnon just. —
Now play me Nestor; — hem, and stroke thy
As he, being 'drest to some oration.
That's done; — as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus;
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a paley-tumbling on his gorget,
Take in and out the rivet: — and at this sport,
Valour dies; cries, O! — enough, Patro-
clus; —
give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion
our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
vals and generals of grace exact,
evements, plots, orders, preventions,
ments to the field, or speech for truce,
s, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
for these two to make paradoxes.
And in the imitation of these twain
, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
imperial voice,) many are infect
grown self-will'd; and bears his head
rein, in full as proud a place
Achilles: keeps his tent like him;

Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cow-
ardice;

Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by meas-
ure

Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight, —
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this — bed-work, mappery, closet
war:

So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [Trumpet sounds.]

Agam. What trumpet? look, Mehelus.

Enter AENEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Aene. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Aene. May one, that is a herald, and a Prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
Tose all the Greekish heads, which with one
voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.

Aene. Fair leave, and large security. How
may

A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Aene. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phoebus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of
Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

Aene. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarmed,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have
galls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's
accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Aeneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breathes fame blows; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself
Aeneas?

Aene. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Aene. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes
 from Troy.

Aene. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper
 him;

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
 To set his sense on the attentive bent,
 And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly at the wind;
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
 That thou shalt know. Trojan, he is awake,
 He tells thee so himself.

Aene. Trumpet, blow loud,
 Send thy brass voice through all these lazy
 tents; —

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
 What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
 A Prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)
 Who in this dull and long-contynned truce
 Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
 And to this purpose speak. Kings, Princes, Lords!
 If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
 That holds his honour higher than his ease;
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
 That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
 That loves his mistress more than his confession,
 (With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
 And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
 In other arms than hers, — to him this chal-
 lenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;

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And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burnd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord
Aeneas;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector: if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me, —
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vautbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Aene. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of
youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Aeneas, let me touch your
hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you, Sir.

Achilles shall have word of this intent;

*S*o shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
I myself shall feast with us before you go,

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And find the welcome of a noble foe.

{*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*

Ulyss. Nestor, —

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector
sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, — though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough, — will with great speed of judgement,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think
you?

Nest. Yes,

It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Thongh't be a sportful combat;
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute

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With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what
are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from
Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes.

Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
 Why, then we did our main opinion crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
 The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves
 Give him allowance for the better man,
 For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in lond applause; and make him f.
 His great, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail'd,
 Yet go we under our opinion still,
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plum.
Nest. Ulysses,
 Now I begin to relish thy advice;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall taine each other; Pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiff on, as 'twere their bone.

[Exit]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another Part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Teirsites, —

Ther. Agamemnon — how if he had boils
 full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites, —

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Ther. And those boils did run? — Say so, — did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog, —

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [Strikes him.]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then thou unsalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou caust strike, caust thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation, —

Ther. Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, as I am thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites! —

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou godden-witted
thou hast no more brain than I have in
elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: Thou
valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Tr
and thou art bought and sold among those c
wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to
me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell wha
art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, ei
do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefo
you thus? How now, Thersites? what's the
ter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

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Ther. Lo, lo, la, lo, what inodicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, — who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, — I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax —

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*

Ther. Has not so much wit —

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall —

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tounour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so? — a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,— whose wit was mouldy ere your grandfathers had nails on their toes, — yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[Exit.]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:
That Hector, by the first hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain — I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,

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He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: — I'll go learn more of it. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else —
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war, —
Shall be struck off: — Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
Who knows what follows?

Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tith the soul, 'mongst many thousand dismal,

Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
 If we have lost so many tens' of ours,
 To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
 Had it our name, the value of one ten;
 What merit's in that reason, which denies
 The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother! Weigh you the worth and honour of a King,
 So great as our dread father, in a scale
 Of commonon ounces? will you with counters sum a
 The past-proportion of his infinite?
 And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel; though you bite so sharp,
 Reasons,
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons?
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
 Ther priest,
 You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
 Reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
 And reason flies the object of all harm:
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels:
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Or like a star disorb'd? — Nay, if we talk of
 reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep! Mattood and
 honour

*Should have bare hearts, would they but let their
 thoughts*

With

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With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth
cost

The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As is the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectionly itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgement: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder
viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent belly'd his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports de-
sir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held
captive,
*He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth and
freshness*

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Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price bath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd — *'Go, go,*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
hands,
And cry'd — *Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O thest most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,

Soft infancy, that nothing can't but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

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Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[Exit.]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,

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Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done;
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd Queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to us
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion ? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosom ?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended ; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or dead unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject : then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we kni
well,

The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both as
well ;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd, — but superficially; not much.
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy :
The reasons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distember'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and v
venge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice

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Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their beaumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory,
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's King, —
As it is known she is, — these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our
design:

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes;
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours;

You valiant offspring of great Priamus. —
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits;
 I was advértis'd, their great general slept,
 Whil'st emulation in the army crept;
 This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt]

S C E N E III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him; 'C worthy satisfaction! 'would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Spot I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, — a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand, till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the King of Gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is curse dependant on those that war for a plus

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I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says — thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayet?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where? — Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles; — Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

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Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.
Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. — Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool;

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achil; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool, to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the proverb — It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody — Come in with with me, Thersites. [Exit.]

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry serpigo on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [Exit.]

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd by my Lord.

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Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here.

He sent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertains, visiting of him;
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit.]

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent;
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you
may call it melancholy, if you will favour the
man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why,
why? let him show us a cause. — A word, my
Lord. [Takes Agamemnon aside.]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.
Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have
lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that
has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our
wish, than their faction: But it was a strong com-
posure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly
may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for
courtesy: his legs are legs for running, not for
flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say — he is much very

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If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-diner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus; —
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld, —
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him: And you shall n
sin,

If you do say — we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater;
Than in the note of judgement; and worthier th
himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add;
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report —
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant: — Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

(Exit)

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Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him. — Ulysses, enter.

[*Exit Ulysses.*]

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he
thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say
— he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as
valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more
gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth
pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and
your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats
up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trum-
pet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises it-
self but in the deed, devours the deed in the
praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the
engendering of toads.

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not
strange? [*Aside.*]

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

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Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such awl and bold discourse
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry — No recovery.

Agam. Let Ajax go to him. —
Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud
lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, — save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself, — shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly aequir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is;
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion,
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbids;
And say in thunder — Achilles, go to him,

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [Aside.]

Dio. And how his silence drinks up his aplause! [Aside.]

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him

Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:

Let me go to him

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow, —

Nest. How he describes

Himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable? [Aside.]

Ulyss. The raven

Chides blackness.

Ajax. I will let his humours blood.

Agam. He'll be physician, that should be the patient. [Aside.]

Ajax. An all men

Were o'my mind, —

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [Aside.]

Ajax. He should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twoold, you'd carry half. [Aside.]

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares. [Aside.]

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple: —

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises:

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [Aside.]

Ulyss. My Lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [To *Ajax*.]

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est. Our noble general do not do so.
io. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him
harm. There is a man — But 'tis before his face;

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus
with us!

I would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now —

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, Lord, thou art of

Praise him that got thee, sweet Lord, thou art of
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy that gave thee suck:
Thrice-fam'd beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confin
Thy spacious and dilated parts: He's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise; —
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call your father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart
Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh Kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord, — come knights from east
to west,

And cull their flower, Ajay shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
deep. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not
you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman;
I must needs praise him.

Serv. The Lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, Sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord
Pandarus.

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Serv. I hope, I shall know your Honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

[Music with drums.]
Pan. Grace! not so, friend; Honour and Loveliness are my titles; — What musick is this?

Serv. I do put partly know, Sir; it is made in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearts, Sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love me.

Pan. Comtaud, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too camping; whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, Sir: Marry, Sir, by the request of Paris my lord, who is there person; with him, the mortal Venus, the red blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, Sir, Helen; Could you not find that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus; I will make complimentary assault upon him, for my bosom-sister.

Serv. Sedden business! there's a steward past indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord; and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair Queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen. — Fair Prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall pierce it out with a piece of your performance: — Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, Lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir, —

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my Lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord^t, dear Queen! — My Lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet Queen, you are pleasant with me. — But (marry) thus, my Lord, — My dear Lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus —

Helen. My Lord Pandarns; honey-sweet Lord,

Pan. Go yo^o, sweet Queen, go to: — commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Par. Sweet Queen, sweet Queen; that's a sweet Queen, I faith.

Helen. Aud to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that

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shall it not, in truth, Ia. Nay, I care such words; no, no. — And, my Lord, sires you, that, if the King call for him per, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus, —

Pan. What says my sweet Queen? — a very sweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups night?

Helen. Nay, but my Lord, —

Pan. What says my sweet Queen? — N sin will fall out with you. You must nowhere he sups.

Pan. I'll lay my life, with my disposer sida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my Lord. Why shou say — Cressida? no, your poor disposer's

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? — give me an instrument. — Now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my Lord, if it my lord Paris.

Pan. Hell no, she'll none of him; th are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, mes them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more! I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, praythee now. By my sweet Lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

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Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry — Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds, is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? — Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet Lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so: How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something; — you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet Queen. — I long to hear how they sped to-day. — You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet Queen. {Exit.

[*A Retreat*, sounded.] *Par.* They are come from field; let us to Priam's hall, and call our soldiers to greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you.

To help unarm our Hector: his stabbhorn, buckler, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, I Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island Kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. Twill make us proud to be his servant.

Paris. Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have got. Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. {Exit.

S C E N E II.

The same. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy Master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, Sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

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Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes. — How now, how now? [Exit Servant.

Tro. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks.
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds.
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [Exit PANDARUS.

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blithly; and fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the

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prettiest villain : — she fetches her breath as short
as a new-ta'en sparrow. [Exit PANDARUS.]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my
bosom :

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush ?
shame's a baby. — Here she is now: swear the
oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me. —
What, are you gone again ? you must be watch'd
ere you be made tame, must you ? Come your
ways, come your ways; an you draw backward,
we'll put you i'the sills. — Why do you not speak
to her ? — Come draw this curtain, and let's see
your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are
to offend day-light ! an 'twere dark, you'd close
sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.
How now, a kiss in fee-farm ! build there, car-
penter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight
your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as
the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river: go to,
go to !

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but
she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call
your activity in question. What, billing again ?
Here's — *In witness whereof the parties inter-*
changeably — Come in, come in; I'll go get a
fire. [Exit PANDARUS.]

Cres. Will you walk in; my Lord ?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cres. Wish'd, my Lord? — The gods grant! — O my Lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly,

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing; but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, Lady, — that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our hand shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present.

we will not name desert; before his
being born, his addition shall be his
words to fair faith: Troilus shall be
sir, as what envy can say worst, shamed
for his truth; and what truth can spe-
truest than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What blushing still? have
you been talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly
will you dedicate to me.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my
word of you, you'll give him me: Be true
if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostage's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for
kindred, though they be long ere they
are constant, being won: they can tell
you; they'll stick where they are.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now
from me heart:

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you nigh
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I
had a secret, — a secret, — a secret, — a secret,

Lord,

With the first glance that ever — P
If I confess much, you will play the
I love you now; but not, till I saw,
But I might master it: — in faith,
My thoughts were like unbridled thi-
~~Two~~ headstrong for their master.

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'Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I wo'd you not;
And yet, godd faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues
thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashain'd; — O heavens! what have I done? —
For this time will I take my leave, my Lord,

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow
morning, —

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, Lady?

Cres. Sir mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun

Yoursself.

Cres. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you;

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool. I would be gone:

Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that
speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my Lord, I show more craft
than love;

And sell up roundly to a large confession,

No angle for your thoughts: But you are wiser,

CRESSIDA.

it to be wise, and love
that dwells with gods
above.
it could be in a woman,
sure in you,) and flames of love;
plight and youth,
and, with a mind
than blood decays!
d but thus convince me,—
truth to you
the match and weight
urity in love;
ted! but, alas,
s simplicity,
infancy of truth.
ar with you.
hit,
ght wars who shall be most
right!
shall, in the world to come,
by Troilus: when their rhy-
mes,

loaths, and big compare,
stir'd with iteration, —
plantage to the moon, —
turtle to her mate, —
as earth to the center, —
parisons of truth, —
ick autor to be cited,
s shall crown up the verse,
numbers.

may you be!
swerve a hair from truth,
d and hath forgot itself,
the stones of Troys,

I'll
here
ano
you t
all'd
them
Troilus
ters-be

Tro.

Cres. A

Pan. A

chamber and
not speak of
death: away,

And Cupid
Bed, chamber

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And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said —
as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to haifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness. — Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name; call them all — Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all breakers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Wherenpon I will show you a chamber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Paudar to provide this gear?

[Exeunt]

THE END OF THE ACT
THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY
IN THE CHAMBER OF TROY
THERE IS A BED AND IT
IS COVERED WITH
A SILK CLOTH.

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S C E N E III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALchas.

Cal. Now, Princes, for the service I have done you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,

Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore,) Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deny'd: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage: and they will almost Give us a Prince of blood, a son of Priam,

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In charge of him : let him be sent , great Princes,
And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomed bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither ; Calchas shall have
What he requesteth of us. — Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange :
Withal , bring word — if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in this challenge ; Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake ; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his
tent : —
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot ; — and , Princes all ,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him : —
I will come last : 'Tis like , he'll question me ,
Why such unplansive eyes are bent , why turn'd
on him :

If so , I have derision med'cinal ,
To use between your strangeness and his pride ,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;
It may do good : pride hath no other glass
To show itself , but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance , and are the proud man's fees .

Agam. We'll execute your purpose , and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along ; —
So do each lord ; and either greet him not ,
Or else disdainfully , which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on . I will lead the way .

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more ^{gainst} Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my Lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my Lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.*

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[*Exit MENELAUS.*

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit AJAX.*

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;

To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep

To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, Greatness, once fallen out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,

As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;

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And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour, /
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find
out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading. —
How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man — how dearly ever parted;
How much in having, or without, or in, —
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there.
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

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Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves —
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,) —
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught;
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an echo,
reverberates.

The voice again: or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back all
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in thought
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very hornet; and I
That has he known not what? Nature, what things
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use;

What things again most dear in the esteem,

And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him;

Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!

How one man eats into another's pride,

While pride is fasting in his wantonness!

To see these Grecian lords! — why, even mark ye
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,

As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,

And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me

Good word, nor look: What, are my dead

forget?

Ulyss

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Ulyss. Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devourd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon.
As done: Perseverance, dear my Lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost; —
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do
in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop
yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms out-stretch'tl, as he would fly
Grasps-in the corner: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Hond, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One bough of nature makes the whole world kin.—

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That all, with one consent, praise new-gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of things p
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and cōplete n
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldest not entomb thyself alive,
And ease thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of lat
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods the
selves,

And drove great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privaey
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privaey
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uuncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like
gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles;
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expreasure to;
All the commerce that you have had with Troy.

As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump:
 All the Greekish girls shall tripping sing, —
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewell, my Lord: I as your lover speak;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
 [Exit.]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd
 you:

A woman impudent and manly grown
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think, my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
 Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton
 Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous hold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour
 by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
 Those wounds heal ill, that men do give them-
 selves:

Omission to do what is necessary
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

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Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet club:

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's lo
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field,
for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow
Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an
eal cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like
cock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, hostess,
that hath no arithmetic but her 'b
set down her reckoning: bites his lip with
tick regard, as who should say — there w
in this head, an 'twould out; and so there
it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint;
will not show without knocking. The man
done for ever; for if Hector break not his ne
combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glor
knows not me: I said, 'Good morrow, Aj
he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. Who
you of this man, that takes me for the g
He is grown a very land-fish, language

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monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars? he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him, — I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seventimes-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles, —

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent; —

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, hat he is not in this time, is all o'.

Ther. No, but he's ott o'tune thus. What micks will be in him when Hector hat knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to ~~him~~ ^{him} straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for there's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain ^{stopp'd} _{stirr'd}; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt ACHILLES and PARIS.*]

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ash at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, AENEAS, and Servants with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DIOMEDES, ANTENOR, and Others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Aeneas.

Aene. Is the Prince there in person? Had I so good occasion to lie long,

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Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly
ness
rob my bed-mate of my company.
That's my mind too. — Good mor

Lord Aeneas,
valiant Greek, Aeneas: take his han-
he process of your speech, wherein
— how Diomed, a whole week by da-

t you in the field.
l health to you, valiant Sir,
question of the gentle truce:
meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
n think, or courage execute.
one and other Diomed embraces.
are now in calm; and, so long, health:
ntention and occasion meet,
play the hunter for thy life,
force, pursuit, and policy.

thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
backward. — In humane gentleness,
roy! now, by Anchises' life,
ed! By Venus' hand I swear,
in love, in such a sort,

eans to kill, more excellently.
athize: — Jove, let Aeneas live,
is fate be not the glory,
lete courses of the sun!
llous honour, let him die,
wound; and that to-morrow!

each other well.
and long to know each other

worse.
lost despiteful gentle greeting,
ove, that e'er I heard of,

, so early?

Aene. I was sent for to the King; but why I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'Twas to bring this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Aene. That I assure you;

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, Lord; we'll follow you.

Aene. Good morrow, all. *(Exit.)*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell
me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship, —
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dip. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure,)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends;
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loing.
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors?

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Both merits poi'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me,
Paris, —

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well, —
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is
cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my Lord, I'll call mine uncle
down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed; Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good Morrow then.

Tro. 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights
she stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thoughts.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry;
You men will never tarry. —
O foolish Cressid! — I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's
one up.

Pas. [Within.] What, are all the doors open'd
here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be
mocking:
I shall have such a life, —

Pan. How now, how now? how go' maiden-
heads? — Here, you maid! where's my cousin
Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself: you naughty mocking
uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you float me off.

Pan. To do what? to do what? — let her say
what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll
me'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Ales, a poor wretch! a poor wretch!

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pochia ! — hast not slept to-night ? would he not,
a naughty man, let ~~it~~ sleep ? a bugbear take him !

[Knocking.]

Cres. Did not I tell you ? — 'would ha' were
knock'd o'the head ! —
Who's that at door ? good uncle, go and see. —
My Lord, come you again into my chamber :
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha !

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no
such thing. — [Knocking.]
How earnestly they knock ! — pray you, come in ;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.]

Pan. [Going to the door.] Who's there ? what's
the matter ? will you beat down the door ? How
now ? what's the matter ?

Enter ARMEAS.

Aene. Good morrow, Lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there ? my Lord Aeneas ? By my
troth, I knew you not : what news with you so
early ?

Aene. Is not Prince Troilus here ?

Pan. Here ! what should he do here ?

Aene. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not
deny him ;
It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you ? 'tis more than I
know, I'll be sworn : — For my own part, I
came in late : What should he do here ?

Aene. Who ! — nay, then : —
Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are
ware :

You'll be so true to him, to be false to him !

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Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither;
Go.

"As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Aene. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute
you,

My matter is so rash: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Aene. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my Lord Aeneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Aene. Good, good, my Lord; the secrets of
nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[Exeunt TROILUS and AENEAS.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost?
The devil take Antenor! the young Prince will go
mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they
had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who
was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my

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rd gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth,
I am above!

Cres. O the gods! — what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st
t'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his
death: — O poor gentleman! — A plague upon
Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,
beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be
one; thou are changed for Antenor: thou must
be thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill
be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods! — I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my
father;
know no touch of consanguinity;
no kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
is the sweet Troilus. — O you gods divine!
Take Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
Never she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
In the strong base and building of any love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. — I'll go in, and
weep; —

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my
praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my
heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The same. Before Pandarus' House.

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, AENEAS, DEIPHOBUS — ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour pres' Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon: — Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently; And to this hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love; And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help! — Please you, walk in, my Lords.

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate. *Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violenteth [in a sense as strong] As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it? If I could temporize with my affection, Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,

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And I will see thee.

Cres. O you shall be exposed, my Lord,

As infinite as impudent; but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger.

This sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see

you? — I will corrupt the Grecian youth,
To give thee nightly visitation;

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! — be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love; —
The Grecian youths are full of quality;

They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of na-

ture flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;

How novelty may move, and parts with person,

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,) —

Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,

So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heil the high Javolt, nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt, and

pregnant;

But I can tell, that in each grace of these,

There lurks a still and dumb-discoverive devil,

That tempts most cunningly: but he's not whipted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done.

And sometimes we are devils we ourselves.

When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Aene. [Within.] Nay, good my Lord,
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [Within.] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Aeneas, and the Grecian, with you!

Cres. My Lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth, catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is — plain, and true, — there's all the reach
of it.

Enter AENEAS, PARIS, ANTEGOR, DIPHEMUS,
and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, Lord, I'll give her to thy hands;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this Prince expects;
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, Lord of Greece,

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as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
ou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
ge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
sh the great bulk Achilles be thy guard;
it thy throat.

O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus:
e be privileg'd by my place, and message,
a speaker free; when I am hence,
sver to my lust: And know you, Lord,
thing do on charge: To her own worth
ull be priz'd; but that you say — he't so,
eak it in my spirit and honour, — no.
Come, to the port. — I'll tell thee, Dio-
med,

Brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
give me your hand; and, as we walk,
r own selves bend we our needful talk.

Exeunt TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED. [Trumpet Heard.

Hark! Hector's trumpet.
How have we spent this morning!
Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
wore to ride before him to the field.

'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field

with him.

Let us make ready straight.

Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
address to tend on Hector's heels:
lory of our Troy doth this day lie
a fair worth, and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*

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S C E N E EIGHT
The Grecian Camp. [Lutes and drums.]

Enter Ajax, Ulysses, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and Others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair, Anticipating time with starting courage. Even now Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy; that Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air May pierce the head of the great combatant, And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse. Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipes; Blow, villain, till thy spheered bias cheek Out-swell the chodick of puff'd Aquilon; Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait; He rises on the toe: that spirit of his In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, with Cressida.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet Lady.

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Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular; 'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin. — So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair Lady.

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now: For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment; And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; — this, mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, Sir: — Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render, or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my mateh to live, The kiss you take is better than you give; Therefore no kiss,

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, Lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn. —

May I, sweet Lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of yours.

Dio. Lady, a word; — I'll bring you to your father.

[Diomed leads out Cressida.]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look

out at her fingers' ends.

At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give a coasting welcome ere it comes;

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader! set them down!

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, arm'd; Aeneas, Troilus, and other Trojan's, with Attendants.

Aene. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done.

at victory commands? Or do you purpose,
shall be known? will you, the knights
edge of all extremity
other? or shall they be divided
or order of the field?
e ask.
Which way would Hector have it?
e cares not, he'll obey conditions,
is done like Hector; but securely done,
udly, and great deal misprizing
oppes'd.
not Achilles, Sir.
ur name?
not Achilles, nothing.
herefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know
this; —
mity of great and little;
pride excel themselves in Hector;
most as infinite as all,
lank as nothing. Weigh him well,
which looks like pride, is courtesy.
half made of Hector's blood:
reof, half Hector stays at home;
half hand, half Hector comes to seek
ed knight, half Trojan, and half
Greek.
maiden battle then? — O, I perceive
you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Here is sir Diomed: — Go, gentle
knight,
Ajax: as you and lord Aeneas
the order of their fight,

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S C E N E III.

The same. Before Pandarus' House.

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, AEneas, DEiphobus, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDEA.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour pre-
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon: — Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to this hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help! —
Please you, walk in, my Lords.

S C E N E IV.

The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth [in a sense as strong]
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate.

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The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes! — A sweet
ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [Embracing him.

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me
embrace too: O heart, — as the goodly saying
is, —

— o heart, o heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away
nothing, for we may live to have need of such a
verse; we see it, we see it. — How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods — as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, — take thee from
me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by.
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, scarcely prevents

Our lock'd embasures, strangles our deliver'd bosome
 Even in the birth of our own labotring death.
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs
 Did buy each other, must poorly bell dursting eft
 With the ride brevity shid discharge of one.
 Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
 Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how,
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
 With distinct breath and consign'd knees to death,
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu, and evig o't
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss, dry and
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Aene. [Within.] My Lord! Is the King ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd. Somesay, the King
 Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die. —
 Bid them have patience; she shall come.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, by thy will
 wind, or my heart will be blown up by the south.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians.

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeeful Cressid 'mongst the Grecians!
 When shall we see again?

Tro. Near me, my love: Be thou but true to me,
 heart, —

Cres. I truē hew now? what wicked wench I
 this?

Tro. Nay, we must use extortation kindly
 For it is parting from us: —
 I speak not, be thou true, as fearing that self
 For I will throw my glove to death himself,
 That there's no maculation in thy heart:
 But, be thou true, my love, to fashion me well
 My sequent protestation; be thou true, my love,

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And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my Lord, to
danger
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see
you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! — be true, again?
Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of na-
ture flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,) —
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.
Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and
pregnant;

But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly; bat he not tempted.

Cres. Do you think, I will?

Tro. No.
But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

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That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with
 Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp these! —
 Nest. I would, my arms could match these! —
 As they contend with thee in contention,
 Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha! —
 By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
 Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time —
 Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands —
 When we have here her base and pillar by us:
 Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
 Ah; Sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
 Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
 In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
 Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would

My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
 For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
 You towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
 Must kiss their own feet.
 Hect. I must not believe you:

There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
 The fall of every Phrygian stone I think,
 A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all,
 And that old common arbitrator, time,
 Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
 Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome!
 After the general, I beseech you next
 To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulys-

Now, Hector, I had fed mine eyes on thee;
 I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector;

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quoted joint by joint.

t. Is this Achilles?

t. I am Achilles.

t. Stand fair, I pray thee; let me look on
thee.

t. Behold thy fill.

t. Nay, I have done already.

t. Thou art too brief; I will the second
time,

would buy thee, view thee limb by limb;

t. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me
o'er;

there's more in me, than thou understand'st;
dost thou so oppress me with thine eyes?

t. Tell me, you heavens, in which part
of his body

I destroy him? whether there, there, or
there?

I may give the local wound a name,
make distinct the very breach, wherout

r's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

t. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud

man, to tell thee where to strike: — To
answer such a question: Stand again; — I

'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
A prenominate in nice conjecture,

e thou wilt hit me dead?

t. I tell thee, yea.

t. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so? — I
ot believe thee. Henceforth guard then well;

ll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
by the forge that stithy'd Mars his helme

ill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er. —

visest Grecians, pardon me this, —
olence draws folly from my lips, —

I endeavour deeds to match these words,

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Or may I never —

Ajax. Do not chase thee, cousin; —
And you Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I ~~say~~,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you Peers of Greece; go to
my tent;

There in the full convive we; afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcoime know.

[Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field dash Chalchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely. Tropi-
lus:

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Creasid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet Lord, be bound to you
much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, Sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was

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This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, Sir, to such as boasting show their
scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my Lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[Exit.]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine
to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
and idōl of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for
thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these
tricks?

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Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' varlet.

Fatt. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that? *Ther.* Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-gripping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthur sciaticas, limekilns i'the palm, incurable bone-and the rivell'd fee-sipple of the tetter, take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous bult; you w^{ll} son indistinguishable cur, po.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou sarcomet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of digal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor w^{ll} pester'd with such water-flies; dimlyntives!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwart From my great purpose in to-morrow's b Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba; A token from her daughter, my fair love Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn; I will not Fall, Greeks; fail, fathe; honour, a

My major vow lies here, ^{stay;} Come, come, Therian, this I'll obey This night in banqueting must all be

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Ally, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt Achilleus and Patroclus.*]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they'llo, 'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, — an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brawn as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, — the primitive statue, and oblique incisorial of cuckolds; a thirsty shooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg, — to what form, but that he is, should wit barded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a sithew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a pntcock; or a whewring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus, — I would conspire against distinction. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Ther-saga; for I care not to be the louse of a hazzar, son I were not Menelaus.' — Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomed with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Cress. Here comes himself to guide you.

Exeunt. *xlii.*

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Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, Pain-
ces all.

Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid
good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks
general.

Men. Good night, my Lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelars.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a. sweet
sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night,
And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.*

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Dio-
med,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, Lord; I have important busi-
ness,

The tide whereof is now. — Good night, greēs
Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Clyss. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep your company.

[*Aside to TROILUS.*

Tro. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit DIOMED; ULYSSES and TROI-
LUS following.*

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX,
and NESTOR.*

Ther. That same Diomed's a false hearted rogue,

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most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Rabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after. — Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

The same. Before Calchas' Tent.

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [Within.] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed. —— Calchas, I think. —— Where's your daughter?

Cal. [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

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Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! — Hark!
word with you. [Whispers.]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!
Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take
her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes,

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more
to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then, —

Cres. I'll tell you what: —

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are

Cres. In faith, I cannot sworn —

Ther. A juggling trick, to be — secretly
Dio. What did you swear on me? on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mis-
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Gree-

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Dioned —

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be yet
more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark, one word in your ear

Tro. O plague and madness!

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s. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart,
I pray you, if displeasure should enlarge itself
in such terms: this place is dangerous;
Behold, I pray you!

Now, my good Lord, go off:
to great destruction; come, my Lord.
Or' ythee, stay.

You have not patience; come.
I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's
torments,

I speak a word.

I so, good night.

I, but you part in anger.

I that grieve thee?

Ruth!

By, how now, Lord?

True,

Ent.

Lian! — why, Greek!

Pho! adieu; you palter.

With, I do not; come hither once
again.

shake, my Lord, at something;

out. will you go?

akes his cheek!

come.

By; by Jove, I will not speak a
word:

my will and all offences
ce: — stay a little while.

devil luxury, with his fat rump,
ticks these together! Fry,

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Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust m

Dio. Give me some token for the sury

Cres. I'll fetch you one.

Ulyss. You have sworu patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my Lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyss. My Lord, —

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Be
well. —

He lov'd me — O false wench! — Give
again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. No matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to morrow night:

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens; — Well said,
stone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods! — O pretty
pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee. — Nay, do not snatch it
He, that takes that, must take my bee

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Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith
you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you
will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy
horn,

It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; — And
yet it is not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go: — One cannot speak a
word,

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not
you, pleases me best.

Dio. What; shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come: — O Jove!

Do come: — I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.

[Exit Diomedes.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
 But with my heart the other eye doth see.—
 Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
 The error of our eye directs our mind:
 What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
 Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

Exit Cressida.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish
 more,
 Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my Lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
 Of every syllable that here was spoke.
 But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
 Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
 An esperance so obstinately strong,
 That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
 As if those organs had deceptions functions,
 Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of falsehood.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my Lord: Cressid was here
 but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
 Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
 To stubborn criticks — apt, without a theme,
 For depravation, — to square the general sex
 By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, Prince, that
 soil our mothers?

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Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own
eyes?

Tro. This she; no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and
And with another knot, five-finger'd-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reli-

ques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.
Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
Characters as red as Mars his heart
Claim'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
th so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Tro. — As much as I do Cressid love,

So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
 That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
 Were it a casque compos'd by Vulkau's skill,
 My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concup.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,
 false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
 Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter AENEAS.

Aene. I have been seeking you this hour, my
 Lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
 Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, Prince: — My courteous
 Lord adien: —

Farewell, revolted fair! — and Diomed,
 Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, AENEAES, and ULYSSES.*

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed!
 I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I
 would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing
 for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will
 not do more for an almond, than he for a few
 modious drab. Lechery, lechery: still,

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and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: a burning devil take them.

[Exit,

S C E N E III.

Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to
the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heaven-sweat
brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me
swear.

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Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and periwink
vows;

They are polluted offerings, more abhorred
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose, that makes strong the
vow;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear: but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-
day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[Exit CASSANDRA.]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy har-
ness, youth,
I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide
me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Greeks
fall,

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Even in the sun and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword
drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM,

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,

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To tell thee — that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Aeneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns
pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry — Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away! — Away! —

Cas. Farewell. — Yet, soft: — Hector, I take
my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her ex-
claim:

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Pri. Farewell: The gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR.*
Alarums.

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed,
 lieve
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?
Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an achie in my bones, that, unless a man were curs'd, I cannot tell what to think on't. — What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter
from the heart;

[Tearing the letter.]
The effect doth operate another way. —
Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together. —

My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds.

[Exeunt severally.]

S. C. E. N. E. IV.

Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums! Excursions! Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same semi-doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy that in his helm! I would fain see them meet; — and that same young Trojan ass, that loves the where-there; might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals, — that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, — is not prov'd worth a blackberry: — They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMED, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldest thou take the river Styx,

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou doest miscall retire: I do not fly; but advantages care With drew me from the odds of multitude. Have at thee!

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 241

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! — now for thy whore,
Trojan! — now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
[Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMED, fighting.]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no: — I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee; — live. [Exit.]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallow'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

The same.

Enter DIOMED, and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse; Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid: Fellow, commend my service to her beauty; Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan. And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go my Lord.

[Exit Servant.]

AND CRESSIDA.

or AGAMEMNON.

renew! The fierce Polydamus
enon: bastard Margarelon
ner; is-wise, waving his beam,
corses of the Kings
Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
nd Thoas, deadly hurt;
er slain; and Palamedes
ruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
bers; haste we, Diomed,
nt, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
small-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
ousand Hectors in the field:
ights on Galathe his horse,
cks work; anon, he's there afoot,
ey fly, or die, like scaled sculls
elching whale; then is he yonder,
e strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
before him, like the mower's swath;
, and every where, he leaves, and
takes;
o obeying appetite,
he will, he does; and does so much,
f is called impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

O, courage, courage, Princes! great
Achilles cursing, vowed vengeance—

A
N

Ach.
Come,
Know
Hector!

Ajax.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 245

Patreclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, back'd and chipp'd, come
to him;

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

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Enter DIOMED.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have
my office,
Ere that correction: — Troilus, I say! what,
Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! — turn thy false face,
thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at
you both.

[*Excunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my
youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha! — Have at thee,
Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Tro-
jan.

Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 245

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit.
Hect. Fare thee well! —
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. — How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Aeneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: — Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a
goodly mark: —
No? wilt thou not? — I like thy armour well;
I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it: — Wilt thou not, beast,
abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

The same.

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myr-
midons;
Mark what I say. — Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my proceedings eye:
It is decreed — Hector the great must die.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

The same.

Enter MENELAUS and PARIS fighting; then
THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it; Now, bull! now, dog!
now my double-henn'd sparrow! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo!
The bull has the game: — 'ware horns, ho!

[Exeunt PARIS, and MENELAUS.]

Enter MARGARET.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's

*Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I
am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in
mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegiti-
mate. One bear will not bite another, and where-
fore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's
most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight
for a whore, he tempts judgement. Farewell
bastard.*

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [Exit]

SCENE IX.

Another part of the Field.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without;
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good
breath;
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and
death!

[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his
shield behind him.*

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage,
Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man
I seek. [HECTOR falls.
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink
down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
Ow, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[*A retreat sounded.*

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my
Lord.

Achil. The dragon-wing of night doth spread
the earth,

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And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[Sheathes his sword.]
Come, tie his body to thy horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E X.

The same.

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
DIOMEDES, and Others, marching. Shouts
within.*

Agam. Hark! bark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[Within.] Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is — Hector's slain, and by
Achilles.

Ajgx. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along: — Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent. —

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[Exeunt, marching.]

S C E N E XI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter AEneas, and Trojans.

Aene. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

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Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector? — The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful
field. —

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with
speed!

Sit, gods upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

— *Aene.* My Lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd;
Go in to Troy, and say there — Hector's dead;
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet; — You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phygian plains;
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you! — And thou, great-
siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts. —
Strike a free march to Troy; — with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt AENEAS, and TROILUS.*]

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As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, brother lackey! ignomy and shame Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit Troilus.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones! — O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why, should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loath'd? what verse for it? what instance for it? — Let me see: —

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail. —
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As I may as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this, —
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]

A
SELECT
OF THE
MOST IMPORTANT NOTES
EXTRACTED
FROM
THE BEST COMMENTATORS
TO THE PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME XIII.



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NOTES TO KING HENRY VIII.

**We are unacquainted with any dramatick piece on the subject of Henry VIII. that preceded this of Shakspeare; and yet on the books of the Stationers' Company appears the following entry: "Nathaniel Butter] (who was one of our author's printers) Feb. 12, 1604. That he get good allowance for the enterlude of *King Henry VIII.* before he begin to print it; and with the wardens hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy." Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue to this play, observes from Stowe, that *Robert Greene* had written somewhat on the same story. STEEVENS.

This historical drama comprises a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Heury's reign, (1521,) and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Shakspeare has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Katharine did not die till 1536.

King Henry VIII. was written, I believe, in 1601. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays.*

the list of "author's out of whom Stowes
were compiled," prefixed to the last edition
in his life time, quarto, 1605, Robert
is enumerated with Robert de Brun, Ro-
bian, &c. and he is often quoted as an
authority in the margin of the history of th

Page 3, line 18. 19. — *to see a fellow*
In a long motley coat, guarded with
Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons*, intro-
the plays a little before our author's time
whom he has left us a small taste in his o

TN

P. 3, l. 21. 22. — *such a show*
As fool and fight is,] This is not
passage in which Shakspeare has discov

P. 3, l. 23. 24. — *the opinion that we bring,*
(To make that only true we now intend,)]
These lines I do not understand, and suspect them
of corruption. I believe we may better read thus:
— *the opinion, that we bring*
‘Or make; that only truth we now intend.’

JOHNSON.

To intend in our author, has sometimes the
same meaning as to pretend. STEEVENS.

If any alteration were necessary, I should be for
only changing the order of the words, and
reading:

That only true to make we now intend:
i.e. that now we intend to exhibit only what is
true.

This passage, and others of this Prologue, in
which great stress is laid upon the truth of the
 ensuing representation, would lead one to suspect,
 that this play of Henry the VIIIth is the very play
 mentioned by Sir H. Wotton, [in his letter of
 July, 1615, *Reliq. Wotton*, p. 425,] under
 the description of “a new play [acted by the King’s
 players at the Bank’s Side] called, *All is true*,
 representing some principal pieces of the reign of
 Henry the VIIIth.” The extraordinary circum-
 stances of pomp and majesty, with which, Sir
 Henry says, that play was set forth, and the par-
 ticular incident of certain cannons shot off at
 the King’s entry to a masque at the Cardinal
 Wolsey’s house, (by which the theatre was set on
 fire and burnt to the ground,) are strictly applica-
 ble to the play before us. Mr. Chamberlaine, in
 Vinwood’s Memorials, Vol. III. p. 469, men-
 tions, “the burning of the Globe, or playhouse,
 in the Bankside, on St. Peter’s day [1613,]
 which, (says he) fell out by a peale of chambers,

that I know not on what occasion were to be used in the play." Ben Jonson, in his *Ecclesiasticus upon Vulcan*, says, they were two poor ~~idlers~~ ^{heirs}. [See the stage-direction in this play, a little before the King's entrance: "Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged."] The continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, relating the same accident, p. 1003, says expressly, that it happened at the play of *Henry the VIIIth*.

In a MS. letter of Tho. Lorkin to Sir Tho. Puckering, dated London, this last of June, 1613, the same fact is thus related: "No Judge since than yesterday, while Boorbage his company were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry VIII.* and there shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd," &c. MS. Eng. 7002. TYRWHITT.

I have followed a regulation recommended by an anonymous correspondent, and only included the contested line in a parenthesis, which in some editions was placed before the word *beside*.

MALONE.

P. 5, last l. *The first and happiest hearers*—] Were it necessary to strengthen Dr. Johnson's and Dr. Farmer's supposition (See notes on the Epilogue) that old Ben, not Shakspeare, was author of the prologue before us, we might observe that *happy* appears in the present instance to have been used with one of its Roman significations, *propitious* or *favourable*: *Sis bonus O felix tuis!*" Virg. Ecl. 5. a sense of the word which must have been unknown to Shakspeare, but was familiar to Jonson. STEEVENS.

P. 7, l. 7. *Lord ABERGAVENNY.*] George Nevill, who married Mary, daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. REED.

P. 7, l. 12.—*a fresh admirer*] An admirer untired; an admirer still feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed. JOHNSON.

P. 7, l. 16. *Those suns of glory,*] That is, those glorious suns. The editor of the third folio plausibly enough reads — Those *suns* of glory; and indeed as in old English books the two words are used indiscriminately, the luminary being often spelt *son*, it is sometimes difficult to determine which is meant; *sun*, or *son*. However, the subsequent part of the line, and the recurrence of the same expression afterwards, are in favour of the reading of the original copy. MALONE.

P. 7, l. 18. *'Twixt Guynes and Arde;*] Guynes then belonged to the English, and Arde to the French; they are towns in Picardy, and the valley of Arden lay between them. *Arde* is *Ardres*, but both Hall and Holinshed write it as Shakespeare does. REED.

P. 8, l. 4. 5. *Till this time, pomp was single;*
but now marry'd

To one above itself.] The thought is odd and whimsical; and obscure enough to need an explanation. — Till this time (says the speaker) Pomp led a single life, as not finding a husband able to support her according to her dignity; but she has now got one in Henry VIII., who could support her, even above her condition, in finery. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has here discovered more meaning than the author intended, who only meant to say in a noisy periphrase, that *pomp was increased on this occasion to more than twice as much as*

King's of England and France, vied with each
To this circumstance Norfolk alludes. M.

P. 8, l. 5 - 7. — *Each following day
Became the next day's master, till th
Made former wonders it's:] Dis-
docet.* Every day learned something fro
preceding, till the concluding day collected
splendor of all the former shows. JOHNSON

P. 8, l. 8. All *cliquant*, —] All *glit-
all shining.* Clarendon uses this word in
scription of the Spanish *Juego de Toros.*

It is likewise used in *A Memorable Masq-*
performed before King James at Whitehall y

Six

P. 8, l. 21. 22. — and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in *censure.*] C
for determination, of which had the nobl

well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. JOHNSON.

P. 8, first but one l. — *All was royal; &c.*] This speech was given in all the editions to Buckingham; but improperly. For he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity. I have therefore given it to Norfolk.

WAREBUTON.

P. 8, last l. & P. 9, l. 1. 2. *To the disposing
of it nought rebell'd,*

*Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.]* The commission for regulating this festivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place. JOHNSON.

P. 9, l. 6. *Certes,*] An obsolete adverb, signifying — certainly, in truth. STREEVENS.

P. 9, l. 6. — that promises no *element*] No initiation, no previous practices. *Elements* are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *catachresis*, to a person. JOHNSON.

P. 9, l. 12 - 14. — *no man's pie is free'd
From his ambitious finger.*] To have a finger in the pie, is a proverbial phrase. See Ray, 244. REED.

P. 9, l. 15. — *fierce vanities?*] *Fierce* is here, I think, used like the French *fier* for *proud*, unless we suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt. JOHNSON.

It is certainly used as the French word *fier*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the puritan says, *the hobby horse "is a fierce and tank idol."* STREEVENS.

P. 9, l. 16. A *keech* is a solid lump or mass:

A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould, is called yet in some places, a *keech*. JOHNSON.

There may, perhaps, be a singular propriety in this term of contempt. Wolsey was the son of a *butcher*, and in the Second Part of *King Henry IV*, a butcher's wife is called — *Geody Keech*. STEEVENS.

P. 9, l. 25. *Out of his self-drawing web,*] Thus it stands in the first edition. The latter editors, by injudicious correction, have printed it *Out of his self-drawn web.* JOHNSON.

P. 9, l. 27, 28. *A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys for a place next to the King.*] It is evident a word or two in the sentence is misplaced, and that we should read:

A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him a place next to the King. WARBURTON.

It is full as likely that Shakspeare wrote: *gives to him, which will save any greater alteration.* JOHNSON. I am too dull to perceive the necessity of any change. What he is unable to give himself, heaven gives or deposits for him, and that gift, or deposit, buys a place, &c. STEEVENS.

I agree with Johnson that we should read: *A gift that heaven gives to him* — Abergavenny says, in reply, *for*

"I cannot tell" — "What heaven hath given him?" — which confirms the justness of this amendment. I should otherwise have thought Steevens's explanation right. M. MASON.

P. 10, l. 4. — *He makes up the file;*] That is, *the list.* JOHNSON.

P. 10, l. 7 - 9. — and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers; Council out,
Council not then sitting. JOHNSON.

The expression rather means, "all mention of
the board of council being left out of his letter." STEEVENS.

That is, left out, omitted, unnoticed, uncon-
sulted with. RITSON.

It appears from Holinshead, that this expression
is rightly explained by Mr. Pope in the next note: *without the concurrence of the council.* "The
Peers, of the realme receiving letters to prepare
themselves to attend the King in this journey, and
no apparent necessarie cause expressed, why or
wherefore, seemed to grudge that such a costly
journey should be taken in hand — *without consent of the whole boarde of the Counsaile!*" MATTHEW.

He *papers*, a verb; his own letter; by his own
single authority, and without the concurrence of
the council, must fetch in him whom he papers
down. — I don't understand it unless this be the
meaning. POPE.

Wolsey published a list of the several persons
whom he had appointed to attend on the King at
this interview. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Rymer's *Fo-
dera*, Tom. XIII. &c. STEEVENS.

P. 10, l. 14 - 17. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors
On them
For this great journey.] In the ancient
sterlude of *Nature*, bl. I. no date, but appa-
rently printed in the reign of King Henry VIII.
There seems to have been a similar stroke aimed at
an expensive expedition. STEEVENS.

So also, Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Edit. 1634, p. 482. WHALLEY.

P. 10, l. 17-19. — *What did this vanity, But minister communication of A most poor issue?* What effect had this pompous show, but the production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNSON.

P. 10, l. 34. *The ambassador is silenc'd?*] Silenc'd for recall'd. This being proper to be said of an orator; and an ambassador or public minister being called an orator, he applies silenc'd to an ambassador. WARBURTON.

I understand it rather of the French ambassador residing in England, who, by being refused an audience, may be said to be silenc'd. JOHNSON.

P. 10, last l. *A proper title of a peace;*] A fine name of a peace. Ironically. JOHNSON.

P. 11, l. 3. *To carry a business* was at this time a current phrase for to conduct or manage it. RAMS.

P. 11, l. 13. — *where comes that rock;*] To make the rock come, is not very just. JOHNSON.

P. 12, first l. — *butcher's cur* —] Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher. JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey observes, that when the death of the Duke of Buckingham was reported to the Emperor Charles V. he said, "The first buck of England was worried to death by a *butcher's dog*." STEVENS.

P. 12, l. 5, 6. *A beggar's book*. — *Out-worths a noble's blood.*] That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally

put into the mouth of one of the ancient, unlettered, martial nobility. JOHNSON.

It ought to be remembered that the speaker is afterward pronounced by the King himself a *learned gentleman*. RITSON.

P. 12, l. 14. *He bores me with some trick:*] He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction. JOHNSON.

P. 12, l. 26-28. *And from a mouth of honour
quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or pro-
claim,*

There's difference in no persons.] I will crush this base-born fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinction of persons is at an end. JOHNSON.

P. 12, l. 30, 31. *Heat not a furnace for your
foe so hot*

That it do singe yourself:] Might not Shakspeare allude to *Dan.* iii. 22? "Therefore because the King's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of fire slew those men that took up *Shadrach, Meshac, and Abednego*." STEEVENS.

P. 13, l. 8. 9. (Whom from the flow of gall I
name not, but

From *sincere motions*,] From honest indignation; warmth of integrity. Perhaps *name not*, should be *blame not*.

Whom from the flow of gall I blame not.
JOHNSON.

P. 13, l. 17. — *equal ravenous.*] Equal for equally. Shakspeare frequently uses adjectives adverbially. See *King John*, Vol. IV. p. 114, n. 7.
MALONE.

P. 13, l. 19, 20. — *his mind and pd*
Infecting one another,] This is v
 cal. His mind he represents as highly
 and yet he supposes the contagion of the
 first minister as adding an infection to it

P. 13, l. 22. *Suggests, for exchis.*

P. 13, l. 53. — *Count-Cardinal*] afterwards called King Cardinal. Mr. the subsequent editors read — *court-ca*

P. 14, l. 19. — *the Cardinal*
Does buy and sell his honour as hi
 This was a proverbial expression. *Richard III.* Act V, sc. iii. MALONE.

P. 14, l. 22, 23. — *he were a*
mistaken in't.] That is were something different from what he or supposed by you to be. MALONE.

P. 15, l. 3. — *device and practice.*] fair stratagem. REED.

P. 15, l. 4–6. *I am sorry*
To see you ta'en from liberty, to
The business present:] I am so am obliged to be present and an eye- your loss of liberty. JOHNSON.

P. 15, l. 24. — *to attach Lord Mo*
 This was Henry Pole, grandson to Geo of Clarence, and eldest brother to Card He had married the Lord Abergavenny's He was restored to favour at this junc was afterwards executed for another trea Reign. REED.

P. 15, l. 26. *John de la Court,* of this monk of the Chartreux wa

Car, alias de la Court. See Holinshed, p. 363.

STEEVENS.

P. 15, l. 27. — *his chancellor*, —] The old copies have it — *his counsellor*; but I, from the authorities of Hall and Holinshed, changed it to *chancellor*. And our poet himself, in the beginning of the second act, vouches for this correction:

"At which, appear'd against him his surveyor,
"Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor."

THEOBALD.

P. 15, l. 31. — *Nicholas Hopkins?*] The old copy has — *Michael Hopkins*. Mr. Theobald made the emendation, conformably to the Chronicle: "Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order, beside Bristow, called Henton." In the MS. *Nich.* only was probably set down, and mistaken for *Mich.* MALONE.

P. 16, last l. — *my life is spann'd already*:] To *span* is to *gripe*, or *enclose in the hand*; to *span* is also to *measure* by the palm and fingers. The meaning, therefore, may either be, that *hold is taken of my life*, my life is in the *gripe of mine enemies*; or, that *my time is measured*, the length of my life is now determined.

JOHNSON.

Man's life in Scripture is said to be but a *span* long. Probably therefore it means, when 'tis spann'd 'tis ended. REED.

P. 16, l. 4-5. *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;*
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts
on,

By darkning my clear sun.] These lines have passed all the editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they are inexplicable.

must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our author's time could allow figure to be taken, as now, for dignity or importance, we might read :

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out.

But I cannot please myself with any conjecture.

Another explanation may be given, somewhat harah, but the best that occurs to me:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts
out,

whose port and dignity is assumed by the Cardinal, that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place

By dark'ning my clear sun. JOHNSON.

Wolsey could only reach Buckingham through the medium of the King's power. The Duke therefore compares the Cardinal to a cloud, which intercepts the rays of the sun, and throws a gloom over the object beneath it. "I am (says he), but the shadow of poor Buckingham, on whose figure this impending cloud looks gloomy, having got between me and the sunshine of royal favour."

STEVENS.

The following passage in Greene's *Dorastas and Fawnia*, 1588, (a book which Shakespeare certainly had read,) adds support to Dr. Johnson's conjecture: "Fortune, envious of such happy successes, — turned her wheele, and *darkened their bright sunne* of prosperitie with the mistie *cloudes* of mishap and misery."

Mr. M. Mason has observed that Dr. Johnson did not do justice to his own emendation, referring the words *whose figure* to Buckingham, where in fact they relate to shadow. Sir W. Blackstone

had already explained the passage in this manner.
MALONE.

By adopting Dr. Johnson's first conjecture, "puts out," for "puts on," a tolerable sense may be given to these obscure lines. "I am but the shadow of poor Buckingham; and even the figure or outline of this shadow begins now to fade away, being extinguished by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interposes between me and) my clear sun; that is, the favour of my sovereign."

BLACKSTONE.

P. 16, l. 11. *My life itself, and the best heart of it]* Heart is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common, and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart*. The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*. JOHNSON.

P. 16, l. 12-14. — *I stood i' the level Of a full-charg'd confederacy,*] To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a *line with its mouth*, so as to be hit by the shot. JOHNSON.

P. 17, l. 20. — *as putter-on*
Of these extactions,] The *instigator* of these extactions; the person who suggested to the King the taxes complained of, and incited him to exact them from his subjects. MALONE.

P. 17, l. 50. The *many* is the *meiny*, the train, the people. Dryden is, perhaps, the last that used this word:

"The Kings before their many rode."

I believe the many is only the multitude; the
JOHNSON

tolkot. Thus, *Coriolanus*, speaking of the
calls them :

"— the mutable rank-scented many
S.

P. 17, last but one l. *And Danger*
among them. You
one easily believe, that a writer, who h
immediately before, sunk so low in his
sion, should here rise again to a height
sublime? where, by the noblest stretch
Danger is personalized as serving in the
army, and shaking the established govern
WAR

Chancer, Gower, Skelton, and Spense
personified *Danger*. The first, in *Rom
the Rose*; the second, in his fist book *L
fessione Amantis*; the third in his *B
Court*: and the fourth, in the 10th Canto
fourth book of his *Faery Queen*, and agai
fifth book and the ninth Canto. STEEVENS

P. 18; l. 7. 8. — and front but in the
Where others tell steps with me,
but *primus inter pares*. I am but first in
of counsellors. JOHNSON.

This was the very idea that Wolsey w
disclaim. It was not his intention to ackn
that he was the first in the row of counsell
that he was merely on a level with the re
stept in the same line with them. M. MA

P. 18, l. 10. 11. You know no mo
others: but you.

Things, that are known alike;]
you know no more than other counsell
you are the person who frame those thi
are afterwards proposed, and known
all. M. MASON.

KING HENRY VIII.

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P. 19, l. 3. 4. *That tractable obedience is a slave to each incensed will.]* i. e. those who are

tractable and obedient, must give way to others who are augry. MUSGRAVE.

The meaning of this is, that the people were so much irritated by oppression, that their resentment got the better of their obedience.

M. MASON.
The meaning, I think, is — Things are now in such a situation, that resentment and indignation predominate in every man's breast over duty and allegiance. MALONE.

P. 19, l. 6. *There is no primer business.]* In the old edition:

There is no primer baseness.

The Queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons; which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be assured then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest baseness; but rather made use of a word that could not offend the Cardinal, and yet would incline the King to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore:

There is no primer business.
i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton (for reasons which he has given in his note) would read:

— no primer business:

but I think the meaning of the original word is sufficiently clear. No primer baseness is no mischief ~~more ripe or ready~~ for redress. STEEVENS.

P. 19, l. 17. To *stint* is to stop, to retard
STEVENSON.

P. 19, l. 19. To *cope* —] To engage with
to encounter. The word is still used in ~~old~~
counties. JOHNSON.

P. 19, l. 24. — *what worst, as oft,*
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act.] The worst actions
of great men are commended by the vulgar, as made
accommodated to the grossness of their notions.
JOHNSON.

P. 20, l. 2c — *we take,*
From every tree, lop, bark, &c.] *Lop*
a substantive, and signifies the branches.
WALKER.

P. 20, l. 18. *Enter Surveyor.*] It appears from
Holinshed that his name was *Charles Knyvet*.
REED.

P. 20, l. 26. And never seek for aid ~~out~~
~~himself.~~] Beyond the
treasures of his own mind. JOHNSON.

P. 20, l. 28. 29. *When these so noble ben-*
fits shall prove
Not well dispos'd,] Greats gifts of nature
and education, not joined with good dispositions.
JOHNSON.

P. 21, l. 22. 23. — note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Note this particular part of this dangerous design.
JOHNSON.

P. 21, l. 34. *By a vain prophecy of Nicholas*
Hopkins.] In former edi-
tions:

By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.
We heard before, from Brandon, of the ~~Nicholas~~
Hopkins; and now his name is changed into

ton; so that Brandon and the surveyor seem to be in two stories. There is, however, but one and the same person meant, Hopkins; as I have restored in the text, for perspicuity's sake: yet it will not be any difficulty to account for the other name, when we come to consider, that he was a monk of the convent, called Henton, near Bristol: So both Hall and Holinshed acquaint us. And he might, according to the custom of these times, be called Nicholas of Henton, from the place; as Hopkins from his family. THEOBALD.

This mistake, as it was undoubtedly made by Shakspeare, is worth a note. It would be doing too great an honour to the players to suppose them capable of being the authors of it. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare was perhaps led into the mistake by inadvertently referring the words, "called Henton," in the passage already quoted from Holinshed, (p. 17. n. 8.) not to the monastery, but to the monk. MALONE.

P. 22, l. 6. — *the Rose*, within the parish of Saint Lawrence Poultney,] This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the Merchant Tailors company, and is now the Merchant Tailors school, in Suffolk-lane. WHALLEY.

P. 23, l. 13. Ha! what, *so rank?*] *Rank* weeds, are weeds grown up to great height and strength. *What*, says the King, *was he advanced to this pitch?* JONNSON.

P. 23, l. 18-23. Sir William Blomer, (Holinshed calls him Bulmer,) was reprimanded by the King in the star-chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the King's service for the Duke of Buckingham's. Edwards's MSS.
STEEVENS

P. 25, l. 25-54. The accuracy of Holinshed, if from him Shakspeare took his account of the accusations and punishment, together with the qualities of the Duke of Buckingham, is proved in the most authentick manner by a very serious report of his case in East. Term, 13 Henry VIII. in the Year books published by authority, fol. 44; and 12, edit. 1597. After in the most exact manner setting forth the arrangement of the Lord High Steward, the Peers, the arraignment, and other forms and ceremonies, it says: "Et issaint fuit ~~par~~ reine Edward due de Buckingham, le dixme jour de Term le xiiij. jour de May, le duc de Norfolk donques estant Grand seneschal : la cause fuit, pur ceo que il avoit entend l' mort de ~~nos~~ S^r. le Roy. Car prenierment un Moine del' Abbey de Henton iu le countie de Somerset dit, a lui que il sera Roy & command' luy de obteignre le benevolence del' communalte, & sur ceo il donna certaines robbes a cest entent. A que il dit que le moine ne onques dit ainsi a lui, & que il ne dona ceux dones a cest intent. Donques autrefois il dit, si le Roy morust sans issue male, il voul' estre Roy : & auxi que il disoit, si le Roy avoit lui commis al' prison, donques il voul' lui occire ove son dagger. Mes touts ceux matters il denia in effect, mes fuit trove coupé: Et per ceo il avoit jugement comme traître, et fuit decolle le Vendredi devant le Feste del Pentecost que fuit le xiiij jour de May avant dit. Dieu à sa graut mercy — car il fuit tres noble, Prince & prudeut, et mirror de tout courtesie."

VAILLANT.

P. 24, l. 20. — By day and night, I believe, was a phrase anciently signifying all times, every way, completely. In Th

Wives of Windsor, Falstaff, at the end of his letter to Mrs. Ford, styles himself:

"Thine own true knight,
"By day or night," &c.

The King's words, however, by some critics, have been considered as an adjuration. I do not pretend to have determined the exact force of them. STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 24. *Enter the Lord Chamberlain*. } Shakespeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Earl of Worcester was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the King in fact went in masquerade to Cardinal Wolsey's house, Lord Sands, who is here introduced as going thither with the Chamberlain, himself possessed that office. MALONE.

Charles Somerset, created Earl of Worcester, Henry VIII. He was Lord Chamberlain both to Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and continued in the office until his death, 1526. REED.

P. 24, l. 24. — *Lord SANDS*. } Sir William Sands, of the Vines near Basingstoke in Hants, was created a Peer 1524. He became Lord Chamberlain upon the death of the Earl of Worcester in 1526. REED.

P. 24, l. 25-27. — *the spells of France should juggle*

Men into such strange mysteries? Mysterious were allegorical shows, which the *mummers* of those times exhibited in odd fantastick habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysteries*; and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishmen were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions, into such an *smooth appearance*, that they looked like *mummers* in a *mystery*. JOHNSON.

That Mysterious is the genuine reading. — ALICE VOL. VIII.

Warburton would read — *mockeries*] and it is used in a different sense from the one given, will appear in the following instance of Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland*:

" — even so it fareth now with thee,

" And with these *wizards* of thy *mysterie*
The context of which shows, that by *wizards*
meant *poets*, and by *mysterie* their *poetic* i
which was before called " *mister artes*. " E
the *mysteries* in Shakspeare signify those *fam
tick manners and fashions* of the French, " *W
had operated as spells or enchantments.*

P. 25, l. 2. *A fit of the face* seems to be we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of countenance. JOHNSON.

P. 25, l. 11. The *stringhalt*, or *spring* (as the old copy reads,) is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces. STEEVENS.

P. 25, l. 30. — these remnants

Of fool, and *feathers*,] This does not allude to the *feathers* anciently worn in the hats and caps of our countrymen, (a circumstance to which ridicule could justly belong,) but to an effeminate fashion recorded in Greene's *Farewell to F* 1617; from whence it appears that even gentlemen carried *fans of feathers* in their hats — we strive to be counted womanish, keeping of beauty, by curling the hair, by wearing *plumes of feathers* in our hands, which wars our ancestors wore on their heads."

P. 25, l. 32. — *fights and fireworks*; I learn from a French writer quoted in *Moncon's Monuments de la Monarchie Fra*

ol. IV. that some very extraordinary fireworks were played off on the evening of the last day of a royal interview between Guynes and Ardres.ence, our "travelled gallants," who were present at this exhibition, might have imbibed their ardness for the pyrotechnic art. STEEVENS.

P. 27, l. 13. — *My barge stays;*] The speaker is now in the King's palace at Bridewell, from which he is proceeding by water to York-place, (Cardinal Wolsey's house,) now Whitehall.

MALONE.

P. 28, l. 2-5. — *he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good
welcome*

Can make good people.] The poet, I am persuaded, wrote:

*As first-good company, good wine, good
welcome, &c.*

e. he would have you as merry as these three things can make you, the best company in the land, of the best rank, good wine, &c.

THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer has mended it more elegantly, at with greater violence:

*As first, good company, then good wine,
&c.* JOHNSON.

P. 28, l. 14. A *running banquet*, literally *leaking*, is a *hasty refreshment*, as set in opposition to a regular and *protracted meal*. The former is the object of this rakish Peer; the latter, perhaps he would have relinquished to those of more permanent desires. STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 6. Yes, if I make my play.] i. e.
I make my party. STEEVENS.

Rather, if I may choose my game. RUTSON.
As the measure, in this place, requires an ad-

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ditional syllable, we may, commodious
read with Sir Thomas Hanmer:

Yes, if I may make my play. . S
P. 30, l. 12. — chambers dische
chamber is a gun which stands e
breech. Such are used only on occas
joicing, and are so contrived as to
charges, and thereby to make a nois
proportioned to their bulk. They are
bers because they are mere chambers;
der; a chamber being the technical
cavity in a piece of ordnance which
combustibles. Some of them are at
Park, and at the places opposite
ment-house when the King goes thit
P. 31, l. 9. and fol. Enter t
twelve others, as Maskers, hab
herds, &c.] For an account of
see Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 921.

The account of this masquerade
by Cavendish, in his *Life of W^t*
written in the time of Queen Ma
Stowe and Holinshed copied it.
himself present. Before the Kin
dance, they requested leave to
accompaay the ladies at murch
granted, “then went the masq
luted all the dames, and the
most worthiest, and then open
gold filled with crownes, and
at. — Thus perusing all the
some they wonne, and to so
having viewed all the ladies
Cardinal with great reverenc
es. At all, quoth the Ca

die, he wonne it; whereat was made great joy." *Life of Wolsey*, p. 22. edit. 1641. MALONE.

P. 32, l. 17. — *he will take it.*] That is, take the chief place. JOHNSON.

P. 32, l. 23. *You have found him, Cardinal:*] Holinshed says the Cardinal mistook; and pitched upon Sir Edward Neville; upon which the King laughed, and pull'd off both his own mask and sir Edward's. *Edwards's MSS.* STEEVENS.

P. 32, l. 27. — *unhappily.*] That is, *unluckily, mischievously.* JOHNSON.

P. 35, l. 5. 4. *I were unmannerly, to take you out,*

And not to kiss you.] A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. So, in *A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie*:

"But some reply, what foole would daunce,"

"If that when daunce is doon,

"He may not have at ladyes lips.

"That which in daunce he woon?"

STEEVENS.

This custom is still prevalent, among the country people, in many, perhaps all, parts of the kingdom. When the fiddler thinks his young couple have had musick enough, he makes his instrument squeak out two notes which all understand to say — *kiss her!* RITSON.

P. 33, l. 9. 10. *Your Grace,*

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.] The King on being discovered and desired by Wolsey to take his place, said that he would "first go and shift him: and thereupon, went into the Cardinal's bedchamber, where was a great fire pre-

pared for him, and there he new appareled him selfe with rich and princely garments. And in the King's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken away, and the tables covered with new and perfumed clothes. — Then the King took his seat under the cloath of estate, commanding every person to sit still as before; and then came in a new banquet before his majeestic of two hundred dishes, and so they passed the night in banqueting and dancing untill morning." — *Cavendish Life of Wolsey.* MALONE.

P. 33, l. 27. *O, — God save you!*] Surely, (with Sir Tomas Hanmer) we should complete the measure by reading :

O, Sir, God save you! STREEVENS.

P. 34, last l. — either pitied in him, or forgotten.] Either pre-
dicted no effect, or produced only ineffectual pitie.

MALONE.

P. 35, l. 5-7. — *he was stirr'd*
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
This circumstance is taken from Holinshed.
" After he was found guilty, the Duke was brought to the bar, sore-chafing, and *sweat marvellously.*"

STREEVENS.

P. 36, l. 5. *Sir WILLIAM SANDS,*] The old copy reads *Sir Walter.* STREEVENS.

The correction is justified by Holinshed's Chronicle, in which it is said, that Sir Nicholas Vaux, and Sir *William* Sands, received Buckingham at the Temple, and accompanied him to the Tower. Sir W. Sands was at this time, (May, 1521,) only a baronet, [rather, a knight; as baronetage was unknown till 1611] not being created Lord Sands till April 27, 1527. Shakspeare probably did not know that he was the same person whom he

already introduced with that title. He fell into the error by placing the King's visit to Wolsey, (at which time Sir William was Lord Sands,) and Buckingham's condemnation in the same year; whereas that visit was made some years afterwards.

MALONE.

P. 36, l. 21. *Evils in this place are faricae.*

STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 25-34. *You few that lov'd me, &c.]*
These lines are remarkably tender and pathetick.

JOHNSON.

P. 37, l. 7. 8. — no black envy

Shall make my grave.] Shakspeare, by this expression, meant no more than to make the Duke say, *No action expressive of malice shall conclude my life.* Envy by our authour is used for malice and hatred in other places, and, perhaps, in this. To make a grave, however, may mean to close it. i. e. closed shut. The sense will then be (whether quaintly, or poetically expressed, let the reader determine,) *no malicious action shall close my grave, i. e. attend the conclusion of my existence, or terminate my life; the last action of it shall not be uncharitable.*

STEEVENS.

Envy is frequently used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. I have therefore no doubt that Mr. Steevens's exposition is right. Dr. Warburton reads — mark my grave; and in support of the emendation it may be observed that the same error has happened in *King Henry V.*; or at least that all the editors have supposed so, having there adopted a similar connection.

MALONE.

To make the door, or the windows, in a pro-

vincial expression, in the midland counties, for fastening them. NICHOLS.

P. 37, l. 28. *Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.]* The last verse would run more smoothly, by making the monosyllables change places:

Let it alone, my state will now but mock me. WHALLEY.

P. 37, l. 29, 30. — *I was Lord High Constable,*

And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:]

The Duke of Buckingham's name was Stafford. Shakespeare was led into the mistake by Halliwell. *Strayda.*

This is not an expression thrown out at random, or by mistake, but one strongly marked with historical propriety. The name of the Duke of Buckingham most generally known, was *Stafford*; but the *History of Remarkable Trials*, 8vo. 1715, p. 170, says: "it seems he affected that surname [of *Bohun*] before that of *Stafford*, his being descended from the *Bohuns*, Earls of Hereford." His reason for this might be, because he was Lord High Constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the *Bohuns*; and as the poet has taken particular notice of his great office, does it not seem probable that he had fully considered of the Duke's foundation for assuming the name of *Bohun*? In truth, the Duke's name was *Stafford*; for a gentleman of that very ancient family married the heiress of the barony of *Stafford*, and their son relinquishing his paternal surname assumed that of his mother, which continued in posterity. Tolson.

Of all this probably Shakespeare knew nothing.
MALONE.

P. 57, l. 33-35. — *I now seal it;*
And with that blood will make them one
day groan for't.] I now seal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan. JOHNSON.

P. 39, l. 12. *A strong faith]* Is great fidelity. JOHNSON.

P. 42, l. 5. *The French King's sister.]* i.e. the Duchess of Alençon. STEEVENS.

P. 42, l. 12, 13. *Or this imperious man will work us all*

From Princes into pages:] This may allude to the retinue of the Cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants.

JOHNSON.

P. 42, l. 13-15. — *all men's honours*
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd

Into what pitch he please.] The mass must be fashioned into pitch or height, as well as into particular form. The meaning is, that the Cardinal can, as he pleases, make high or low. JOHNSON.

The allusion seems to be to the 21st verse of the 9th chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans: “Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?” COLLING.

P. 43, l. 1. 2. NORFOLK opens a folding-door. *The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.]* The stage-direction in the old copy is a singular one. *Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively.* STEEVENS.

This stage-direction was calculated for, and

certainly precisely the state of, the theatre in Shakespeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of our author's time, was to place such person in the back part of the stage behind the curtains, which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person, who was to be discovered, (as Henry, in the present case,) drew back just at the proper time. Mr. Rowe, who seems to have looked no further than the modern stage, changed the direction thus: "*The scene opens, and discovers the King,*" &c. but, besides the impropriety of introducing scenes, when there were none, such an exhibition would not be proper here, for Norfolk has just said, — "Let's in," — and therefore should himself do some act, in order to visit the King. This indeed, in the simple state of the old stage, was not attended to; the King very civilly discovering himself.

MALONE.

P. 43, l. 26-28. — *have great care*

I be not found a talker.] I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.* JOHNSON.

P. 44, l. 3. *I would not be so sick though, for his place:]* That is, so sick as he is proud. JOHNSON.

P. 44 l. 19. *Have their free voices;*] The construction is, *have sent their free voices;* the word *sent*, which occurs in the next line, being understood here. MALONE.

P. 46, l. 4. *Kept him a foreign man still; Kept him out of the King's presence, employed in foreign embassies.* JOHNSON.

P. 47, l. 11. *To give her the avaunt!*] To send her away, contemptuously; to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection. JOHNSON.

P. 47, l. 18. 19. *Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce*

It from the bearer,] Anne calls Fortune a *quarrel* or arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. *Quarrel* was a large arrow so called.

WARBURTON.

Such is Dr. Warburton's interpretation. Sir Thomas Haumer reads:

That quarreller Fortune.

I think the poet may be easily supposed to use *quarrel* for *quarreller*, as *murder* for the *murderer*, the act for the agent. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson may be right. We might, however, read:

Yet if that quarrel fortune to divorce

It from the bearer, —

i. e. if any quarrel happen or chance to divorce it from the bearer. To *fortune* is a verb used by Shakspeare in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

STEEVENS.

P. 47, l. 22. *She's a stranger now again.*] Again an alien; not only no longer Queen, but no longer Englishwoman. JOHNSON.

It rather means, she is alienated from the King's affection, is a stranger to his bed; for she still retained the rights of an Englishwoman, and was Princess dowager of Wales. TOLLET.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me to be the true one. MALONE.

P. 47, l. 30. — *our best having.*] That is, *our best possession*. JOHNSON.

P. 48, l. 5. — *soft cheveril —*] *In kid-skin, soft leather.* JOHNSON.

P. 48, l. 17. — *Pluck off a little*;] What must she pluck off? I think we may better read:

— *Pluck up a little.*

Pluck up! is an idiomatical expression for take courage. JOHNSON.

The old lady first questions Anne Bullen about being a *Queen*, which she declares her aversion to; she then proposes the title of a *Duchess*, and asks her if she thinks herself equal to the task of sustaining it; but as she still declines the offer of greatness;

— *Pluck off a little,*

says she; i. e. let us still further divest preferment of its glare, let us descend yet lower, and more upon a level with your own quality; and then adds:

I would not be a young Count in your way which is an inferior degree of honour to any before enumerated. STEEVENS.

P. 48, l. 26-28, — *for little England*

You'd venture an emballing: I myself.

Wauld for Carnarvonshire,] You'd ven-
ture an emballing: i. e. You would venture to be distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be right, because a *Queen-consort*, such as *Anne Bullen* was, is not distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty, nor has the poet expressed that she was so distinguished. TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's objection to Johnson's explanation, is an hypercriticism. Shakspeare did not probably consider so curiously his distinction between a Queen consort and a Queen regent. M. MAJOR.

Might we read — *You'd venture an empalling;*
i. e. being invested with the pall or robes of state

In *Macbeth*, the verb to *pall* is used in the sense of *enrobe*. MALONE.

Might we not read — *an embalming?* A Queen consort is *anointed* at her coronation; and in *King Richard II.* the word is used in that sense: “With my own tears I wash away my *balm*.” Dr. Johnson properly explains it, the *oil of consecration*. WHALLEY.

The Old Lady’s jocularity, I am afraid, carries her beyond the bounds of decorum; but her quibbling allusion is more easily comprehended than explained. RITSON.

Little England seems very properly opposed to *all the world*; but what has *Carnarvonshire* to do here? Does it refer to the birth of Edward II. at Carnarvon? or may not this be the allusion? By *little England* is meant, perhaps, that territory in Pembrokeshire, where the Flemings settled in Henry I’s time, who speaking a language very different from the Welsh, and bearing some affinity to the English, this fertile spot was called by the Britons, as we are told by Camden, *Little England beyond Wales*; and, as it is a very fruitful country, may be justly opposed to the mountainous and barren country of *Carnarvon*.

WHALLEY.

P. 49, l. 20. *More than my all is nothing,*] Not only my *all is nothing*, but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing. JOHNSON.

P. 49, l. 20. 21. — *nor my prayers*

Are not words duly hallow’d,] It appears to me absolutely necessary, in order to make sense of this passage, to read:

— *fer my prayers*

Are not words duly hallow’d, &c.
instead of “*nor my prayers.*”

Anne's argument is this: — "More than ~~my~~
all is nothing, *for* my prayers and wishes are ~~of~~
no value, and yet prayers and wishes are all I
have to return." M. MASON.

The double negative, it has been already ob-
served, was commonly used in our author's time.

For my prayers, a reading introduced by MR.
Pope, even if such arbitrary changes were allow-
able, ought not to be admitted here; this being a
distinct proposition, not an illation from what has
gone before. I know not, (says Anne,) what ~~ext~~
ternal acts of duty and obeisance, I ought to re-
turn for such unmerited favour. All I can do of
that kind, and even more, if more were possible,
would be insufficient: *nor* are any prayers that I
can offer up for my benefactor sufficiently sancti-
fied, nor any wishes that I can breathe for his
happiness, of more value than the most worthless
and empty vanities. MALONE.

P. 49, l. 29. 50. *I shall not fail to appraise*
the fair conceit;

The King hath of you.] I shall not omit
to strengthen by my commendation, the opinion
which the King has formed. JOHNSON.

P. 49, l. 30-32. From the many artful stro-
kes of address the poet has thrown in upon Queen
Elizabeth and her mother, it should seem that
this play was written and performed in his royal
mistress's time: if so, some lines were added by
him in the last scene, after the accession of his
successor, King James. THROBALD.

P. 49, last l. — *from this lady may proceed*
a gem,

To lighten all this isle?] Perhaps alluding
to the carbuncle, a gem supposed to have ~~but~~
sick light, and to shine in the dark: any old

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gem may reflect light, but cannot give it.

P. 50, l. 15. 14. — forty pence, —] Mr. Roderick, in his appendix to Mr. Edward's book, proposes to read:

— for two-pence, —

The old reading may, however, stand. *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by *pounds*, *marks*, and *nobles*. *Forty pence* is half a *noble*, or the sixth part of a pound. Forty pence, or three and four pence, still remains in many offices the legal and established fee. STEEVENS.

P. 50, l. 17. For all the mud in Egypt: —] The fertility of Egypt is derived from the mud and slime of the Nile. STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 3. — *sennet*, —] Dr. Burney (whose General History of Musick has been so highly deservedly applauded) undertook to trace the etymology, and discover the certain meaning of, this term, but without success. The following conjecture of his, should not, however, be withheld from the publick:

"*Senne* or *sennie*, de l'Allemand *sen*, qui nifie assemblée. Dict. de vieux Langage:

"*Senne*, assemblée a son de cloche." Mo-

nage.

laps, therefore, says he, *sennet* may mean urish for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or izing the people of their approach. I have nise been informed, (as is elsewhere noted,) *senece* is the name of an antiquated French

See Julius Caesar, Act I. sc. ii.

STEREVEN.

In the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*:

"Cornets sound a *cynet*." FARMER.

A *Senet* appears to have signified a short flourish on cornets. In *King Henry VI.* P. III. after the King and the Duke of York have entered into compact in the parliament-house, we find a marginal direction: "Senet. Here they [the lords] come down [from their seats]."¹⁹ In this place a flourish must have been meant. The direction which has occasioned this note, should be, I believe, *sennet on cornets*.

Senet or *signate* was undoubtedly nothing more than a flourish or sounding. The Italian *Sonata* formerly signified nothing more.

MALON
P. 51, l. 7. 8. — *the Bishops of Lincoln, El Rochester, and Saint Asaph*;] These were, William Warham, John Longland, Nicholas West, John Fisher, and Henry Standish. West, Fisher and Standish, were counsel for the Queen. REED
P. 51, l. 15. — *then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars*;] Pillars were one of the ensigns of dignity carried before Cardinal Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into his house with his maces and his pillars. JOHNSON

At the end of Fiddes's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, is a curious letter of Mr. Anstis's on the subject of the *two silver pillars* usually borne before Cardinal Wolsey. This remarkable piece of pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakespeare. PARSONS.

Wolsey had two great crosses of silver, the one of his archbishopric, the other of his see, borne before him whithersoever he went or

y two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm. This is from Vol. III. p. 920, of Holinshed, and it seems from p. 837, that one of the pillars was a token of a Cardinal, and perhaps he bore the other pillar as an Archbishop.

TOLLET.

One of Wolsey's crosses certainly denoted his being Legate, as the other was borne before him either as Cardinal or Archbishop. "On the — day of the same moneth (says Hall) the Cardinall remov'd out of his house called Yorke Place, with ne crosse, saying, that he would he had never borne more, meaning that by hys crosse which he bore as *legate*, which degree-taking was his conuision." MALONE.

P. 52, l. 11. 12. *The Queen goes about her court, comes to the King, &c.]* "Because (says Cavendish) she could not come to the King ireetly, for the distance severed between them."

MALONE.

P. 52, l. 14. and fol. Q. Kath. *Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice; &c.]* This speech of the Queen, and the King's reply, are taken from Holinshed with the most trifling variations. STREEVENS.

P. 52, l. 26. 27. *I have been to you a true and humble wife,*

At all times to your will conformable:] The character Queen Katharine here prides herself for, is given to another Queen in *The Historie of the Initing of the Kingdom of Portugall to the Crowne of Castill*, fo. 1600, p. 258: " — at which time Queene Anne his wife fell sicke of a otten sever, the which in few daies brought her another life; wherewith the King was much

grieved being a lady wholly *conformable* to his humour. REED.

P. 53, l. 5. — *nay, gave notice*] In modern editions: —

— *nay, gave not notice* — Though the author's common liberties of speech might justify the old reading, yet I cannot but think that *not* was dropped before *notice*, having the same letters, and would therefore follow T. Hanmer's correction. JOHNSON.

Our author is so licentious in his composition that I suspect no corruption. MALONE.

Perhaps this inaccuracy (like a thousand others) is chargeable only on the blundering superintendents of the first folio. — Instead of — might read:

— nor gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd

P. 53, l. 11. There seems to be an error in the phrase "Against your sacred person," but I don't know how to amend it. The sense would require that we should read, "Towards your sacred person," or some word of a similar import which *against* will not bear; and it is not likely that *against* should be written by mistake for *towards*. M. MASON.

In the old copy there is not a comma in the preceding line after *duty*, Mr. M. Mason justly observed that with such a punctuation the sense requires — *Towards your sacred person*, comma being placed at *duty*, the construction is — If you can report and prove ought against my honour my love and duty, or ought against your sacred person, &c. but I doubt whether this was our author's intention; for such an arrangement

seems to make a breach of her honour and matrimonial bond to be something distinct from an offence against the King's person, which is not the case. Perhaps, however, by the latter words Shakspere meant, *against your life.* MALONE.

P. 53, last but one l. *That longer you desire the court;*] That you desire to protract the business of the court; that you solicit a more distant session and trial. To pray for a *longer* day, i. e. a more distant one, when the trial or execution of criminals is agitated, is yet the language of the bar. — In the fourth folio, and all the modern editions, *deser* is substituted for *desire.* MALONE.

P. 54, l. 21. 22. — *and make my challenge,* — *You shall not be my judge:*] *Challenge* is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says — *I challenge him.* JOHNSON.

P. 54, l. 26, 27. *I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul Refuse you for my judge;* —] These are not mere words of passion, but technical terms in the canon law.

Detestor and *Recurso.* The former in the language of canonists, signifies no more, than I protest against. BLACKSTONE.

The words are Holinshed's: " — and therefore openly protested that she did utterly *abhor, refuse,* and forsake such a judge." MALONE.

P. 55, l. 8. — *gainsay* —] i. e. deny. STEPHENS.

P. 55, l. 21 - 23. — *You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;*

You sign your place and calling, — *Sign, or answer.* WARBURTON.

I think; to sign, must here be to show, to denote. By your outward meekness and humility, you show that you are of an holy order; but, Dr. Johnson.

P. 55, l. 28. 29. *Where powers are your retainers: and your words,*

Domesticks to you, serve your will, [.] You have now got power at your beck, following in your retinue; and words therefore are degraded to the servile state of performing any office which you shall give them. In humbler and more common terms; Having now got power, you do not regard your word. JOHNSON.

The word power, when used in the plural and applied to one person only, will not bear the meaning that Dr. Johnson wishes to give it.

By powers are meant the Emperor and the King of France, in the pay of one or the other of whom Wolsey was constantly retained, &c. It is well known that Wolsey entertained some of the nobility of England among his domesticks, and had an absolute power over the rest. MR. MASON.

Whoever were pointed at by the word powers, Shakespeare, surely, does not mean to say that Wolsey was retained by them, but that they were retainers, or subservient, to Wolsey. MR. MASON.

I believe that — powers, in the present instance, are used merely to express persons on whom power is lodged. The Queen would sinuate that Wolsey had rendered the highest officers of state subservient to his will. STRELLER.

I believe we should read:

Where powers are your retainers, and your wards,

Domesticks to you, Sir.

The Queen rises naturally in her determination.

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paints the powers of government depending upon Wolsey under three images; as his *retainers*, his *wards*, his *domestick servants*. TURWHITT.

P. 56, l. 29, 30. —— *and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee
out,*] If thy several qualities had tongues to speak thy praise.

JOHNSON.

Rather — had tongues capable of speaking *out* thy merits; i. e. of doing them extensive justice.

STEEVENS.

P. 57, l. 3 - 6. —— (*for where I am rabb'd
and bound,*
*There must I be unloos'd; although not
there*)

At once and fully satisfied,]) The sense, which is encumbered with words, is no more than this — I must be *loosed*, though when so *loosed*, I shall not be *satisfied* fully and *at once*; that is, I shall not be *immediately* satisfied. JOHNSON.

P. 57, l. 24. The passages made toward it:] i. e. *closed*, or *fastened*. STEEVENS.

P. 57, l. 25, 26. *I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him.*] The King, having first addressed to Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the *Cardinal's* sentiments upon the point in question; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business. THEOBALD.

P. 57, l. 31, 32. *My conscience first receiv'd
a tenderness,*

Scruple, and prick,] Prick of conscience was the term in confession. JOHNSON.

P. 58, l. 7, 8. — *This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience,*] Thought this

King Melito. Aphelius subjects himself thus: " Which words, ~~which~~
within the secret bottom of my bosom
gendar'd such a scrupulous dought, the
science was incontinently accamhred, it
dispaissid." THEOFALD.

P. 58, l. 27. 28. — *Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience,* floating without guidance; toss'd here and

The phrase belongs to navigation. As said to *hull*, when she is dismantled, an *hull*, or *hulk*, is left at the direction of the waves. STEEVENS.

P. 59, l. 23. and fol. *I then mov'd* moved it in confession to you, my Len-
coln, then my ghostly father. And so
then you yourself were in some doubt,

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Modern editors add: [*The King speaks to Cranmer.*] This marginal direction is not found in the old folio, and was wrongly introduced by some subsequent editor. Cranmer was now absent from court on an embassy, as appears from the last scene of this act, where Cromwell informs Wolsey that he is returned and install'd Archibishop of Canterbury:

"My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,

"Prythee, return! ——
is no more than an apostrophe to the absent Bishop of that name. RIDLEY.

[P. 60, l. 10. *The Queen, and some of her Women, at Work.*] Her Majesty (says Cavendish,) on being informed that the Cardinals were coming to visit her, "rose up, having a skein of red silke about her neck, being at work with her maidens." Cavendish attended Wolsey in this visit; and the Queen's answer in p. 63, is exactly conformable to that which he has recorded, and which he appears to have heard her pronounce.

MALONE.

P. 61, l. 5. — in *the presence.*] i. e. in *the presence chamber.* STEEVENS.

P. 61, l. 14. — *their affairs as righteous;* Affairs for professions; and then the sense is clear and pertinent. The proposition is they are priests. The illation, they are good men; for being understood: but if *affairs* be interpreted in its common signification, the sentence is absurd.

WARBURTON.

The sentence has no great difficulty: Affairs means not their present errand, but the business of their calling. JOHNSON.

Being churchmen they should be virtuous; and

every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office; but all hoods, &c. — The ignorant editor of the second folio, not understanding the line, substituted *are* for *as*; and this impudent alteration (with many others introduced by the same hand,) has been adopted by all the impudent editors. MALONE.

P. 61, l. 16. — *all hoods make not monks.*] “*Cucullus non facit monachum.*” STEEVENS.
P. 61, last l. and P. 62, l. 1-5. — *if my actions*

Were tried by every tongue; every eye saw them,

Envy and base opinion set against me;
I know my life so even:] I would be glad that my conduct were in some publick trial confroneted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgement might try their utmost power against me. JOHNSON.

Envy, in Shakspeare's age, often signified, malice. MALONE.

P. 62, l. 3. 4. — *If your business*
Seek me out, and that way I am wise in,] I believe that a word has dropt out here, and that we should read,

— If your business

Seek me, speak out, and that way I am wise in;

i. e. in the way that I can understand it, even

The metro shows here is a syllable dropt. I would read:

I know my life so even. If this your busi-

To seek me out, &c. BLACKSTON. *which*
The iteration proposed by Sir W. W.

injures one line as much as it improves the other.
We might read:

Doth seek me out, ——. RITSON.

If you come to examine *the title* by which I am the King's *wife*; or, if you come to know how I have behaved as a *wife*. The meaning, whatever it be, is so coarsely and unskilfully expressed, that the latter editors have liked nonsense better, and contrarily to the ancient and only copy, have published:

And that way I am wise in. JOHNSON.

This passage is unskilfully expressed indeed: so much so, that I don't see how it can import either of the meanings that Johnson contends for, or indeed any other. I therefore think that the modern editors have acted rightly in reading *wise* instead of *wife*, for which that word might easily have been mistaken; nor can I think the passage, so amended, nonsense, the meaning of it being this: — “If your business relates to me, or to any thing of which I have any knowledge.”

M. MASON.

P. 63, l. 15. For her sake that I have been,] For the sake of that royalty which I have heretofore possessed. MALONE.

P. 63, l. 23-27. — Can you think, &c.] Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live? JOHNSON.

P. 63, l. 29. They that must weigh out my afflictions,] This phrase is obscure. To *weigh out*, is, in modern language, to *deliver by weight*; but this sense cannot be here admitted. To *weigh* is likewise to *deliberate upon*, to *consider with due attention*. This may, perhaps, be meant. Or the phrase, to

weigh out, may signify to *counterbalance*, to counteract with equal force. JOHNSON.

To *weigh out* is the same as to *overweigh*. In *Macbeth*, Shakspeare has *overcome* for *over*. STEEVENS.

P. 64, l. 14. *The more shame for ye,* [If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good. The distress of Katharine might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word *Cardinal*.] JOHNSON.

P. 65, l. 15. *Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?* [That is, served him with superstitious attention, done more than was required.] JOHNSON.

P. 65, l. 33. *Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.* [She may perhaps allude to the old jingle of *Angeli* and *Angeli*.] JOHNSON.

P. 66, l. 5. 6. — *Like the lily,*
That once was mistress of the field, and
fleurish'd,] So, in SHAKESPEARE'S *Fairy Queen*, Book II. c. vi. st. 16: —
 "The lily, lady of the flow'ring field." HOLT-WARRE.

P. 66, l. 21. 22. — *to stubborn spirits,*
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms. It was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex in the year before this play was probably written, by his ungrateful kinsman, Sir Francis Bacon, when that nobleman to the disgrace of humanity was obliged by a junto of his enemies to kneel at the end of the council-table for several hours, that in a letter written during his confinement in 1598, to the Lord Keeper, he had said

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"*There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a Prince.*" MALONE.

P. 67, l. 3. *If I have us'd myself unmanerly,*] That is, if I have behaved myself unmanerly.

M. MASON.

P. 67, l. 20. *And force them with a constancy,*] Force is over-force, urge. JOHNSON.

P. 67, l. 29.-31. *Which of the Peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected?*] Which of the Peers has not gone by him contemned or neglected?

JOHNSON.

Our author extends to the words, *strangely neglected*, the negative comprehended in the word *uncontemn'd*. M. MASON.

Uncontemn'd, must be understood, as if the author had written *not contemn'd*. MALONE.

P. 67, last l. and P. 68, l. 12. — *when did he regard*

*The stamp and nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?*] The expression is bad, and the thought false. For it supposes Wolsey to be *noble*, which was not so: we should read and point;

— *when did he regard*

*The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?*

i. e. When did he regard nobleness of blood in another, having none of his own to value himself upon? WARBURTON.

I do not think this correction proper. The meaning of the present reading is easy. *When did he, however careful to carry his own dignity to the utmost height, regard any dignity of another?* JOHNSON.

P. 68, l. 19. — his *contrary proceeding*
Private practices opposite to his publick procedur

JOHNS

P. 69, l. 2-4. — *how he coasts,*

And hedges, his own way.] To hedge
to creep along by the hedge: not to take the di
and open path, but to steal covertly through
cavvolutions. JOHNSON.

Hedging is by land, what coasting is by

M. MAS

P. 69, l. 12. To *trace*, is to follow. JOHNS

P. 69, l. 21. To *memorize* is to make
memorable. STEEVENS.

P. 70, l. 3-6. *He is return'd, in his o*
nions; which

Have satisfy'd the King for his divorce
Together with all famous colleges

Almost in Christendom:] Cranmer, i
Suffolk, is returned in his opinions, i. e.,
the same sentiments, which he entertained be
he went abroad, which (sentiments) have sat
isfy'd the King, together with all the fam
colleges referred to on the occasion. — Or, I
haps the passage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes) a
mean — *He is return'd in effect, having*
his opinions, i. e. the opinions of divines,
collected by him. STEEVENS.

P. 71, l. 50. *Enter the King, reading*
schedule;] That the Cardinal gave the King
inventory of his own private wealth, by mist
and thereby ruined himself, is a known varia
from the truth of history. Shakspeare, howe
has not injudiciously represented the fall of
great man, as owing to an incident which he
once improved to the destruction of another.
“Thomas Ruthall, Bishop of Durham

the death of King Henry VII. one of the
y council to Henry VIII. to whom the King
in charge to write a book of the whole estate
he kingdom, &c. Afterwards, the King com-
manded Cardinal Wolsey to go to this Bishop, and
bring the book away with him. — This Bishop
ing written two books (the one to answer the
g's command, and the other intreating of his
private affairs) did bind them both after one
in vellum, &c. Now, when the Cardinal
e to demand the book due to the King, the
top unadvisedly commanded his servant to bring
the book bound in white vellum, lying in
study, in such a place. The servant accord-
y brought forth one of the books so bound,
ng the book intreating of the state of the Bishop,
The Cardinal having the book, went from
Bishop, and after, (in his study by himself)
erstanding the contents thereof, he greatly re-
ed, having now occasion (which he long sought
offered unto him, to bring the Bishop into
King's disgrace. "Wherefore he went forth-
h to the King, delivered the book into his
ds, and briefly informed him of the contents
eof; putting further into the King's head, that
it any time he were destitute of a mass of
ney, he should not need to seek further there-
than to the coffers of the Bishop. Of all
ch when the Bishop had intelligence, &c. he
stricken with such grief of the same, that he
rtly, through extreme sorrow, ended his life
London, in the year of Christ 1523. After
ich, the Cardinal, who had long before gaped
r his bishoprick, in singular hope to attain
unto, had now his wish in effect; n. See
ashed. STEVENS,

P. 72, l. 13. *Springt' out into fast' part;*
then, stops again, Still
 just describing the disturbed state of Catiline's
 mind, takes notice of the same circumstance.
Citus modo, modo tardus incessus.

STEEVENS.

P. 74, l. 9-14. — *your royal graces,*
Shower'd on me daily, have been more
than could

My studied purposes require; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:] The sense
 is, my purposes went beyond all human endeav-
 our. I parposed for your honour more than it
 falls within the compass of man's nature to at-
 tempt. JOHNSON.

I am rather inclined to think, that *which* re-
 fers to "royal graces;" which, says Wolsey, no
 human endeavour could requite. MALONE.

P. 74, l. 14-16. — *my endeavours*
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities:] My endeav-
 ours, thoughtless than my desires, have fill'd
 that is, have one an equal pace with my abilities.

JOHNSON.

P. 74, l. 33-36. & P. 75, first l. — *your hand*
and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your
power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond
of duty,

As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.] Besides
 the general bond of duty, by which you are ob-
 liged to be a loyal and obedient subject, you
 owe a particular devotion of yourself to me, and
 your particular benefactor. JOHNSON.

P. 75, l. 4. — *that am, have, and will be*] I can find no meaning in these words, or see how they are connected with the rest of the sentence; and should therefore strike them out. M. MASON.

I suppose, the meaning is, *that*, or *such a man*, I am, have *been*, and will *ever be*. Our author has many hard and forced expressions in his plays; but many of the hardnesses in the pieces before us appear to me of a different colour from those of Shakpeare. MALONE.

P. 76, l. 15. 16. *Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey,*] It may not be improper here to repeat that the time of this play is from 1521, just before the Duke of Buckingham's commitment, to the year 1533, when Queen Elizabeth was born and christened. The Duke of Norfolk, therefore, who is introduced in the first scene of the first act, or in 1522, is not the same person who here, or in 1529, demands the great seal from Wolsey; for Thomas Howard, who was created Duke of Norfolk, 1514, died we are informed by Holinshed p. 891, at Whitsuntide, 1525. As our author has here made two persons into one, so on the contrary, he has made one person into two. The Earl of Surrey here is the same with him who married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, as appears from his own mouth:

"I am joyful

"To meet the least occasion that may give me

"Remembrance of my father-in-law, the
Duke."

But Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, who married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, was at this time the individual above mentioned Duke of Norfolk. The reason for adding the third or fourth person is interlocutors in this scene is not very

apparent, for Holinshed, p. 90; mentions only the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk being sent to demand the great seal, and all that is spoken woold proceed with sufficient propriety out of their mouths. The cause of the Duke of Norfolk's animosity to Wolsey is obvious, and Cavendish mentions that an open quarrel at this time subsisted between the Cardinal and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. REED.

P. 76, l. 21, 22. — *and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's.]*
Asher-house, — thus the old copy. *Asher* was the ancient name of *Esher*; as appears from Holinshed: “— and everie man took their horses and rode strait to *Asher*.” WARNER.

Shakspeare forgot that Wolsey was himself Bishop of Winchester, unless he meant to say, you must confine yourself to that house which you possess as Bishop of Winchester. *Asher*, near Hampton-Court, was one of the houses belonging to the Bishoprick. MALONE.

Fox, Bishop of Winchester, died Sept. 14, 1528, and Wolsey held this see in commendam. *Esher* therefore was his own house. REED.

P. 76, l. 30-33. *Wol. Till I find more than
will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious
Lord,*

I dare, and must deny it.] Wolsey had said: “— words cannot carry
“Authority so weighty.”

To which they reply:

“Who dare cross them?” &c.
Wolsey, answering them, contained his own speech. *Till I find more than will or words (I
mean more than your malicious will and words)*

g do it; that is, to carry authority so mighty;
will deny to return what the King has given me.

JONSON.

P. 77, l. 18. *Within these forty hours —] Why,*
forty hours? But a few minutes have passed since
Nolsey's disgrace. — I suspect that Shakspeare
wrote — within these four hours, — and that
the person who revised and tampered with this
play, not knowing that hours was used by our
poet as a dissyllable, made this injudicious altera-
tion. MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading. *Forty* (I know
not why) seems anciently to have been the familiar
number on many occasions, where no very exact
reckoning was necessary. In a former scene, the
Old Lady offers to lay Anne Bullen a wager of
“*forty pence;*” Slender, in *The Merry Wives*
of Windsor, says — “*I had rather than forty*
shillings — ;” and in *The Taming of the Shrew*,
“*the humour of forty fancies*” is the ornament
of Grumio’s hat: Thus also, in *Coriolanus*:

“ — on fair ground

“*I could beat forty of them.*” STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 15. *To be thus jaded by a pieca of*
scarlet,] To be abused
and ill-treated, like a worthless horse: or per-
haps to be ridden by a priest; to have him mount-
ed above us. MALONE.

P. 78, l. 16. 17. — *let his Grace gn forward,*
And dare us with his cap, like larks.] It
is well known that the hat of a Cardinal is scarlet;
and the method of daring larks was by small
mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged
the attention of these birds while the fowler drew
his net over them. STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 53. — *the sacring bell,] The little*
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bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring*, or *consecration bell*; from the French word, *sacerer*. TREOBALD.

P. 80, l. 1-5. — *you have caus'd Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the King's coin.*] In the long string

of articles exhibited by the Privy Council against Wolsey, which Sir Edward Coke transcribed from the original, this offence composed one of the charges: "40. Also the said Lord Cardinal of his further pompous and presumptuous minde, hath enterprised to joyn and imprint the Cardinal's hat under your armes in your coyn of groats made at your city of York, which like deed hath not been seen to be done by any subject in your realm before this time." 4 *Inst.* 94. HOLT WHITE.

This was certainly one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue, than from any serious cause of accusation; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbridge, and Warham were indulged with the same privilege. See Snelling's *View of the Silver Coin and Coinage of England*. DOUCE.

P. 80, l. 9. — *the mere undoing*] *Mere* is absolute. STEEVENS.

P. 80, l. 23. It is almost unnecessary to observe that *praemunire* is a barbarous word used instead of *praemonere*. STEEVENS.

P. 80, l. 25. 26. To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,

Chattles,] The old copy — *castles*. I have ventured to substitute chattels here, as the author's genuine word, because the independent writ of *Praemunire* is, that the defendant shall

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be out of the King's protection; and his lands and tenements, goods and chattels forfeited to the King; and that his body should remain in prison at the King's pleasure. THEOBALD.

The emendation made by Mr. Theobald, is, I think, fully justified by the passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle* on which this is founded; in which it is observable that the word *chattels* is spelt *cattels*, which might have been easily confounded with *castles*. MALONE.

P. 81, l. 10. — nips his *root*,] “As spring-frosts are not injurious to the *roots* of fruit-trees,” Dr. Warburton reads — *shoot*. Such capricious alterations I am sometimes obliged to mention, merely to introduce the notes of those, who, while they have shewn them to be unnecessary, have illustrated our author. MALONE.

Vernal frosts indeed do not kill the *root*, but then to *nip* the *shoots* does not kill the tree or make it fall. The metaphor will not in either reading correspond exactly with nature. JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading, which is countenanced by a passage in *Gascoigne's Works*, 1587.

STEVENS.

P. 81, l. 22. *Their ruin, is, their displeasure,* producing the downfall and *ruin* him on whom it lights. MALONE.

P. 82, l. 33. May have a *tomb of orphans' tears* wept on 'em!] The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. A *tomb of tears* is very harsh. JOHNSON.

This idea will not appear altogether indefensible to those who recollect the following epigram of Marfial:

“*Flentibus Heliadum ramis dum vipera serpit,*

"Fluxit in obstantem succina gemina feram:
"Quae dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,
"Concreto riguit vincita repente gelo,
"Ne tibi regali placeas Cleopatra sepulchro,
"Vipera si tumulo nobiliora jacet."

The Heliades certainly *wept a tomb of tears* over the viper. STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 12. 13. — *the noble troops that waited*

Upon my smiles.] The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the printed account, was eight hundred. "When (says Cavendish, in his *Life of Wolsey*) shall we see any more such subjects, that shall keepe such a noble house? — Here is an end of his honshold. The number of persons in the cheyne-roll [check-roll] were *eight hundred* persons."

But Cavendish's work, though written in the time of Queen Mary, was not published till 1611; and it was then printed most unfaithfully, some passages being interpolated, near half of the MS. being omitted, and the phraseology being modernised throughout, to make it more readable at that time; the covert object of the publication probably having been, to render Laud odious, by shewing how far church-power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that Prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. The persons who procured this publication, seem to have been little solicitous about the means they employed, if they could but obtain their end; and therefore among other unwarrentable sophistifications, they took care that the number of troops who waited on Wolsey's ~~will~~, should be sufficiently magnified; and instead

one hundred and eighty, which was the real number of his household, they printed *eight hundred*. This appears from two MSS. of this work in the Museum; *MSS. Harl. No. 428*, and *MSS. Birch*, 4235.

In another manuscript copy of Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in the Publick Library at Cambridge, the number of the Cardinal's household by the addition of a cypher is made 1800. MALONE.

P. 83, l. 24. — *make use now*,] i. e. make interest. STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 15. *Cromwell, I charge thee, sling away ambition*;] Wolsey does not mean to condemn every kind of ambition; for in a preceding line he says he will instruct Cromwell how to *rise*, and in the subsequent lines he evidently considers him as a man in office: “— then if thou *fall'st*,” &c. Ambition here means a criminal and inordinate ambition, that endeavours to obtain honours by dishonest means. MALONE.

P. 84, l. 16. — *cherish those hearts that hate thee*;] Though this be good divinity, and an admirable precept for our conduct in private life; it was never calculated or designed for the magistrate or publick minister. Nor could this be the direction of a man experienced in affairs, to his pupil. It would make a good christian, but a very ill and very unjust statesman. And we have nothing so infamous in tradition, as the supposed advice given to one of our Kings, *to cherish his enemies, and be in no pain for his friends*. I am of opinion the poet wrote:

— *cherish those hearts that wait thee*;
i. e. thy dependants. For the contrary practice.

had contributed to Wolsey's ruin. He was not careful enough in making dependants by his bounty, while intent in amassing wealth to himself. The following line seems to confirm this correction:

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

i.e. You will never find men won over to your temporary occasions by bribery, so useful to you as friends made by a just and generous munificence. WARBURTON.

I am unwilling wantonly to contradict so ingenious a remark, but that the reader may not be misled, and believe the emendation proposed to be necessary, he should remember that this is not a time for Wolsey to speak only as a *statesman*, but as a *christian*. Shakspeare would have debased the character, just when he was employing his strongest efforts to raise it, had he drawn it otherwise. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome, than the reflection, that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and perpetuated that enmity which we might have converted into friendship. STEEVENS.

P. 84, l. 26. 27. *There take an inventory of all I have*

To the last penny;] This inventory Wolsey actually caused to be taken upon his disgrace, and the particulars may be seen at large in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 516, edit. 1631.

Among the *Harl. MSS.* there is one intitled, "An Inventorie of Cardinal Wolsey's righ hou-
shole stufse. Temp. Hen. VIII. The original
hook, as it seems, kept by his own officer." See
Harl. Catal. No. 599. Douce.

P. 84, l. 51-53. *Had I but serv'd my God
with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, he would not in mine
age*

Have left me naked to mine enemies.] This sentence was really uttered by Wolsey. JOHNSON.

When Samrah, the deputy governor of Basorah, was deposed by Moawiyah the sixth Caliph, he is reported to have expressed himself in the same manner: "If I had served my God so well as I have served him, he would never have condemned me to all eternity." STEEVENS.

Antonio Perez, the favourite of Philip the Second of Spain, made the same pathetick complaint: "Mon zèle étoit si grand vers ces benignes puissances [la cour de Turin,] que si j'en eusse eu autant pour Dieu, je ne doute point qu'il ne m'ent déjà récompensé de son paradis." MALONE.

This was a strange sentence for Wolsey to utter, who was disgraced for the basest treachery to his King in the affair of the divorce: but it shows how naturally men endeavour to palliate their crimes even to themselves. M. MASON.

There is a remarkable affinity between these words and part of the speech of Sir James Hamilton, who was supposed by King James V. thus to address him in a dream: "Though I was a sinner against God, I failed not to thee. Had I been as good a servant to my Lord my God, as I was to thee, I had not died that death." Pincottie's History of Scotland, p. 261, edit. 1788, 12mo.

Douce.

P. 85, l. 7. 1. Gent. You are well met once again.] Alluding to their former meeting in the second act. JOHNSON.

P. 85, l. 18. 19. — *the citizens,*
I am sure, have shown at full their royal
minds;] i. e. their minds
 well affected to their King. Mr. Pope unne-
 cessarily changed this word to *loyal*. MALONE.
Royal, I believe, in the present instance, only
 signifies — *noble*. So, Macbeth, speaking of
 Banquo, mentions his “*royalty of nature.*” STEEVENS.

P. 85, l. 22. *In celebration of this day*] Sir
 Thomas Haumer reads:

— *these days* —
 but Shakspeare meant *such a day as this*, a co-
 ronation day. And such is the English idiom,
 which our author commonly prefers to grammatical
 nicety. JOHNSON.

P. 86, l. 20. *And the late marriage made of*
none effect;] i. e. the
 marriage lately considered as a valid one.

STEEVENS.
 P. 87, l. 1. — *in his coat of arms,*] i. e. in
 his coat of office, emblazoned with the royal arms.

STEEVENS.
 P. 87, l. 21. 22. — *plain circlets* —] I do
 not recollect that these two words occur in any
 other of our author's works; a circumstance that
 may serve to strengthen Dr. Farmer's opinion —
 that the directions for the court pageantry through-
 out the present drama, were drawn up by an-
 other hand. STEEVENS.

P. 89, l. 17. 18. — *Great-belly'd women,*
That had not half a week to go,] i. e. to
 continue in their pregnancy. STEEVENS.

P. 89, l. 18. — *like rams*] That is, like
 bunting rams. JOHNSON.

P. 91, l. 4. SCENE II.] This scene is de-

any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies; and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetick, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery. JOHNSON.

P. 91, l. 21. *Happily* seems to mean on this occasion — *peradventure, haply.* I have been more than once of this opinion, when I have met with the same word thus spelt in other passages.

STEEVENS.

Mr. M. Mason is of opinion that *happily* here means *fortunately*. Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, right. MALONE.

P. 91, l. 27. 28. *He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,*

He could not sit his mule.] In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, 1641, it is said that Wolsey poisoned himself; but the words — "at which time it was apparent that he had poisoned himself," which appear in p. 108 of that work, were an interpolation, inserted by the publisher for some sinister purpose; not being found in the two manuscripts now preserved in the Museum.

MALONE.

Cardinals generally rode on mules. "He rode like a Cardinal, sumptuously upon his *mule*." Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*. REED.

In the representation of the *Champ de Drap d'Or*, published by the Society of Antiquaries, the Cardinal appears mounted on one of these animals very richly caparisoned. STEEVENS.

P. 91, l. 50. — with easy roaddes, i.e. by short stages. STEEVENS.

"*King Richard II.*:—He was a man of all things
Of an unbounded stomach, full, of infinite
Dottedly pride, or haughtiness! STEPHENS, in
"P. 1. 21: 22. — one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom." The word *suggestion*,
says the critic, [Dr. Warburton], is here
used with great propriety and seeming knowledge
of the Latin tongue; and he proceeds to settle the
sense of it from *the late Roman writers and their
glossers*. But Shakespeare's knowledge was from
Holinshed, whom he follows *verbatim*.
"This Cardinal was of a great stomach; for he
compted himself equal with Princes; and by crafty
suggestion got into his hands inestimable trea-
sure: he forced little on sondrie; and was not pa-
tifull; and stood affectionate in his own opinion:
in open presence he would lie and seie untruth,
and was double both in speech and meaning; he was
vicious of his bodie, and gave the cleare fault the
ample." Edit. 1587, p. 912. And again he has
"Perhaps after this quotation, you may not think,
that Sir Thomas Hanmer, who reads *ty'd* for
instead of *ty'd all the kingdom*; deserves quite so
much of Dr. Warburton's severity. — Indisput-
ably this passage, like every other in the speech,
is intended to express the meaning of the parallel
one in the chronicle; it cannot therefore be over-
dited, that any man, when the original was pro-
duced, should still choose to defend a *cant* ab-
ception, and inform us, perhaps, seriously,
that in *gameing language*, from I know hot what
practise, to *the* is to *equal!* A sense of the word,
as I have yet found, unknown to our old writers;
and, if known, would not surely have been used
in this place by our author with an obscurant."

But let us turn from conjecture to Shakspeare's authorities. Hall, from whom the above description is copied by Holinshed, is very explicit in the demands of the *Cardinal*: who having insolently told the *Lord Mayor* and *Aldermen*, "For sothe I thinke, that *halfe* your substance were too little," assures them by way of comfort at the end of his harangue, that upon an average the *tythe* should be sufficient; "Sirs, speake not to breake that thyng that is concluded, for some shall vnt paie the *tenth* parte, and some more." — And again; "Thei saied, the Cardinall by visitacions, makynge of abbottes, probates of testamente, graunting of faculties, licences, and other pollyngs in his courtes legantines, had made his *treasure egall with the Kynges.*" Edit. 1548, p. 138, and 143.

FARMER,

Ty'd all the kingdom.] i. e. he was a man of an unbounded stomach, or pride, ranking himself with Princes, and by suggestion to the King and the Pope, he ty'd, i. e. limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom. That he did so, appears from various passages in the play.

Dr. Farmer has displayed such eminent knowledge of Shakspeare, that it is with the utmost diffidence I dissent from the alteration which he would establish here. He would read *tyth'd*, and refers to the authorities of Hall and Holinshed about a tax of the *tenth*, or *tythe* of each man's substance, which is not taken notice of in the play. Let it be remarked that it is Queen Katharine speaks here, who, in Act I. sc. ii. told the King it was a demand of the sixth part of each subject's substance, that caused the rebellion. Would she afterwards say that he, i. e. Wolsey, had *tythed*

all the kingdom, when she knew he had almost double-tythed it? Still Dr. Farmer insists that "the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the *Chronicle*;" i. e. The Cardinal "by crafty suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure." This passage does not relate to a publick tax of the *tenths*, but to the Cardinal's own private acquisitions. If in this sense I admitted the alteration, *tyth'd*, I would suppose that, as the Queen is descanting on the Cardinal's own acquirements, she borrows her term from the principal emolument or payment due to priests; and means to intimate that the Cardinal was not content with the *tythes* legally accruing to him from his various pluralities, but that he extorted something equivalent to them throughout all the kingdom. This extortion is so frequently spoken of, that perhaps our author purposely avoided a repetition of it in the passage under consideration, and therefore gave a different sentiment declarative of the consequence of his unbounded pride, that must humble all others. TOLLET.

P. 92, l. 24. *Of his own body he was ill.*] A criminal connection with women was anciently called *the vice of the body*. STEEVENS.

P. 92, l. 32. 33. *Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues*.

We write in water.] This reflection bears a great resemblance to a passage in Sir Tho. More's *History of Richard III.* whence Shakspeare undoubtedly formed his play on that subject. Speaking of the ungrateful turns which Jane Shore experienced from those whom she had served, in her prosperity; More adds, "Men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and when-

doth us a good turne, we write it in duste." *More's Works*, bl. 1. 1557, p. 59. PERCY.

P. 93, l. 1-5. This Cardinal,
*Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour.]* Perhaps our author borrowed this expression from *Saint Paul's Epistle to the Romans*, ix. 21: "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour," &c.

STEEVENS.

P. 93, l. 5. — *persuading*:] Eloquence constituted a part of the Cardinal's real character. In the charges exhibited against him, it was alledged that at the Privy Council "he would have all the words to himself, and consumed much time with a fair tale." See 4 Inst. 91. HOLT WHITE.

P. 93, l. 14. *Unwilling to outlive the good
that did it;*] Unwilling to survive that virtue which was the cause of its foundation: or perhaps "the good" is licentiously used for the good man; "the virtuous prelate who founded it." MALONE.

Good, I believe, is put for goodness.

STEEVENS.

P. 94, l. 8. — *golden vizards on their faces.*] These tawdry disguises are also mentioned in Hall's account of a maske devised by King Henry VIII: "Thei were appareled &c. with visors and cappes of golde." STEEVENS.

P. 95, l. 24. 25. — *she will not lose her wond'ed greatness,*

To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel. Queen Katharine's servants after the divorce at Dunstable, and the Pope's curse stuck up at Non kirk, were directed to be sworn to serve her as a Queen, but as Princess Dowager. S.

refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service, and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants. See Hall, fol. 219. Bishop Burnet says all the women about her still called her Queen Burnet, p. 162. REED.

P. 96, l. 32. 50. — *I most humbly pray you to deliver*

This to my lord the King.] So, Holinshed, p. 929: " — perceiving hir selfe to waxe verie weak and seeble, and to feele death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the King, commanding to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto hir; and further desired him to have some consideration of hir gentlewomen that had served hir, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further that it would please him to appoint that hir servants might have their due wages, and a yeaeres wages beside." STEEVENS.

This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Vergil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history. MALONE.

P. 97, l. 3. *Model is image or representative.* MALONE.

P. 97, l. 4. 49. — I would read this line (not with a semicolon, as hitherto printed,) but with only a comma:

A right good husband, let him be a noble;
i. e. though he were even of noble extraction.

WILLIAMS.

Let him be, I suppose, signifies, even though he should be; or — admit that he be. She means to observe, that nobility superadded to

virtue, is not more than each of her women deserves to meet with in a husband. STEEVENS.

This is, I think, the true interpretation of the line; but I do not see why the words *let him be a noble*, may not, consistently with this meaning, be understood in their obvious and ordinary sense. We are not to consider Katharine's *woman* like the attendants on other ladies. One of them had already been married to more than a noble husband; having unfortunately captivated a worthless King. MALONE.

P. 93, last lines. Gar. *These should be hours for necessities,*

Not for delights;] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints, seems to be the King's diversion, which keeps him in attendance. JOHNSON.

P. 99, l. 6. *Primero* and *Primavista*, two games at cards, H. I. *Primera*, *Primavista*. *La Primiere*, G. *Prime*, f. *Prime veue*. *Primum*, et *primum visum*, that is, first, and first seen: because he that can show such an order of cards first, wins the game. *Minsheu's Guide into Tongues*, col. 575. GREY.

P. 99, l. 15. *Some touch of your late business!*] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. JOHNSON.

P. 100, first l. *Of mine own way;*] Mine own opinion in religion. JOHNSON.

P. 100, l. 12. — *trade* of more preferments,] *Trade* is the *practiced method*, the *general course*. JOHNSON.

P. 100, l. 21-25. — *I have Incens'd the lord's o'the council, that he is (For so I know he is, they know he is,) A most arch heretick,*] This passage

according to the old elliptical mode of writing, mean "I have incensed the lords of the council for that he is, &c. because." STEEVENS.

I have roused the lords of the council by gesting to them that he is a most arch heretic. I have thus incited them against him. MAX

Incensed, I believe, in this instance, and others; only means *prompted*, *set on*. STREVENS.

P. 100, l. 26. *Have broken with the King.* They have broken silence; told their minds to the King. JOHNSON.

P. 100, l. 31. *Convented* is *summoned*, *vened*. STREVENS.

P. 102-105. The substance of this and the following scenes is taken from Fox's *Acta Monuments of the Christian Martyrs*, cap.

P. 102, l. 13. I am *happily come* in the present instance, and another in p. 106, to militate against my former explanation of *happily*, and to countenance that of Mr. Johnson. See p. 515. STREVENS.

P. 103, l. 11-14. — You a brother of [It fits we thus proceed, or else ad] [Would come against you.] You held of the council; it is necessary to impress that the witnesses against you may not be dis-

P. 103, l. 21. Poor man probably before the King's reply. GRAY.

P. 103, l. 30. Without *indurance*,] "T. finement. Dr. Johnson, however, in his *Dictionary* says that this word (which Shakespeare rowed from Fox's narrative already quoted) — *delay, procrastination.*" STREVENS.

P. 103, l. 32. *The good I stand on —*] Though *good* may be taken for *advantage* or *superiority*, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say:

The ground I stand on —. JOHNSON.

P. 103, l. 33. 34. *If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,*

Will triumph o'er my person ;] Craumer, I suppose, means, that whenever his honesty fails, he shall rejoice as heartily as his enemies at his destruction. MALONE.

P. 103, l. 34. — *which I weigh not,*] i. e. have no value for. STEEVENS.

P. 104, l. 6. *Not ever* is an uncommon expression, and does not mean *never*, but *not always*. M. MASON.

P. 104, l. 12. *To ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

P. 105, l. 4. *Enter an old Lady.*] This, I suppose, is the same old cat that appears with Aunt Bullen, p. 46. STEEVENS.

P. 105, l. 16. 17. — *The God of heaven both now and ever bless her !*] It is doubtful whether *her* is referred to the Queen or the girl. JOHNSON.

As I believe this play was calculated for the ear of Elizabeth, I imagine, *her* relates to the girl.

MALONE.

P. 105, l. 22. *Lovell* has been just sent out of the presence, and no notice is given of his return: I have placed it here at the instant when the King calls for him. STEEVENS.

P. 107, l. 9. *Enter, at a window above, — The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contriv'd windows which overlooked the inmates of chambers,*

halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these ancient peep-holes may still be found in old and such ancient houses as have not suffered the reformatory of modern architecture. Andrew Borde's instructions for building (See his *Dietarie of Health*) is the following:—Many of the chambers to have a view into chapel. Without a previous knowledge of custom, Shakspeare's scenery, in the present instance, would be obscure. STEEVENS.

P. 107, l. 23. *They had parted to honesty among them.*
We should now say — *They had shared, i. e. had so much honesty among them.*

P. 107, last but one l. — *draw the curtain close;*] i. e. the curtain of the balcony or upper-stage, where the play is. MALONE.

P. 108, first l. *Enter the Lord Chancellor.* This Lord Chancellor, though a character hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Personæ.* In the last scene of the fourth act, we heard Sir Thomas More was appointed Lord Chancellor but it is not he, whom the poet here introduces, by command, delivered up the seals the 18th of November, 1529; on the 25th of same month, they were delivered to Sir Thomas More, who surrendered them on the 16th of 1532. Now the conclusion of this scene taking notice of Queen Elizabeth's birth, (which brings down to the year 1554,) Sir Thomas Audley necessarily be our poet's Chancellor; who succeeds Sir Thomas More, and held the seals many years.

In the preceding scene we have heard of the

of Elizabeth, and from the conclusion of the present it appears that she is not yet christened. She was born September 7, 1553, and baptized on the 11th of the same month. Cardinal Wolsey was Chancellor of England from September 7, 1516, to the 25th of October, 1550, on which day the seals were given to Sir Thomas More. He held them till the 20th of May, 1533, when Sir Thomas Audley was appointed *Lord Keeper*. He therefore is the person here introduced; but Shakespeare has made a mistake in calling him *Lord Chancellor*, for he did not obtain that title till the January after the birth of Elizabeth.

MALONE.

P. 108, l. 23. 24. *Your Grace may enter now.*

[CRANMER approaches the council-table.]

It is not easy to ascertain the mode of exhibition here. The inside and the outside of the council-chamber seem to be exhibited at once. Norfolk *within* calls to the keeper *without*, who yet is *on the stage*, and supposed to be *with Cranmer, &c.* at the outside of the door of the chamber. — The Chancellor and counsellors probably were placed behind a curtain at the back part of the stage, and spoke, but were not seen, till Cranmer was called in. The stage-direction in the old copy, which is, "Cranmer approaches the council-table," not, "Cranmer enters the council-chamber," seems to countenance such an idea.

With all the "appliances and aids" that modern *scenery* furnishes, it is impossible to produce any exhibition that shall precisely correspond with what our author has here written. Our less scrupulous ancestors were contented to be told, that the same *spot*, without any change of its appearance, (*except perhaps the drawing back of a curtain,*) was at

once the outside and the inside chamber. MALONE.

How the outside and inside of exhibited on the stage at the same known from many ancient prints of listening or peeping is represented plate illustrating the Tale of intitled *Vero esempio d'Impudicitia*. M. L. Ariosto. STEEVENS.

P, 108, l. 28-30. — *we all are
In our own natures frail; a
Of our flesh, few are angels* sage means any thing, it may mea-
fect, while they remain in their city. STEEVENS.

The word *capable* almost every speare means *intelligent*, of *cap-* stand, or quick of apprehension.

The transcriber's ear, I suppose in the passage before us, as in making the Chancellor, I conceive, me condition of humanity is such, born frail in disposition, and *weak-standings*. The subsequent words to add such support to this emendation ventured, contrary to my general a place in my text; which, how not have done, had the original a glimmering of sense:

— *we are all men,
In our own natures frail, i
Of our flesh, few are angels* frailty,
And want of wisdom, you
Mr. Pope in his ~~licentious~~ 1

passage thus, and the three subsequent editors adopted his supposed reformation:

— *we are all men,*
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels; from which
frailty, &c. MALONE.

I cannot extort any kind of sense from the passage as it stands. Perhaps it should be read thus:

— *we are all men,*
In our own natures frail and culpable;
Of our flesh, few are angels.

That is, few are perfect. M. MASON.

P. 109, l. 12-17. — *And what follows then?* *Commotions, uproars, &c.]* Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522. GREY.

P. 109, l. 25. — *a single heart]* A heart void of duplicity or guile. MALONE.

It is a scriptural expression. See *Acts*, ii. 46.
REED.

P. 109, l. 28. *Defacers of a publick peace,]* Read, — *the publick peace.* M. MASON.

P. 110, l. 27-30. — *your painted gloss dis-*
covers,
To men that understand you, words and
weakness.]. Those that understand you, under this *painted glose*, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning. JOHNSON.

P. 111, l. 18-25. *Cham.* *Then thus for you,*
&c.] This and the little speech above — “This is too much,” &c. are in the old copy given to the Lord Chamberlain. The difference between *Cham.* and *Cham.* is so slight, that I have not hesitated to give them both to the Chancellor, who on Cranmer’s entrance first at-

raigns him; and therefore, (without any consideration of his high station in the council,) is the person to whom Shakspere would naturally assign the order for his being committed to the Tower.¹¹ The Chancellor's apologizing to the King for the committal in a subsequent passage, likewise supports the emendation now made, which was suggested by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

P. 115, l. 3. *They are too thin &c;* i.e. the commendations above-mentioned. Mr. Pope in the former line changed *flattery* to *flatteries*, and this unnecessary emendation has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. I believe our author wrote — *They are too thin and bare;* and that the editor of the first folio, not understanding the word, changed it to *base*, as he did in *King Henry IV.* Part I. MALONE.

P. 115, l. 4—5. — *I come not*
To hear such flattery now, and in my pre-
sence;
They are too thin and base to hide offence,
To me you cannot reach, you play the
spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to
win me;] I think the pointing of these lines preferable to that in the former edition, in which they stand thus —

— *I come not*
To hear such flatteries now: and in my
presence
They are too thin, &c.
It then follows: —
To me you cannot reach: you play the
spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to

former of these lines should evidently be written:

one you cannot reach you play the spaniel,

the *whom* being understood. WHALLEY,
the old copy is right. MALONE.

me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel, —

you fawn upon me, who am above your M. MASON.

The punctuation of this passage I have followed the concurring advice of Mr. Whalley and Mason. STEEVENS.

1, l. 11. 12. *By all that's holy; he had better starve,*

in but once think his place becomes thee not.] Who dares to sup-

t the place or situation in which he is, is able to thee also? who supposes that thou

is fit for the office of a privy counsellor as

owe and all the subsequent editors read — ce. MALONE.

1, l. 7 - 11. — *My Lord of Canterbury, have a suit which you must not deny me;*

it is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,

you must be godfather,] My suit is; that

should be a godfather to a fair young maid, not yet christened. Mr. Rowe reads —

&c. and all the subsequent editors have this unnecessary alteration. The final

, we should now consider as superfluous,

but we have many instances of a similar phraseology in these plays: — or, the construction may be — A fair young maid, &c. you must be god-father [to], and answer for her. MALONE.

Our prelates formerly were often employed on the like occasions. Cranmer was godfather to Edward VI. See Hall, fo. 232. Archbishop Warham to Henry's eldest son by Queen Katharine; and the Bishop of Winchester to Henry himself. See Sandforth, 479, 495. REED.

P. 114, l. 17. — *you'd spare your spoons;*] It was the custom, long before the time of Shakespeare, for the sponsors at christenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contended themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

In the year 1560, we find entered on the books of the Stationers' company, “a spoyne, of the gyste of master Reginold Wolfe, all gylte with the pycture of St. John.”

Ben Jonson also, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, mentions spoons of this kind: “ — and I'll bid for the hope of a couple of *apostle spoons*, and cup to eat caudle in.”

The late Dr. Pegge, in his preface to *A Forn of Cury, a Roll of ancient English Cooke compiled about A. D. 1390, &c.* observes, “the general mode of eating must either be with the spoon or the fingers; and this,

may have been the reason, that *spoons* became the usual present from gossips to their god-children, at christenings." STEEVENS.

P. 115, l. 9. Do you take the court for *Paris-garden?*] The bear-garden of that time.

JOHNSON.

This celebrated bear-garden on the Bankside was so called from *Robert de Paris*, who had a house and garden there in time of King Richard II. *Rot. claus. 16 R. II. dore. ii.* Blount's GLOSSOGRAPH. MALONE.

The *Globe* theatre, in which Shakspeare was a performer, stood on the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this noted place of tumult and disorder. St. Mary Overy's church is not far from London Bridge, and almost opposite to Fishmongers' Hall. Winchester House was over against Cole Harbour. *Paris-garden* was in a line with Bridewell, and the *Globe* playhouse faced Blackfriars, Fleetditch, or St. Paul's. It was an hexagonal building of stone or brick. Its roof was of rushes, with a flag on the top. See a south view of London, (as it appeared in 1599,) published by T. Wood, in Bishop's Court, in Chancery Lane, in 1771. STEEVENS.

P. 115, l. 10. — leave your *gaping.*] i.e. shouting or roaring; a sense which this word has now almost lost. Littleton in his Dictionary has however given it in its present signification as follows: "To gape or bawl, vociferor."

REED.

P. 115, l. 23. 24. — to make them sleep

On May-day morning;] It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a *maying* on the first of May. It is on record that

King Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine, partly of this diversion." STEEVENS.

"Sawe says, that, 'in the monthe of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and favour of sweet flowers, and with the noise [i. e. concert] of birds, praising God in their kind.' See also Brand's *Observations on popular Antiquities*, 8vo. 1777, p. 255." REED.

P. 116, l. 12. — nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand.] Of Guy of Warwick every one has heard. Colbrand was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

P. 116, l. 12. Is this Moorfields to muster in?] The train-bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields. JOHNSON.

P. 116, l. 21. A brasier signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood. JOHNSON.

P. 116, l. 24. A fire-drake is both a serpent, anciently called a *brenning-drake*, or *dispear*, and a name formerly given to a *Hill o'the West*, or *ignis fatuus*. STEEVENS.

A fire-drake is thus described by Bullock in his *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616: "Firedrake. A fire sometimes seen flying in the night, like a dragon. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth some treasure hid; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal exhalation, inflamed betweene two cloths, the one hot, the other cold; which is the reason that it will smoulder in the middle part

whereof, according to the proportion of the host
cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it
seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a
head and taile." MALONE.

P. 116, l. 27. — *to blow us*] Read — to blow
us up. M. MASON.

I believe the old reading is the true one.

STEVENS.

P. 116, l. 27. 28. *There was a haberdasher's
wife of small wit*] Ben Jonson, whose hand Dr.
Farmer thinks may be traced in different parts of
this play, uses this expression in his induction to
The Magnetick Lady: "And all *haberdashers
of small wit*, I presume." MALONE.

P. 116, l. 29. *Her pink'd porringer* is her
pink'd cap, which looked as if it had been moulded
on a porringer. MALONE.

P. 116, l. 31. — *the meteor* —] The fire-
drake, the brasier. JOHNSON.

P. 116, l. 32. *Clubs!* was the outcry for as-
sistance, upon any quarrel or tumult in the streets.

WHALLEY,

Nor did this practice obtain merely amongst the
lower class of people: — for in the First Part of
Henry VI. when the Mayor of London endeavours
to interpose between the factions of the Duke of
Gloucester, and the Cardinal of Winchester, he
says:

"I'll call for clubs, if you will not away!"

M. MASON.

P. 117, l. 3. — *loose shot*,] Loose or random
shooters. MALONE.

P. 117, l. 5. — let them win the work:] A
term of fortification. STEVENS.

P. 117, l. 7. 8. — *the youths that thunder at
a play-house, and fight for bitten apples*;] The

prices of seats for the vulgar in our ancient theatres were so very low, that we cannot wonder if they were filled with the tumultuous company described by Shakespeare in this scene.

So, in *The Gul's Hornbook*, by Dekker, 1609: "Your groundling and gallery commoner, buy his sport by the penny."

Again, in the Prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*:

"How many twopences you've stow'd to day! The prices of the boxes indeed were greaser."

So, in *The Gul's Hornbook*, by Dekker, 1609: "At a new playe you take up the twelvepenny room next the stage, because the lords and you may seeme to be halfe fellow well met," &c.

Again, in *Wit without Money*:

"And who extoll'd you in the half-crown boxes,

"Where you might sit and mystery all the
theatrical beauties?"

And lastly, it appears from the Induction to *Barb^ttholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonson, that tobacco was smoked in the same place: "He looks like a fellow that I have seen accommodate gentlemen with tobacco at our theatres." And from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Hater*, 1607, it should seem that beer was sold there: "There is no poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings towards the latter end of his new play, when he's in that case that he stands peeping between the curtains so fearfully, that a bottle of ale cannot be opened, but he thinks somebody hisses."

P. 117, l. 9. 10. on the Tribulation of Tower Hill, &c., the lime of Limehouse, their dear brothers, I suspect the Tribulation to have

been a puritanical meeting-house. *The Limbs of Limehouse*, I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in, "Magnificence; a goodly interlude and a mery, devised and made by mayster Skelton, poete laureate, lately de-easyd." Printed by John Rastell, fol. no date:

"Some fall to foly them selfe for to spyll,
"And some fall prechynge on toure hyll."

STEEVENS.

Alliteration has given rise to many cant expressions, consisting of words paired together. Here we have cant names for the inhabitants of those places who were notorious puritans, coined for the humour of the alliteration. In the mean time it must not be forgotten, that "precious limbs" was a common phrase of contempt for the Puritans.

T. WARTON.

Limehouse was before the time of Shakspere, and has continued to be ever since, the residence of those who furnish stores, sails, &c. for shipping. A great number of foreigners having been constantly employed in these manufactures (many of which were introduced from other countries) they assembled themselves under their several pastors, and a number of places of different worship were built in consequence of their respective associations. As they clashed in principles, they had frequent quarrels, and the place has ever since been famous for the variety of its sects, and the turbulence of its inhabitants. It is not improbable that Shakspere wrote — the *Lambs of Limehouse*. A *limb* of the devil, is, however, a common vulgarism. STEEVENS.

The word *limb*, in the sense of an impudently vicious person, is not uncommon in London.

this day. In the north it is pronounced a mischievous boy. The suggestion by Mr. Steevens is, however, countenanced by the word *tribulation*, which may be taken to mean the allusion be to the puritans. R.

It appears from Stowe's *Survey* that the inhabitants of Tower-hill were remark-

It may however be doubted, whether any of the theatres in our author's have been pointed at some apprentices, who used occasionally to stage, in his time, for their amusement.

The limbs of Limehouse, their
were, perhaps, young citizens, w
their friends. — School-boys, a
students in the inns of court, and
the universities, all, at this time,
ally the sock or the buskin. — H
by no means confident that this is
pretation of the passage before us.

It is evident that *The Tribulation*, situation, must have been a place for the rabble of its precincts, and Limehouse such performers as fumish. HENLEY.

The *Tribulation* does not sound like the name of any place of endless import; it were particularly designed for Religion's prudes, the Puritans. *Truewit* would not have been at all an appellation, though it might be applied to the saint-like organs of *Ebenezer*.

Shakspeare, I believe, meant audience familiarized to excess of should we suppose the Tribu-

ritanical meeting-house because it was noisy? can easily conceive that the turbulence of the first clamorous theatre, has been exceeded by the lowings of puritanism against surplices and fangales; and that our upper-gallery, during Christmas week, is a sober consistory compared with the vehemence of fanatick harangues against the Devil and the Dragon, that idol Starch, the anti-christian Hierarchy, and the Whore of Babylon. Neither do I see with what propriety the *limbus Limehouse* could be called "young citizens," according to Mr. Malone's supposition. Were the habitants of this place (almost two miles distant in the capital) ever collectively entitled *citizens*? — The phrase, *dear brothers*, is very duly used to point out some fraternity of captives allied to the *Tribulation* both in pursuits and manners, by tempestuous zeal and consummate ignorance. STEEVENS.

P. 117, l. 11. 12. — in *Limbo Patrum*,] Hells, in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase in the same sense, at this day.

MALONE.

The *Limbus Patrum* is properly the place where old Fathers and Patriarchs are supposed to be abiding for the resurrection. REED.

P. 117, l. 13. — *the running banquet of two idles*,] A publick whipping. JOHNSON.

A *banquet* in ancient language did not signify dinner or supper, but the *desert* after each them. To the confinement therefore of these idlers, a whipping was to be the *desert*.

STEEVENS.

P. 118, l. 5. A *bumbard* is an ale-barrel; to *tumbards* is to tipple, to lie at the apigote. JOHNSON.

P. 118, l. 15. — *get up o'the rail;*] We must rather read — *get up off the rail,* — or, — *get off the rail.* M. MASON.

P. 118, l. 14. To *pick* is to *pitch.* "To *pick* a dart," Cole renders, *jaculor.* Dicr. 1679.

MALONE.

To *pick* and to *pitch* were anciently synonymous. STEEVENS.

P. 118, l. 16. *The Palace.*] At Greenwich, where, as we learn from Hall, fo. 217, this procession was made from the church of the Friars.

REED.

P. 118, l. 21. — *standing-bowls*] i. e. bowls elevated on feet or pedestals. STEEVENS.

P. 118, l. 29. 31. *Heaven, from thy endless goodness, &c.*] These words are not the invention of the poet, having been pronounced at the christening of Elizabeth. MALONE.

P. 119, l. 8. — good Lord *Archbishop:*] I suppose the word *Archbishop* should be omitted, as it only serves to spoil the measure. Be it remembered also that *Archbishop*, throughout this play, is accented on the first syllable. STEEVENS.

P. 120, l. 7. 8. — *every man shall eat in safety under his own vine*, what he plants;] The original thought, is borrowed from the 4th chapter of the first book of *Kings*: "Every man dwell safely under his vine." STEEVENS.

A similar expression is in *Micah*, iv. 4: "But they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid."

REED.

P. 120, l. 13-34. [Nor shall this peace sleep with her: &c.] These lines, to the interruption by the King, seem to have been inserted at some revision of the play.

after the accession of King James. If the passage, included in crotches, be left out, the speech of Craumer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction, and continuity of sentiments; but, by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our author was at once politick and idle; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety; or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication was ever in his thoughts. Mr. Theobald has made the same observation. JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnson with respect to the time when these additional lines were inserted, and suspect they were added in 1613, after Shakspeare had quitted the stage, by that hand which tampered with the other parts of the play so much, as to have rendered the versification of it, of a different colour from all the other plays of Shakspeare. MALONE.

Such indeed were the sentiments of Mr. Roderick, though the examples adduced by him in support of them are, in my judgement, undecisive. See *Canons of Criticism*, edit. 1763, p. 263. But, were the fact as he has stated it, we know not how far our poet might have intentionally deviated from his usual practice of versification.

If the reviver of this play (or tamperer with it, as he is styled by Mr. Malone,) had so much influence over its numbers as to have entirely changed their texture, he must be supposed to have

new woven the substance of the whole piece; a fact almost incredible.

The lines under immediate consideration were very probably furnished by Ben Jonson; for

"When heaven shall call her from *this cloud of darkness,*"

(meaning the "dim spot" we live in,) is a seeming imitation of the following passage in the 9th book of Lucan (a poet from whose stores old Ben has often enriched himself):

— *quanta sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies.* — STEEVENS.

P. 120, l. 26–28. Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,

His honour and the greatness of his name

Shall be, and *make new nations;*] On a picture of this contemptible King, which formerly belonged to the great Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor.* The year before the revival of this play (1612) there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. These lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony. MALONE.

P. 120, last lines. *She shall be, to the happiness of England,*

An aged Princess;] The transition here from the complimentary address to King James the first is so abrupt, that it seems obvious to me, that compliment was inserted after the accession of that Prince. If this play was wrote, as in my opinion it was, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we may easily determine where Cranmer's eulogium of that Princess concluded. I make no question but the poet rested here.

And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

All that the Bishop says after this, was an occasional homage paid to her successor, and evidently inserted after her demise. How naturally, without this insertion, does the King's joy and satisfactory reflection upon the Bishop's prophecy, come in!

King. *Thou speakest wonders. O Lord*
Archbishop,
Thou'st made me now a man. Never, be-
fore

This happy child, did I get any thing: &c.
Whether the King would so properly have made this inference, upon hearing that a child of so great hopes should die without issue, is submitted to judgement. THEOBALD.

P. 121, l. 16. *And your good brethren,*] Old copy — you. But the aldermen were never called brethren to the King. The top of the nobility are but cousins and counsellors. Dr. Thirlby, therefore, rightly advised:

And your good brethren, —
i. e. the Lord Mayor's brethren, which is properly their style. THEOBALD.

P. 121, last l. The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those, which still keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.

JOHNSON.

NOTES TO

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p. 122, l. 134. "For stuck a one ~~we should~~
in them;]" In the character
of Katharine. JOHNSON.

p. 122, l. 13-16. This thought is too much
hackney'd: It had been used already in the Epit-
logues to *As you like it*, and the second part of
King Henry IV. STEEVENS.

Though it is very difficult to decide whether
short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot
restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that
neither the Prologue nor Epilogue to this play is
the work of Shakspeare; *non vultus, non color*
It appears to me very likely that they were sup-
plied by the friendship or officiousness of Johnson,
whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly
to resemble. There is yet another supposition pos-
sible: the Prologue and Epilogue may have been
written after Shakspeare's departure from the stage,
upon some accidental revival of the play; and
there will then be reason for imagining that the
writer, whoever he was, intended no great kind-
ness to him; this play being recommended by
subtle and covert censure of his other work.
There is in Shakspeare so much of fool or
fright;

" — the fellow,
In a long motley coat, gilded with y

appears so often in his drama, that I think it
very likely that he would have animadverted
severely on himself. All this, however, is
received as very dubious, since we know not
exact date of this or the other plays, and can
tell how our author might have changed his
taste or opinions. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture, thus cautiously

as I have since strongly confirmed by Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, p. 255, by which it appears that this lay was revived in 1613, at which time without doubt the Prologue and Epilogue were added by Ben Jonson, or some other person. On the subject of every one of our author's historical pieces, except this, I believe a play had been written before he commenced a dramatick poet.

MALONE.

I entirely agree in opinion with Dr. Johnson, that Ben Jonson wrote the *Prologue and Epilogue* to this play. Shakapeare had a little before assisted him in his *Sejanus*; and Ben was too proud to receive assistance without returning it. It is probable, that he drew up the directions for the parade at the *christening*, &c. which his employment at court would teach him, and Shakapeare must be ignorant of. I think, I now and then perceive his hand in the dialogue.

It appears from Stowe, that Robert Green wrote somewhat on this subject. FARMER.

In support of Dr. Johnson's opinion, it may not be amiss to quote the following lines from old Ben's prologue to his *Every Man in his Humour*:

"To make a child new swaddled, to proceed

"Man, and then shoot up, in one board and weed,

"Past threescore years: or with three rusty swords,

"And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,

"Fight over York and Lancaster's long wars,
"And in the tyring-house," &c. STEEVENS.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and

author's composition; and *Henry the Third*, and *Henry the Fourth* stand in the second class. The world refer the historical scenes may consult Holinshed, and so Holinshed, Shakspeare has or speeches, with no more alteration necessary to the numbers of his them into the margin was unoriginal is easily examined; at least perspicuous in the poet th

To play histories, or to exhibit events by action and dialogue entertainment among our rude festivities. The parish clerks Clerkenwell a play which last retaining *The History of the H*

It appears from more than Fish Museum, that the tradesmen three days employed in the re twenty-four Whitsun plays or performances at Coventry in longer time, as they are in number. The exhibition of the *pous Christi* day, which was (dale) one of their ancient fairs 2013, 2124, 2125, and MS. C and Dugdale's *Warwickshire*



N O T E S T O

TROILUS AND CRESS

* * * The story was originally written by an old Lombard author, and since by Chu-

Mr. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, story of *Troilus and Cressida* was original work of one Lollius, a Lombard; (of whom no one speaks in *Dan Bartholomewe h' Triumph*: "Since Lollius and Chaucer make doubt upon that glose,") but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been in Latin verse, and that Chaucer translated Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino; and Shakspeare received the greatest part of materials for the structure of this play from the *Boke of Lydgate*. Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columpna, of Measina in Sicily, and wrote his *Histoire de Troy* in Latin, after Dictys Cretensis, at Phrygius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Wharton observes, he engrafted many new romantic fictions, which the taste of his age dictated; and which the connection between Grecian and Roman fictions easily admitted; at the same time introducing in his plan the Theban and Trojan stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius. Guido's work was published at Cologne.

again 1480: at Strasburgh, 1486, and *ibidem*, 1489. It appears to have been translated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into English in 1472, under the title of his *Recuyel*, &c. so that there must have been yet some earlier edition of Guido's performance than I have hitherto seen or heard of, unless his first translator had recourse to a manuscript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, which very probably might have been Shakspeare's inducement to try their fortune on the stage. — Lydgate's *Troye Boke* was printed by Pynson, 1513. In the books of the Stationers' company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between *Troilus* and *Cressida*." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of *Troilus* and *Cressida*, as it is acted by my Lord Chamberlain's men." The first of these entries is in the name of Edward White, the second in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the history of *Troilus* and *Cressida*."

STRANGE.

The entry in 1608-9 was made by the booksellers for whom this play was published in 1609. It was written, I conceive, in 1602. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*. MALONE.

Before this play of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, is a bookseller's preface, showing that first impression to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakspeare's knowledge, from a copy obtained

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fallen into the bookseller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it may be judged, from the fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politick, with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his, seems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

We may learn from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakspeare's plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted. The author of it adds, at the conclusion, these words: "Thank fortune for the 'scape it hath made among you, since, by the grand possessors wills, I believe you should rather have prayed for them, than have been prayed," &c. By the *grand possessors*, I suppose, were meant *Heming* and *Condell*. It appears that the rival playhouses at that time made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the Induction to *The Malcontent*, written by Webster, and augmented by Marston, 1606, is the following passage:

"I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it."

"Why not *Malvolio* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play; we call it *One for another.*"

Again, T. Heywood, in his preface to *The English Traveller*, 1633: "Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print." STEEVENS.

It appears, however, that frauds were practised by writers as well as actors. It stands on record against Robert Greene, the author of *Friar Ba-*

: nobler, and when they ~~were~~
the same play to the Lord. And
much more? Was not this
M. G.?" *Defence of Coney*

This note was not merely i
craft of authorship, but to
was anciently paid for the
to ascertain the name of the
Furioso, which was not hitherto
appears to have been the first
sold the same piece to differ
is much belied, if he has
ample. COLLINS.

Notwithstanding what has
editor, [Mr. Capell.] I have
folio, including *Troilus et
Cressida*, as
as I have just now observed,
unknown or forgotten. It
was not in the list of the plays

PREFACE to the quarto edition of this play, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. Newes.

Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palnes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the paleine comicall; for it is a birth of your [r. that] braine, that never under-tooke any thing comicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of comedies changde for the titles of comedies, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this authors comedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleaseid with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a comedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in themselves, and have parted better-witied then they came; feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of witte is in his comedies; that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowed) but for so much worth,

even poore I know to be stuff in it such a labour, as well as the best Terence or Plautus. And beleewe thi hee is gone, and his comedies out will scramble for them, and set up a inquisition. Take this for a warning perill of your pleasures losse; and refuse not, nor like this the lesse, i sullied with the smoaky breath of th but thanke fortune for the scope is amongst you: since by the grand possess lieve you should have prayd for them, then beeue prayd. And so I leave al prayd for (for the states of their wits will not praise it. *Vale.*

Page 125. I cannot regard this Pro indeed is wanting in the quarto edit work of Shakspeare; and perhaps th fore us was not entirely of his com appears to have been unknown to h Hemings and Condell, till after the almost printed off. STEEVENS.

I conceive this prologue to have] and the dialogue, in more than one polated by some *Ayd* or *Marlowe* who may have been paid for altering ing one of Shakspeare's plays: a very instance of our author's negligence, an gers' taste! RITSON.

P. 125, l. 5. *Orgulous*, i. e. prof ful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr. STEEVENS.

P. 125, l. 18-20. — Priam's &c. *Dardan*, and *Tymbria*, I *Trojan*.
And Antenorides,) The w

are here exhibited as in the old copy, for the reason assigned by Dr. Fariner; except in the instance of *Antenorides*, instead of which the old copy has *Antenonydus*. The quotation from Lydgat shews that was an error of the printer. MALON.

Mr. Theobald informs us that the very names of the gates of Troy have been barbarously demolished by the editors; and a deal of learned do he makes in setting them right again; much however to Mr. Heath's satisfaction. Indeed the learning is modestly withdrawn from the later edition and we are quietly instructed to read —

“Dardan, and Thymbria, *Ilia, Scaea, Tr*
jan,
“And Antenorides.”

But had he looked into the *Troy boke* of Lydgat instead of puzzling himself with *Dares Phrygiu* he would have found the horrid demolition to have been neither the work of Shakspeare, nor his editors:

“Therto his cyte | compassed enuyrowne
“Had gates VI to entre into the towne:
“The firste of all | and strengest eke with al
“Largest also | and moste princypall,
“Of myghty byldyng | alone pereless,
“Was by the Kinge called | *Dardanydes*;
“And in storye | lyke as it is sounde,
“*Tymbria* | was named the seconde;
“And the thyrdle | called *Helyas*,
“The fourthe gate | hyghte also *Cetheas*;
“The fyfthe *Trojana*, | the syxth *Anth*
nydes,
“Stronge and mighty | both in werre and
Lond. empr. by R. Pynson, 1517

The *Troye Boke* was somewhat mode and reduced into regular stanzas, about ginning of the last century, under the name *The Life and Death of Hector — who at Hundred mayne Battailles in open against the Grecians; wherein there were on both Sides Fourteene Hundred and Sixe said, Fourscore and Sixe Men.* — Fol. n. This work Dr. Fuller, and several other have erroneously quoted as the *original*; it serve in consequence, that “if Chaucer’s *com* of greater weight for deeper learning, English were of a more refined standard for pur-
guage: so that one might mistake him for a dñe writer.” FARMER.

On other occasions, in the course of this I shall insert quotations from the *Troye modernized*, as being the most intelligible two. STEEVENS.

P. 125, l. 21. — *fulfilling bolts,*] To in this place means to fill till there be no more. In this sense it is now obsolete. ST.

To be “*fulfilled* with grace and benediction” is still the language of our liturgy. BLACK.

P. 125, l. 25, 26. — *And hither am I
A prologue arm’d,*] I come here to the prologue, and come in armour; not to the audience, in confidence of either the author’s abilities, but merely in a character to the subject, in a dress of war, before like play. JOHNSON.

P. 125, l. 29, 30. — *that our play
Leaps o’er the paunt*] i. e. the *avant went before.* STEEVENS.

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The *vaunt* is the *vanguard*, called in our author's time the *vaunt-guard*. PERCY.

P. 125, l. 50. — *firstlings* —] A script phrase, signifying *the first produce or offspring*. STEEV

P. 127, l. 6. — *varlet*,] This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or visor. STEEVENS.

Concerning the word *varlet*, see *Recherches historiques sur les cartes à jouer*. Lyon, 1 p. 61. M. C. TUTET.

P. 127, l. 11. *Will this geer ne'er be mend?* —] There is something proverbial in this question, which I like meet with in the Interlude of *King Dar* 1565:

“Wyll not yet *this geere be amended,*
“*Not your sinful acts corrected?*”

STEEV

P. 127, l. 12. 13. — *skilful to their strength* i. e. in addition to their strength. STEEVENS.

P. 127, l. 16. — *sionder* —] i. e. more w^or foolish. MALONE.

P. 127, l. 17. — *skill-less* —] Mr. Dryden in his alteration of this play, has taken this as it stands, except that he has changed *skill* to *artless*, not for the better, because *skill* refers to *skill* and *skilful*. JOHNSON.

P. 128, l. 11. To *blend* is to shrink, or off. STEEVENS.

P. 128, l. 23. *Bury'd this sigh in wrin
of a smile*: —] So, *Twelfth Night*: “He doth smile his face

more lines than the new map with the representation of the Indies. MALONE.

P. 129, l. 5. *Handlest* in thy disappearance, &c. — that her *hand*, *handlest* is here used metaphorically, with an allusion at the same time to its literal meaning; and the jingle between *hand* and *handlest* is perfectly in our author's manner. MALONE.

Though our author has many and very considerable obligations to Mr. Malone, I cannot regard the foregoing supposition as one of safety; for in what does it consist? In making Shakespeare answerable for two of the worst lines in a doubtful play, merely because they exhibit a jingle similar to that in the speech before us. STEEVENS.

P. 129, l. 9, 10. — *spirit of sense*, to have got Hard as the palm of ploughman, *spirit of sense*, comparison with Cressida's *hand*, says Mr. — *spirit of sense*, the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a *hand*, since the sense of touching, as Scaliger says in his *Exercitations*, resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman. Warburton reads:

— spite of sense: — to have got Haumer,

— to th' *spirit of sense*. — to spite his mistress in *spite of sense*; for though he often does it in *spite of the sense of others*, his own senses are subdued to his desires. JONSON.

Spirit of sense is a phrase that occurs, again in the third act of this play:

“ — nor doth the eye itself,

“ That most pure spirit of sense,

itself.”

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Mr. M. Mason (from whom I have borrowed this parallel) recommends Hanmer's emendation as a necessary one. STEEVENS.

P. 129, l. 21. — *if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.*] She may mend her complexion by the assistance of cosmeticks. JOHNSON.

I believe it rather means — *She may make the best of a bad bargain.* This is a proverbial saying. STEEVENS.

P. 129, last l. — She's a fool to stay behind her father;] Calchas, according to Shakspere's authority, *The Destruction of Troy*, was "a great learned Bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which was threatened by Agamemnon. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demands for them of Troy, Apollo (says the book) answered unto him, saying; Calchas, Calchas, beware that thou returne not back again to Troy; but goe thou with Achilles, unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes shal have victorie of the Troyaus by the agreement of the Gods." *Hist. of the Destruction of Troy*, translated by Caxton, 5th edit. 4to. 1617. This prudent Bishop followed the advice of the Oracle, and immediately joined the Greeks. MALONE.

P. 130, l. 23. *Ilium* was the palace of Troy. JOHNSON.

Ilium, properly speaking, is the name of the city; Troy, that of the country. STEEVENS.

P. 130, l. 31. — This woman's answer *abre, i. e. fits, suits, is congruous.* STEEVENS.

P. 131, l. 21. 22. — *Hector, whose patience Is, as a virtue, fix'd,*] Patience sure we VOL. XIII. 23

virtue, and therefore cannot, in propriety
pression, be said to be like one. We
read:

Is as the virtue fix'd, —
i. e. his patience is as fixed as the goddess

itself. So we find Troilus a little before
"Patience herself, what goddess ever
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than
It is remarkable that Dryden, when he
with judgement to:

Is fix'd like that of heaven.

Which he would not have done if
right reading here given, where his the
much better and nobler expressed. V

I think the present text may stan-
dental, but fixed and constant. If I
it, it should be thus:

Is all a virtue fix'd, —

All, in old English, is the intens-
ing particle. JOHNSON.

P. 151, l. 24. *Husbandry* me-
prudence. Troilus alludes to Hecto-

P. 151, l. 25. Before the sun ri-

ness'd li-
poet mean (says Mr. Theobald)
put on light armour? mean! w
mean? He goes to fight on 'foe
that the armour for his purpose
had been the highest absurdity
does he mean that Hector was
arms even before sun-rise?

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drum aimed at, in sun rose and harness'd
Was any thing like it? But to get out of perplexity, he tells us, that *a very slight alteration makes all these constructions unnecessary*, so changes it to *harness-dight*. Yet in every slightest alteration will at any time poet's sense through the critick's fingers: Oxford editor very contentedly takes up left behind, and reads *harness-dight* louder, as Mr. Theobald well expresses it, *all construction unnecessary*. WARBURTON.

How does it appear that Hector was to foot rather to-day, than on any other day to be remembered, that the ancient hero fought on horseback; nor does their fighting in chariots seem to require less than on foot. JOUNSON.

It is true that the heroes of Homer never fought on horseback; yet such of them as make an appearance in the *Aeneid*, like their allies the Rutulians, had cavalry among them. Little can be inferred from the manner in which Ascanius and the young nobility of Troy were introduced at the conclusion of the funeral games as Virgil very probably, at the expense of anachronism, meant to pay a compliment to military exercises instituted by Julius Caesar and improved by Augustus. It appears from several passages in this play, that Hector fought on horseback; and it should be remembered that Shakspeare was indebted for most of his knowledge to a book which enumerates Esdras and goras among the bastard children of King Priam. Our author, however, might have been mistaken by the manner in which Chaucer translated several parts of the *Iliad*,

In their
Maloe
additions;]
qualities or de-
fense is originally

shed into folly, is
th folly, so as that
Johnson's
hair:] is a phrase
use — against the
a contrepoin.

S. STEEVENS.
tomorrow, Alexander, is
(says Mr. Pope,) very
on the stage. — Won't
with submission, this gen-
more absurd; for it falls
his remark, that though
nearly, in Homer called
his play, by any one of the
, he is called nothing but
the fact is this: Pandarus is
ent, insinuating character; and
m, so soon as he has given his
orrow, to pay his civilities too
This is purely ^{ev. 49s.} at the
l it; and gives us an admirable
rus's character. And why might
be the name of Gressida's man?
I suppose, for engrossing it

TROILUS AND CRES

to himself. But the late editor, p
we have had *Alexander the Great*,
der, and *Alexander Pope*, woul
eminent a name prostituted to a cc

This note is not preserved on a
intelligence it brings, but as a cue
of Mr. Theobald's mode of animad-
remarks of Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

P. 153, l. 2. *Ilium* or *Ilion*
both ways) was according to Lydgat
thor of *The Destruction of Troy*,
Priam's Palace, which is said by th
have been built upon a high rock.

P. 155, l. 3. Then she's a m
Graecari among the Romans signifi-
reveller. STEEVENS.

The expression occurs in many
books. MALONE.

P. 155, l. 5. The *compass'd* a
same as the *bow-window*. JOHNSON
A *compass'd* window is a *circula-*

A *coved cieling* is yet in some p
compass'd cieling. MALONE.

P. 155, l. 14. The word *lifter*
thief, by Greene, in his *Art of Ci*
1591: on this the humour of the p
supposed to turn. We still call :
plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*. SRI
Hiiftus, in the Gothic language
thief. See *Archæolog Vol. V.* p.

P. 156, l. 25. *One and fifty*
copies — *Two and fifty*. I hav
substitute — *One and fifty*, I thi

certainty. How else can the number make on
Priam and his fifty sons? THEOBALD.
P. 136, l. 34. — that it pass'd.] i. e. that it
went beyond bounds. Cressida plays on the word,
as used by Pandarus, by employing it herself in
its common acceptation. STEEVENS.

P. 137, last l. If he do the rich shall have
more.] The allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did in
author's time, and long before, signify a
fellow, and may, by its etymology, signify a
wise full of nods. Cressid means, that a nod
shall have more nods. Of such remarks as these
is a comment to consist? JOHNSON.

To give the nod, was, I believe, a term
the game at cards called *Noddy*. This game
perpetually alluded to in the old comedies,

P. 140, l. 8. q. — to be baked with ^{STEEVENS}
in the pye,] To account for the introduction
of this quibble, it should be remembered that
were an ingredient in ancient pastry that
every kind. So, in Romeo and Juliet:
"They call for dates and quinces

P. 140, l. 12. — at what ward you
metaphor from the art of defence. STEEVENS.

P. 140, l. 14. — upon my wit, to de-
wiles;] So read both the copies: yet per-
author wrote:

Upon ^{my} wit to defend my will.
The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the 16th
that time, put often in opposition. JOHNSON.

P. 140, l. 20. — there he unarms him
necessary words are added from the quo-

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P. 141, l. 12. — *joy's soul lies in the d*
So read both the old editions, for which the
editions have poorly given:

— the *soul's joy* lies in doing. JOHNSON.
It is the reading of the second folio. RITT.

P. 141, l. 13. *That she —]* Means, the
man. JOHNSON.

P. 141, l. 19. *Achievement is command*
gain'd, bezech:]
meaning of this obscure line seems to be —
after possession, become our commanders;
it, they are our suppliants." STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 20. The quarto reads — *The*
folio and the modern editions read impro-
that. JOHNSON.

P. 141, l. 20. — *my heart's content —]*
tent, for capacity. WARBURTON.

On considering the context, it appears
that we ought to read, "my heart's *consent*
content. M. MASON.

— *my heart's content —]* Perhaps
my heart's satisfaction or joy: my well-p^r
heart. MAJOLE.

My heart's content, I believe, signifies
acquiescence of my heart. STEEVENS.

P. 142, l. 25. — *affin'd —]* i. e. join
affinity. STEEVENS.

P. 142, l. 27. — *broad —]* So, the q
the folio reads — *loud.* JOHNSON.

P. 142, l. 31. — *of thy godlike seat,]* (the
reading of the folio) is an epithet that
no very great compliment with it; and
seems here to be paying deference to Agamem-
non's state and pre-eminence. The old books [the
tos] have it, — *to thy godly seat: godlike*
I have reformed the text, seems to me the

designed; and is very conformable to what Menelaus afterwards says of Agamemnon's seat in warlike array. "Which is that god in office, guiding men?" "So godlike seat is here, state supreme above all other commanders." THEOBALD.

This emendation Theobald might have found in the quarto, which has — *the godlike seat* — *thy godlike seat,*] The throne in which thou sittest, like a descended god." MALEZZE.
P. 142, l. 32. 33. — *Nestor shall apply*
— *Thy latest words.*] Nestor applies the words to another instance. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Nestor means, that he will attend particularly to, and consider, Agamemnon's latest words. MALONE.

P. 142, last l. — *patient breast,*] The quarto has — *not so well ancient breast.* JOHNSON.

P. 143, l. 7. — *Perseus' horse:*] Medebarus according to the fable, presented Perseus with *talaria*, but we nowhere hear of his horse. The only flying horse of antiquity was Pegasus; and he was the property, not of Perseus, but Bellerophon.

But our poet followed a more modern fabulist, the author of *The Destruction of Troy*, a book which furnished him with some other circumstances of this play. Of the horse alluded to in the text he found in that book the following account: — "Of the blood that issued out [from Medusa's head] there engendered Pegasus, or the flying horse. By the flying horse that was engendered of the blood issued from her head, is understood, either of her riches issuing of that realm he [Perseus] founded and made a ship named Pegasus. — And this ship was likened unto an horse flying," &c. Again: "By this faulm Perseus conquered



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the head of Medusa, and did make Pe most swift ship that was in all the world another place the same writer assures us, ship, which he always calls Perseus' flying "flew on the sea like unto a bird." *Troy*, 4to. 1617, p. 155—164. MALO

The foregoing note is a very curious one; yet our author perhaps would not have himself with merely comparing one ship with another. Unallegorized *Pegasus* might be styled *Perseus' horse*, because the hero *Perseus* had given him existence. STEEVENS.

P. 143, l. 14. *The brieze is the gad to fly.* STEEVENS.

P. 143, l. 17. *And flies fled under shade.* MALO

P. 143, l. 17-21. — *the thing of course.* It is said of the tiger, that in storms and winds he rages and roars most furiously.

P. 143, l. 21. *Returns to chiding.* For *returns*, Hanmer reads *replies*, upon the sense being the same. The folio also has *retires*, corruptly. JOHNSON.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope, who says it is noisy, clamorous. MALONE.

P. 143, l. 33-36, and P. 144, l. 1-4. *both your speeches,*

Ulysses begins his oration with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the different excellencies of their different eloquence, strength, and sweetness, which he expresses in different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the instruction of posterity. The speech of Agamemnon is such that it is to be engraven in brass, and the tablet hold up.

on the one side, and Greece on the other; to absent
the union of their opinion.' And Nestor ~~would~~^{ought} to
be exhibited in silver, uniting all his ~~radiant~~^{radiant} ideas
one mind by his soft and gentle elocution. ~~Both~~^{Both} is the common emblem of strength, and ~~silver~~^{silver} of
gentleness. We call a soft voice a *silver* voice,
and a persuasive tongue a *silver* tongue. I ~~would~~^{would} read for *hand*, the *band* of Greece, but I ~~think~~^{think} the text right. To *hatch* is a term of art for a
particular method of *engraving*. *Hacher*, to ~~cut~~^{cut} T
Fr. JOHNSON.

In the description of Agamemnon's spear, there is a plain allusion to the old custom of engraving laws and publick records in brass; and hanging up the tables in temples, and other places of general resort. So far therefore is clear. Why Nestor is said to be *hatch'd in silver*, is much more obscure. I once thought that we ought to read, *thatch'd in silver*, alluding to his *silver hair*. But I know not whether the present reading may not be understood to convey the same allusion; for I find, that the species of engraving, called *hatching*, was particularly used in the *hilts of swords*. See Cotgrave in v. *Hache*; *hatched*, &c. also, *Hatched, as the hilt of a sword*; and v. *Hacher*; to *hache*; &c. also to *hatch a hole*.

As to what follows, if the reader should have no more conception than I have, of

"— a bond of air, strong as the ~~extreme~~

"On which heaven rides; —." — he will perhaps excuse me for hazarding a ~~conject~~^{guess}, that the true reading may possibly be ~~wallod~~^{wall'd}.

— a bond of awe, —

"After all, the construction of this passage is very harsh and irregular; but with that I meddle not, believing it was left so by the author." — T. B. Macaulay.

Perhaps no alteration is necessary; *hatch'd in silver*, may mean, whose white hair and beard make him look like a figure engraved on silver.

The voice of Nestor, which on all occasions enforced attention, might be, I think, not unpoetically called, *a bond of air*, because its operations were visible, though his voice, like the wind, was unseen. STEEVENS.

P. 144, l. 6. *Thou great, — and wise, —*] This passage is sense as it stands; yet I have little doubt that Shakspeare wrote —

Though great and wise, —. M. MASON.

P. 144, l. 9. *Expect for expectation.* Thus in our author's works we have *suspect for suspicion*, &c. STEEVENS.

P. 144, l. 18. *The specialty of rule*] The particular rights of supreme authority. JOHNSON.

P. 144, l. 20. *Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.*] The word *hollow*, at the beginning of the line, injures the metre, without improving the sense, and should probably be struck out. M. MASON.

I would rather omit the word in the second instance. To stand empty (*hollow* as Shakspeare calls it) is a provincial phrase applied to houses which have no tenants. These *factions*, however, were *avowed*, not *hollow*, or insidious. Remove the word *hollow*, at the beginning of the verse, and every tent in sight would become chargeable as the quondam residence of a factious chief; for the plain sense must then be — there are as many hollow factions as there are tents. STEEVENS.

P. 144, l. 21 — 25. *When that the general is not like the hive,*

*To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected?*] The meaning

is, &c. When the general is not at the army, like the hive to the bees, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, what honey is expected? what hope of advantage? The sense is clear, the expression is confused. JOHNSON.

P. 144, l. 25-29. *The heavens themselves, &c.]* This illustration was probably derived from a passage in Hooker: "If celestial spheres should forget their wonted motion; if the Prince of the lights of heaven should begin to stand; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; and the seasons of the year blend themselves; what would become of men?" WARBURTON.

P. 144, l. 26. → *this center,*] i. e. the centre of the earth, which, according to the Ptolemaic system, then in vogue, is the center of the solar system. WARBURTON.

By this centre, Ulysses means the earth itself, not the centre of the earth. According to the system of Ptolemy, the earth is the centre round which the planets move. M. MASON.

P. 144, last l; and P. 145, first l. — *when the planets,*

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,] I believe the poet, according to astrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configurations; when their aspects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture.* JOHNSON.

The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about and libi-

and, as the etymology of their names demonstrate. ANONYMOUS.

P. 145, l. 6. — *deracinate*. —] P. H. force up by the roots. STEEVENS. I have seen it done almost

P. 145, l. 8. 9. — O, when degree is shak'd, —] I would read:

— So when degree is shak'd. JOHNSON.

P. 145, l. 11. The enterprise is sick! —] Perhaps we should read:

The enterprise is sick! —] JOHNSON.

P. 145, l. 12. — brotherhoods —] Corporations; companies; confraternities. JOHNSON.

P. 145, l. 13. — *dividable* —] Well divided. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* our author uses corrigible for corrected. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 20. Mere is absolute. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 3. That by a pace goes backward, —] This goes backward step by step. JOHNSON.

P. 145, l. 3. 4. — with a purpose —] i.e. with design.

It hath to climb. —] With a design in each man to aggrandize himself, by slighting his immediate superior. JOHNSON.

P. 145, l. 9. Of pale and bloodless emula-
tion: —] An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish.

P. 145, l. 14. — our power —] i.e. our army. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 21. — airy fame, —] Verbal renown; what our author in *Macbeth* has called mouth honour. MALONE.

P. 145, l. 29. Topless is that which has nothing topping or overtopping it; supreme; sole sovereign. JOHNSON.

P. 146, l. 33. The galleries of the theatre;

366 NOTES TO

the time of our author, were sometimes termed
the scaffolds. MALONE.

P. 146, last but one l. — *o'er-wrested* —]
i. e. wrested beyond the truth; overcharged. Both
the old copies, as well as all the modern editions,
have — *o'er-rested*, which affords no meaning.
MALONE.

O'er-wrested is — wound up too high. A *wrest*
was an instrument for tuning a harp, by *drawing*
up the strings. STEEVENS.

P. 147, first l. *'Tis like a chime a mending;*]
To this comparison the praise of originality must
be allowed. He who, like himself, has been in
the tower of a church while the chimes were re-
pairing, will never wish a second time to be pre-
sent at so dissonantly noisy an operation.
STEEVENS.

P. 147, l. 2. — terms *unsquare'd*,] i. e. un-
adapted to their subject, as stones are unfitted to
the purposes of architecture, while they are yet
unsquared. STEEVENS.

P. 147, l. 12. 13. — as near as the extremest ends
Of *parallels*;] The *parallels* to which the
allusion seems to be made, are the *parallels* on a
map. As like as east to west. JOHNSON.

P. 147, l. 19. — *palsy-fumbling* —] Old
copies give this as two distinct words. But it should
be written — *palsy-fumbling*, i. e. paralytic
fumbling. TYRWHITT.

Fumbling is often applied by our old English
writers to the speech. MALONE.

P. 147, l. 26. All our good *grace exact*,
means our *excellence irreprehensible*. JOHNSON.

P. 147, l. 30. — *to make paradoxes*;] *Para-*
doxes may have a meaning, but it is not clear
and distinct. I wish the copies had given:

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 367

— to make parodies. JOHNSON.

P. 149, l. 34. 35. — and bears his head.

In such a rein,] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, she ridles. JOHNSON.

P. 148, l. 3. — like a mint,] i. e. as fast as mint coins money. MALONE.

P. 148, l. 6. How rank soever —] A rank weed is a high weed. The modern editions silently read:

How hard soever —. JOHNSON.

P. 148, l. 13 - 15. — and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight, —] I think, it were better to read:

— and know the measure,
By their observant toil, of the enemies' weight. JOHNSON.

By measure of their observant toil, that is, by means of their observant toil. M. MASON.

P. 148, l. 26. Surely, the name of Menelaus only serves to destroy the metre, and should therefore be omitted. STEEVENS.

P. 149, l. 5 - 8. — How may

A stranger to those most imperial looks.

Know them from eyes of other mortals?]

And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakespeare, who so wonderfully preserves character, usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. So, in the fourth act of this play, Nestor says to Hector:

"But this thy countenance, still lock'd in

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"I never saw till now."

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"But this thy countenance, still lock'd
steel,

"I never saw till now."

customs more
books in other Gothic
Henry VI, and in this
are represented. In this
time when the books receive

In *The Destruction of Troy*
all the chieftains of each
mounted on stately horses,
helmets, &c. &c. Malone
P. 480, l. 24. — this do

there has been no notice taken
is said, that Ajax coped at
battle. JOHNSON.

Here we have another p
ing into inconsistencies
and sometimes deserting

Of this dull and long
was agreed upon at the
six months) Shakspere
seventh chapter of the
Destruction of Troy. In
same book the beauti
fint introduced. Malone
P. 158, l. 28; 29.

(With truant vo

sion made with
whom he loves. J
Confession for

P. 150, l. 50. 51. *And dare avow her beauty
and her worth,*

In other arms than hers,] Arms is here used equivocally for the arms of the body, and the armour of a soldier. MALONE.

P. 151, l. 2-7. This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or Aeneas.

STEEVENS.

P. 151, l. 22. — *vantbrace* —] An armour for the arm, *avantbras*. POPE.

P. 152, l. 5. 6. I have a young conception in my brain,

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.] i. e. be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity. STEEVENS.

I believe Shakespeare was here thinking of the period of gestation, which is sometimes denominated a female's *time*, or reckoning. T. C.

P. 152, l. 19-21. *The purpose is perspicuous
even as substance,*

Whose grossness little characters sum up:] That is, the purpose is as plain as body or substance; and though I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is the thought, though a little obscured in the conciseness of the expression. WARBURTON.

Substance is estate, the value of which is ascertained by the use of small characters, i. e. numerals.

The gross sum is a term used in *The Merchant*

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this duel comes to be
Yes, dull as he is,
This is the meaning
in this play, Ulysses

"I do not strain
i. e. I do not hesitate
it." THEOBALD.

P. 153, l. 4. — a
sure, proportion: to a certain scantling.

P. 153, l. 6. 7. And

To their subsequent
points compared with
Indexes were in Shakespear's
books. MALONE.

P. 154, l. 2. — a
general estimation or
ready been used in this

P. 154, l. 4. — *bold*
appears to have drawn
chief from the invective
by Ulysses in the third
tamorphosis, translated
from the prologue to
of Ajax, 1596, in
"strong, heady, boistous
fellow, but neither
politick." STEEVE.

I suspect that Shakespear

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Telamonius with *Ajax Oileus*. The characters of them are given by Lydgate. Shall knew that one of the *Ajax's* was Hector's son of his sister; but perhaps did not that he was *Ajax Telamonius*, and in consequence of not attending to this circumstance has attributed to the person whom he has introduced in this part of the character which Lydgate had designed for *Ajax Oileus*. MALONE.

P. 154, l. 5. *The sort —*] i. e. the lot. STEEVENS

P. 154, l. 12. Here again opinion means character. MALONE.

P. 154, l. 21. *Tarre*, an old English word signifying to provoke or urge on. POPE.

P. 154, l. 24. This play is not divided into acts in any of the original editions. JOHNSON.

P. 155, l. 9. *The plague of Greece upon thee* Alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo to the Grecian army. JOHNSON.

Our author may as well be supposed to have caught this circumstance relative to the plague from the first book of Hall's or Chapman's version of the *Iliad*. STEEVENS.

P. 155, l. 10. — *thou mongrel beef-witted 'ord!*] So, in *Twelfth Night*: " — I am a meat eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit." STEEVENS.

He calls *Ajax* *mongrel* on account of his father being a *Grecian* and his mother a *Trojan*. MALONE.

P. 155, l. 11. — *thou unsalted leaven,*] *Unsalted leaven* means *sour* without salt, malignity without wit. Shakspeare wrote first *unsalted*; recollecting that want of salt was no fault, he changed it to *vinev'd*. JOHNSON.

P. 159, l. 23. 24. — Who knows what fol-
lows? [Who knows what ill consequences may follow from pursuing
this or that course?] MALONE. — *last L. Disease, Fr. in the tithe, the*
tenth. STEEVENS.

P. 160, first l. *The past-proportion of his in-*
finite [infinite]. Thus read both
the copies. The meaning is, that greatness to
which no measure bears any proportion. The
modern editors silently give:

The vast proportion. JOHNSON.

P. 160, l. 15. 16. — though you bite so sharp
at reasons, [i.e. Here is a
wretched quibble between *reasons* and *raisins*,
which in Shakspeare's time were, I believe, pro-
nounced alike.] MALONE.

The present suspicion of a quibble on the word
— *reason*, is not, in my opinion, sufficiently
warranted by the context. STEEVENS.

P. 161, first l. *Respect is canticion, a regard to*
consequences. MALONE.

P. 161, l. 12. 13. *And the will dotes, that is*
attributive [of] *To what infectiously itself affects,* So
the quarto. The folio reads instead of attributive
— *inclinable*, which Mr. Pope says "is better." MALONE.

I think the first reading better; *the will dotes*
that attributes or gives *the qualities* which it
affects; that first causes excellence, and then ad-
mires it. JOHNSON.

P. 161, l. 14. *Without some image of the*
body or countenance affected, merit, [i.e.] We
should read: *Without some image of the body*
or countenance affected, merit, but *merit* was

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Cob-loaf ought perhaps to be rather writ *cop-loaf*. MALONE.

P. 156, l. 2. *He would pun thee into shive with his fist,*] *Pun* is in the midland count the vulgar and colloquial word for — *pound*.

JOHNSON

Cole in his Dictionary, renders it by the Lat words *cantera*, *contundo*. Mr. Pope, who astered whatever he did not understand, reads *pound*, and was followed by three subseque editors. MALONE.

P. 156, l. 6. *Thou stool for a witch!*] one way of trying a *witch* they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, th all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stoppe and her sitting would be as painful as the wood horse. GREY.

P. 156, l. 9. — an *assinego* —] I am n very certain what the idea couveyed by this word was meant to be. *Asinno* is Italian, says S T. Hanmer, for an *ass-driver*: but in *Mirza*, Tragedy by Rob. Baron, Act III. the followin passage occurs, with a note annexed to it:

“—— the stout trusty blade,

“That at one blow has cut an *assinego* . . .

“Asunder like a thread. —”

“This (says the author) is the usual trial of the Persian shamshiers, or cemiters, which are crooke like a crescent, of so good metal, that they pierce them before any other, and so sharp as a razor.”

I hope, for the credit of the Prince, that the experiment was rather made on an *ass*, than an *ass driver*. From the following passage I sho

1641. STEEVENS.

Asinego is Portuguese for a *little ass*.

And Dr. Musgrave might have add'd his native country, it is the vulgar *ass* at present. HENLEY.

The same term, as I am informed by a friend among the lower rank of people,

An *asinego* is an *he ass*. RITSON.

P. 156, l. 11. — thou art ~~done~~ done.

This was a proverbial expression. BENTLEY.

P. 156, l. 12. If thou use

i. e. if thou continue to beat me, notice of beating me. STEEVENS.

P. 157, l. 4. 5. — his pia mater.

Twelfth Night: " — here come

has a most weak pia mater." — It

is membrane that protects the

brain. STEEVENS.

P. 157, l. 34. — no man is better

Shakspeare off.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 375

Achilles' brach bids me,] The folio and quarto read, — Achilles' brooch. Brooch is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of Achilles' *hangers-on*. JOUNSON.

Brach I believe to be the true reading. A brooch was a cluster of gems affixed to a pin, and anciently worn in the hats of people of distinction. See the portrait of Sir Christopher Hatton. STEEVENS.

I have little doubt of *brock* being the true reading as a term of contempt.

The meaning of *broche* is well ascertained — a spit — a *bodkin*; which being formerly used in the ladies' dress, was adorned with jewels, and gold and silver ornaments. Hence in old lists of jewels are found *brotthets*.

I have a very magnificent one, which is figured and described by Pennant, in the second volume of his *Tour to Scotland*, p. 14, in which the spit or bodkin forms but a very small part of the whole. LORT.

Brock was properly a trinket with a pin affixed to it, and is consequently used by Shakespeare for an ornament in general.

But Thersites could not mean to compliment Patroclus, and therefore this cannot, I think, be the true reading — *Brach*, which was introduced by Mr. Rowe, might serve well enough, but that it certainly meant a *bitch*. It is possible however that Shakespeare might have used the word as synonymous to *follower*, without any regard to sex.

I have sometimes thought that the word intended might have been Achilles's *brock*, i. e. that overweening conceited toxcomb, who attends upon Achilles. MALONE.

A *brock*, literally, means — a badger. STEEVENS.

P. 165, l. 8. *There is a law in each well-order'd nation,* &c. What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations. JOHNSON.

P. 165, l. 16. 17. — *Hector's opinion.*

Is this, in way of truth:] Though considering truth and justice in this question, this is my opinion; yet as a question of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON.

P. 165, l. 25. — *the performance of our heating spleens,*] The exertion of spite and resentment. JOHNSON.

P. 165, l. 31. *And fame, in time to come, canonize us:*] The hope of being register'd as a saint, is rather out of its place at so early a period, as this of the Trojan war. STEEVENS.

P. 166, l. 6. — *emulation.* —] That is, envy, facious contention. JOHNSON.

Emulation is now never used in an ill sense; but Shakespeare meant to employ it so. He has used the same with more propriety in a former scene, by adding epithets that ascertain its meaning. MALONE.

P. 166, l. 18. — *engineer.* —] The old copies have — *enginer*, which was the old spelling of *engineer*. So *truncheoner*, *pioner*, *mufinere*, *sanneter*, &c. MALONE.

P. 166, l. 22, 23. *Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus;*] The wand of Mercury is wreathed with serpents. STEEVENS.

P. 166, l. 27, 28. — *without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web.*] That is, without drawing their swords to cut the web. They use no means but those of violence. JOHNSON.

P. 164, l. 9. *Rape* in our author's time commonly signified *the carrying away* of a female.

MALONE

It has always borne that, as one of its significations; *raptus Helenae* (without any idea of personal violence) being constantly rendered — *the rape of Helen*. STEEVENS.

P. 164, l. 29. — *Aristotele* —] Let it be remembered as often as Shakspeare's anachronism occur, that errors in computing time, were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library. I may add, that even classick authors are not exempt from such mistakes. In the fifth book of Statius *Thebaid*, Amphiaraus talks of the fates of Nestor and Priam, neither of whom died till long after him. If on this occasion, somewhat should be attributed to this augural profession, yet if he could so freely mention, nay, even quote as example to the whole army, things that would not happen till the next age, they must all have been prophesied as well as himself, or they could not have understood him.

Hector's mention of *Aristotle*, however (during our ancient propensity to quote the authorities on every occasion) is not more absurd than the following circumstance in *The Dialogue of Creatures Morulysed*, bl. 1. no date, (a book which Shakspeare might have seen,) where we find God Almighty quoting *Cato*. See *Dial. IV.*

STEEVENS

P. 165, l. 6. — *of partial indulgence*], i.e. through partial indulgence. M. MASON.

P. 165, l. 7. — *benumbed* —] That is, is flexible, immovable, no longer obedient to a superior direction. JOHNSON.

the prover] There seems to be a professed allusion in the last speech but one spoken by others sites. MALONE.

P. 168, l. 28, 29. — *envious factions*, i. e. envious contending factions. MALONE.

Why not *rival factions*, factions jealous of each other? STEEVENS.

P. 168, l. 30. — *The serpigo* is a kind of tetter. STEEVENS.

P. 169, l. 3. — *shent* —] i. e. rebuked, rated, WARBURTON.

This word is used in common by all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

P. 169, l. 25, 26. — *it was a strong compo-
sure*,] So reads the quarto very properly; but the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a strong counsel*. JOHNSON.

P. 170, l. 2. — *this noble state*,] Person of high dignity; spoken of Agamemnon. JOHNSON.

Noble state rather means *the stately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you*. Patroclus had already addressed Agamemnon by the title of "your greatness." STEEVENS.

State was formerly applied to a single person. Yet Mr. Steevens's interpretation appears to me to agree better with the context here. MALONE.

P. 170, l. 5. — *An after-dinner's breath*] *Breath*, in the present instance, stands for — breathing, i. e. exercise. STEEVENS.

P. 170, l. 22. — *Here tend the savage strange-
ness*] i. e. shyness, distant behaviour. To *tend* is to *attend upon*.

MALONE.

P. 170, l. 24. — *And underwrite* —] To *sub-
scribe*, in Shakspeare, is to obey. JOHNSON.



TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads.—*the mas*
irons. In the late editions *iron* has been substi-
tuted for *irons*, the word found in the old copies
and certainly the true reading. So, in *Ain*
Richard III.

"Put in their hands thy bruising irons
wrath,

"That they may crush down with a heavy fall

"The usurping helmets of our adversaries." MALON

Bruising irons in this quotation, as Mr. Henley has well observed *in loco*, signify — *maces*, weapons formerly used by our English cavalry. See *Grose on Ancient Armour*, p. 53. STEEVENS.

P. 166, last but one l. — *the bone-ache!*] I
the quarto, — *the Neapolitan bone-ache.*

Johnson

P. 167, l. 6. 7. *If I could have remember'd
gilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipp'd
out of my contemplation:*] Here is a plain
Inusion to the counterfeit piece of money called
slip, which occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*
Act II. sc. iv. WHALLEY.

P. 167, l. 12. Thy *blood* means, thy passions, thy natural propensities. MALONE.

P. 168, l. 5. I'll decline the whole question.
Deduce the question from the first case to the last.
JOHNSON

P. 163, l. 5. The four next speeches are in the quarto. JOHNSON.

P. 168, l. 17. — Patroclus is a fool *positive*. The poet is still thinking of his grammar; the first degree of comparison being here in his thoughts.

P. 163, l. 17. Ther. *Mata* that *deutend* MALON

envious, — Why not bid the world to be
other? STEEVENS.
P. 168, l. 50. — The surplice
P. 169, l. 3. — shant —]

This word is used in common
cicut writers. STEEVENS.
P. 169, l. 25, 26. — it was a
sure,] So reads the quarto very
the folio, which the moderns have
it was a strong counsel. JOHNSTON
P. 170, l. 2. — this noble state
high dignity; spoken of Agamemnon
Noble state rather means the
attending nobles whom you brit
troclus had already addressed Ag
e "your greatness." STEEVENS.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 885

out of place; and ought to be assigned to Nestor, as I have ventured to transpose it. Ajax is feeding on his vanity, and boasting what he will do to Achilles; he'll push him o'er the face, he'll make him eat swords, he'll knead him, he'll supple him, &c. Nestor and Ulysses aliy labour to keep him up in this vein; and to this end Nestor craftily hints that Ajax is not warm yet; but must be crammed with more flattery.

THEOBARD.

Nestor was of the same opinion with Dr. Johnson, who, speaking of a metaphysical Scotch writer, said, "that he thought there was 'as much clarity in helping a man down hill as up hill, if his tendency be downwards.'" See Boswell's *Tours to the Hebrides*, third edit. p. 245. MALONE.
"force him — } i. e. stuff him. FAREY,
FR. STEEVENS.

P. 174, l. 8. *Emulous* is here used in an ill-sense, for *envious*. MALONE.
Emulous, in this instance, and perhaps in some others, may well enough be supposed to signify — *jealous of higher authority*. STEEVENS.

P. 174, l. 10. 11. — *that shall pulter thus
with us!* That shall joggle with us, or fly from his engagements.

MALONE.
P. 174, l. 21. *Praise him that got thee, she
that gave thee* [sic!]
This is from St. Luke, xii. 27. STEEVENS.

P. 174, l. 26. 27. — *for thy rigour,* i. e. yield his titles, his celebrity for strength. *Addition*, in legal language, is the title given to each party, shewing his degree, occupation, &c. as esquire, gentleman, yeoman, merchant, &c.

P. 173, l. 6. 7. — *I'll pash him over the face.*] i. e. strike him with violence. REED.

P. 173, l. 9. 10. — *I'll pheeze his pride.*] To pheeze is to comb or curry. JOHNSON.

Mr. Steevens has explained the word *Feeze*, as Dr. Johnson does, to mean the untwisting or unravelling a knotted skein of silk or thread. I recollect no authority for this use of it. To *feeze* is to drive away; and the expression — *I'll feeze his pride*, may signify, I'll humble or lower his pride. WHALLEY.

To *comb* or *curry*, undoubtedly is the meaning of the word here. Kersey in his Dictionary, 1708, says that it is a sea-term, and that it signifies, to separate a cable by untwisting the ends; and Dr. Johnson gives a similar account of its original meaning. But whatever may have been the origin of the expression, it undoubtedly signified in our author's time to beat, knock, strike, or whip. Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders it *flagellare, virgis caedere*, as he does to *seage*, of which the modern school-boy term, to *fag*, is a corruption.

MALONE.

P. 173, l. 12. 13. *Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.*] Not for the value of all for which we are fighting. JOHNSON.

P. 173, l. 20. *I will let his humours blood.*] In the year 1600 a collection of Epigrams and Satires was published with this quaint title: *The Letting of humours blood in the head-vaine.*

MALONE.

P. 173, l. 32. 33. *Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with prouesse.* The latter part of Ajax's speech is certainly

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 595

out of place, and ought to be assigned to Nestor, as I have ventured to transpose it. Ajax is feeding on his vanity, and boasting what he will do to Achilles; he'll push him o'er the face, he'll make him eat swords, he'll knead him, he'll supple him, &c. Nestor and Ulysses slyly labour to keep him up in this vein; and to this end Nestor craftily hints that Ajax is not warm yet, but must be crammed with more flattery.

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P. 174, l. 10. 11. — *that shall puller thus with us!*] That shall jingle with us, or fly from his engagements.

MALONE.

P. 174, l. 21. *Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:*] This is from *St. Luke*, xi. 27. STEEVENS.

P. 174, l. 26. 27. — *for thy vigour, Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield, &c.*] i. e. yield his titles, his celebrity for strength. *Addition*, in legal language, is the title given to each party, shewing his degree, occupation, &c. as *esquire*, *gentleman*, *yeoman*, *merchant*, &c.

Our author here, as usual, chronology. Milo of Croton in Trojan war. MALONE.

P. 174, l. 29. A *bourn* is sometimes a rivulet dividing other. STEEVENS.

P. 175, l. 12. Ajax. Shall Nest. *Ay, my good son.* in the modern editions Ajax title of *father* to Ulysses; in literally, to Nestor. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare had a custom in his own time, in his thoughts. Be who called themselves his son

P. 176, first l. Serv. *I ha
your*

The servant means to quibble. darus will become a better man sent. In his next speech he chides Pandarus as if he had said he inter, and hence the servant affix state of grace. The second of been pointed in the late editions of what rank Pandarus was.

P. 176, l. 23. — *love's ins*
This may mean, the soul of i where else. JOHNSON.

P. 176, last l. *Sodden bi
stew'd phrase, indeed!*] This seems to mean that *sodden* is a the *stews*. STEEVENS.

P. 177, l. 17. — you say now and then, by fits; or as intended. A *fit* was a part or sometimes a strain in music, measure in dancing. The reads

must cause a jest. STEEVENS.

P. 178, l. 2. *And, my Lord, he desires you,* &c.] Here I think the speech of Pandarus should begin, and the rest of it should be added to that of Helen, but I have followed the copies.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Rowe had disposed these speeches in this manner. Hanmer annexes the words, "And to make a sweet lady," &c. to the preceding speech of Pandarus, and in the rest follows Rowe.

MALONE.

P. 178, l. 12-25. *You must not know where he sups.*

Par. *I'll lay my life, with my disposer Crescida.*] These words are in the quarto given to *Helen*, and the editor of the folio did not perceive the error. In like manner in Act II. sc. i. p. 155, four speeches belonging to different persons are all in the quarto assigned to Ajax. "Cobloaf! He would pun thee," &c. and in the last scene of the same act, words that evidently belong to *Nesxor* are given to *Ajax*, [See p. 584, last note.] both

NOT.

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logue Helen steadily
dawns to sing: "My Lo-
bat my Lord," — &
lieve that Shakspeare is
the present inquiry,
also to such an arr-

"Pandarus (he observes
clearly addresses Pa-
calls Cressida his dis-
ever, Paris can call
altogether ignorant.

"Paris means to ca-
directors, as it appears
wards that they ha-

Perhaps Shakspe-
Pandarus says after
sida are twain,"

I do not believe
(below) was our
not deposed Helen
speech in a form
Helen loves Tro-
insisted on by
Ritson] proves
once loved Helen
wards preferre-
might deserve

The words,
in the folio.
where he sup-
assigned to Pa-

I believe,
You must n
added to the
following o
That Cressid

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

or that the beauty of Cressida had any power over Paris, are circumstances not evident from the play? The one is the opinion of Dr. Warburton, — other a conjecture of Mr. Heath's. By giving, however, this line, — *I'll lay my life with my disposer Cressida*, to Helen, and by changing the word *disposer* into *deposer*, some meaning may be obtained. She addresses herself, I suppose, to Pandarus, and, by her *deposer*, means she who thinks her beauty (or, whose beauty I suppose) to be superior to mine. — But the passage in question (as Arthur says of himself in *As You Like It*) is “not worth the coil that is made for it.”

STEEVENS.

The dialogue should perhaps be regulated thus:

“*Par.* Where sups he to-night?

“*Helen.* Nay, but my Lord,

“*Pan.* What says my sweet Queen?

“*Par.* My cousin will fall out with you.

[To Helen.]

“*Pan.* You must not know where he sups.

[To Par.]

“*Helen.* I'll lay my life with my deposer Cressida.”

She calls Cressida her *deposer*, because she has *deposed* her in the affections of Troilus, who Pandarus in a preceding scene is ready to swear she *lov'd more than Paris*. RITSON.

P. 178, l. 16. — *you are wide;*] i. e. wide of your mark; a common exclamation when an archer missed his aim. STEEVENS.

P. 178, l. 21. *I spy.*] This is the usual exclamation at a childish game called *Hie, spy hie*. STEEVENS.

P. 178, l. 31. 52. *Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.*] i. e. the recon-

"I think we should rather read: — *at the wrocl*. —
[See *Notes*, p. 183, note 1, for *Troywain*.]

Mr. M^r Mason observes that the meaning of this difficult passage is, "I will back the falcon against the tiercel; I will wager that the falcon is equal to the tiercel." STEEVENS.

P. 182, l. 30. 51. *In witness whereof the parties interchangeably — I have set their hands and seals.* So afterwards: "Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it." MALONE.

P. 183, l. 15. 16. — *let my lady apprehend no fear;* in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.] From this passage, a Fear appears to have been a personage in other pageants; or perhaps in our ancient Moralities. STEEVENS.

P. 183, l. 18-20. — *where we would weep seeds,* live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; Here we have, not a Trojan Prince talking to his mistress, but Orlando Turibio vowing that he will endure every calamity that can be imagined; boasting that he will achieve more than ever knight performed. MALONE.

P. 183, last l. — *our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reverions;* &c.] I cannot forbear to observe, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head shall go bare, till merit crown part no affection, in reverions, &c.* Had there been no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The true reading is in the folios.

P. 184, l. 2. — *his addition shall be knighted.* We will give him no high & pompous titles.] ADDITION.

Addition is still the term used by conveyancers in describing the quality and condition of the par-

TELLING Deeds, &c. REED.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 591

the head of this speech, no more of it; I am
confident, than the last five or six words belongs
to that character. The rest is clearly Helen's.

RITSON.

P. 182, l. 13. 14. — *you must be watch'd ere
you be made tame,*] Alluding to the manner of
taming hawks. STEEVENS.

Hawks were tam'd by being *kept from sleep*,
and thus Pandarus means that Cressida should be
tamed. MALONE.

P. 182, l. 16. — *we'll put you i'the fill.*] That is, in the shafts. *Fill* is a provincial word
used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a
cart or waggon. MALONE.

P. 182, l. 17. 18. — *draw this curtain, and
t's see your picture.*] It should seem from
these words that Cressida, like Olivia in *Twelfth
Night*, was intended to come in veil'd. Pandarus
never had as usual a double meaning. MALONE.

P. 182, l. 20. — *rub on, and kiss the mis-
tress.*] The allusion is to *bowling*. What we
now call *the jack*, seems in Shakespeare's time to
have been termed *the mistress*. A bowl that *kiss-*
the jack or *mistress*, is in the most adven-
turous situation. *Rub on* is a term at the same
time. MALONE.

P. 182, l. 21. *A kiss in fee-farm,* is a
kind of a duration that has no bounds; a fee-farm
being a grant of lands in fee, that is, for ever,
paying a certain rent. MALONE.

P. 182, l. 23. 24. *The falcon at the tercel,
r all the ducks i'the river:*] Pandarus means,
that he'll match his niece against her lover for any
sum. The *tercel* is the male hawk; by the *falcon*
we generally understand the female.

TERCET.

NOTES

532

I think we should rather re-

Mr. M. Mason observes that the tiercel, I will wager to the tiercel.

P. 183, l. 30. 31. I parties interchangeably and seals. So afterwards

made: seal it, seal it."

P. 183, l. 15. 16. — no fear: in all Cupid presented no monster.)

appears to have been a p or perhaps in our anc

P. 183, l. 18-20. seas, live in fire,

Here we have, not a mistress, but Orlando boasting that he wi

knight performed.

P. 183, last l. — merit crown it: no

I cannot forbear to thus: Our head sh part no affection, been no other co

rected? The t

P. 184, l. 2. — We will give him

Addition is s in describing the ties to deeds, &

P. 184, l. 4. — *what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth;*] i. e. shall be *only* a mock for his truth. Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word *envy*) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way except by ridiculing him for his constancy.

MALONE.

P. 185, l. 26. *Let me go and try:*] This verse being imperfect, I suppose our author to have originally written:

Let me go in, my Lord, and try. STEEVENS.
P. 185, last l. & P. 186, l. 1-5. — *But you are wise;*

*Or else you love not; For to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.]* I read:

*— but we're not wise,
Or else we love not; to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; —*

Cressida, in return to the praise given by Troilus to her wisdom, replies: "That lovers are never wise; that it is beyond the power of man to bring love and wisdom to an union." JOHNSON.

I don't think that this passage requires any amendment. Cressida's meaning is this: "Perchance I tell too roundly to confession, in order to aangle for your thoughts; but you are not so easily taken in; you are too wise or too indifferent; for to be wise and love, exceeds man's might." M. MASON.

This is from Spenser, *Shepherd's Calendar, March:*

"To be wise, and eke to love,
Is granted scarce to gods above."

TENEBRIST.

in the wane; and in the conjunction do utterlie
Wher and fade." FARMER.

P. 186, l. 30. 31. As Troilus, authentick au-
thor to be cited,

[As true as Troilus shall crown up the
verse,] Troilus shall
crown the verse, as a man to be cited as the
authentick author of truth; as one whose pro-
testations were true to a proverb. JOHNSON.
— crown up the verse,] i. e. conclude it. *Finis*
cotidian opus. STEEVENS.

P. 187, l. 18-20. — let all constant men be
Truilades, all false women Cressids, and all
brokers-between Pandars! Though Sir T. Han-
mer's emendation [inconstant] be plausible, I
believe Shakspeare wrote — constant. He seems
to have been less attentive to make Pandar talk
consequentially, than to account for the ideas
actually annexed to the three names. Now it is
certain, that, in his time, a *Troilus* was as clear
an expression for a *constant lover*, as a *Cressida*
and a *Pandar* were for a *jilt* and a *pimp*. TYRWHIT.

I entirely agree with Mr. Tyrwhit, and am
happy to have his opinion in support of the read-
ing of the old copy, from which, in my appre-
hension, we ought not to deviate, except in cases
of extreme necessity. Of the assertion in the latter
part of his note relative to the constancy of Troilus
various proofs are furnished by our old poets.

Mr. M. Mason objects, that *constant* cannot
be the true reading, because Pandarus has already
supposed that they should both prove false to each
other, and it would therefore be absurd for him
to say that *Troilus* should be quoted as an exam-
ple of constancy. But to this the answer is, that

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 597

Shakspeare himself knew what the event of the story was, and who the person was that did prove false; that many expressions in his plays have dropped from him in consequence of that knowledge that are improper in the mouth of the speaker; and that in his licentious mode of writing, the words, “*if ever you prove false to one another,*” may mean, not, if you both prove false, but, *if it should happen that any falsehood or breach of faith should disunite* *goys* *who are now thus attached to each other,* This might and did happen, by one of the parties proving false, and breaking her engagement.

The modern editions read — *if ever you prove false to one another;* but the reading of the text is that of the quarto and folio, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare’s age. MALONE.

It is clearly the intention of the poet that this imprecation should be such a one as was verified by the event, as it is in part to this very day. But neither was Troilus ever used to denote an *inconstant* lover, nor, if we believe the story, did he ever deserve the character, as both the others did in truth deserve that shame here imprecated upon them. Besides, Pandarus, seems to adjust his imprecation to those of the other two preceding, just as they dropped from their lips; *as false as Oressid,* and consequently *as true* (or *as constant*) *as Troilus.* HEATH.

P. 187, l. 195. 24. *Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed,*] These words are not in the old copy, but what follows shews that they were inadvertently omitted. MALONE.

This deficiency was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. He reads, however, “*— a chamber with a bed;* which bed, because,” &c. STEEVENS.

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wither and fade." FARMER.

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coronat opus. STEEVENS.

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NOTES TO

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P. 188, l. 9-10. That, through
I have abandon'd bear in [
all the modern editions is silently
printed thus:
through the sight I be-

The word is so printed that nothing
can determine whether it be *love*
lieve that the editors read it as *lo*
made the alteration to obtain some

I do not perceive why *love*, a
dent reading of both the quartos
be passed over without some at-
tention. In my opinion it may signify —
sisting Troy with my advice, I
dominion of *love*, to the c
amour of Paris and Helen."

This reasoning perplexes M
foresaw his country was undoubt-
the Greeks; and this he makes
editor). I own (continues he)
oratory seem to be somewhat
natural. Nor do I know how
our poet purposely intended
the part of a *true priest*, an
self-interest insinuate the m
editor did not know how to
neither. For I do not know
the motives of his orator
he would insinuate, that
to make his priest self-inte-
servation, was done for)

Shakespeare thought of nothing so silly, as
uld be to draw his priest a *knav*, in order
ake him talk like a *fool*. Though that be
te which generally attends their abusers. But
peare was no such; and consequently wanted,
his cover for dulness. The *perverseness* is
e editor's own, who interprets,
— *through the sight I have in things to
come,*

I have abandon'd Troy —

nify, "by my power of prescience finding
ountry must be ruined, I have therefore
loned it to seek refuge with you;" whereas
ue sense is, "Be it known unto you, that ou
nt of a gift or faculty I have of seeing things
me, which faculty I suppose would be
ned by you as acceptable and useful, I have
loned Troy my native country." That he
not mean what the editor supposes, appears
these considerations: First, if he had repre-
l himself as running from a falling city, he
never have said:

*I have — expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniencies,
To doubtful fortunes; —*
dly, the absolute knowledge of the fall of
was a secret hid from the inferior gods them-
; as appears from the poetical history of
war. It depended on many contingencies,
existence they did not foresee. All that they
was, that if such and such things happened,
would fall. And this secret they communica-
to Cassandra only, but along with it, the
ot to be believed. Several others knew each
ral part of the secret; one, that Troy could
t taken unless Achilles went to the war.

402 NOTES TO
COP. ACT II. SCENE 25.

- P. 189, l. 2-4. — *and her presence*
— *shall quite strike off all sense*
done,
now. In most accepted pain.] Sir
and Dr. Warburton after him, read:
In most accepted pay.
They do not seem to understand the
of the passage. *Her presence, says C*
strike off, or recompence the ser
done, even in those labours which were
accepted. JOHNSON.
P. 189, l. 22. *Why such unpleas*
bent, why turn'd
If the eyes were bent on him, they w
on him. This tautology therefore, to
the redundancy of the line, plainly shou
ught to read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer
Why such unpleasive eyes are
and turn'd on him:
P. 191, l. 20. — *how dearly ever*
However excellently endowed, with ho
or precious parts enriched or adorned.
Johnson's explanation of the word *par*
P. 192, l. 5. — *in his circumstances*
detail or circumduction of his argument
P. 192, l. 12. — *like a gate of*
Frosting the sun.) This idea
have been caught from some of our Tra
mances, which often describe gates of sin
tential and fulgurate. STEEVENS.
P. 192, l. 15. — *The unknown Ajax*
who has qualities which were never bro
view or use. JOHNSON.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 691

ly often used in the sense of *wrest*, as it
is here. MALONE.

58, l. 29 - 32. — *But this Antenor,*
know; is such a wrest in their affaires,
hat their negociations all must slack,
wanting his manage:] According to Dr.
a, who quotes the second line in his Dic-
, the meaning is, that the *loss* of Antenor is
violent distortion of their affairs, &c. But
former scene we had o'er-rested for o'er-
d, so here I strongly suspect *wrest* has been
instead of *rest*. Antenor is such a *stay*
part of their affairs, &c. All the ancient
muskets had *rests*, by which they were
ted. The subsequent words — *wanting*
image — appear to me to confirm the emen-
To say that Antenor *himself* (for so the
runs, not the *loss* of Antenor,) is a vi-
ortion of the Trojan negotiations, is little
than nonsense. MALONE.

ve been informed that a *wrest* anciently si-
. a sort of tuning-hammer, by which the
of some musical instruments were screwed
ested up to their proper degree of tension.
r's advice might be supposed to produce a
al effect on the Trojan councils, which
rise

— must slack,
Wanting his manage; —." SHAKESPEARE.
est is not misprinted for *rest*, as Mr. Ma-
supposes in his correction of Dr. Johnson,
as certainly mistaken the sense of this word.
ans an instrument for tuning the harp, by
ng up the strings. DODGE.

*clearly
wed, with howev-
er adorned. Johnson.
f the word parted is
is circumstance,] M. MASOL
of his argument. In the
— like a gate of steel
sun,] This idea appears to
om some of our ancient re-
describe gates of similar ma-
g. STEEVENS.
*The unknown Ajax.] Ajax,
were never brought into**

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

405

scribers; and unskillful printers. He has somewhere else observed, that perhaps we have not received one of our author's plays as it was originally written, STEEVENS,

P. 194. L. 4. 5. *And give to dust, that is a little gilt,*

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.] The old copies — goe to dust. In this mangled condition do we find this truly fine observation transmuted. Mr. Pope saw it was corrupt, and therefore, as I presume, threw it out of the text; because he would not indulge his private sense in attempting to make sense of it. I owe the foundation of the amendment, which I have given in the text, to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. I read:

*And give to dust that is a little gilt,
More laud than they will give to gold, o'er
dusted.* THIRLBY.

This emendation has been adopted by the succeeding editors, but recedes too far from the copy. There is no other corruption than such as Shakespeare's incorrectness often resembles. He has omitted the article *the*, in the second line: He should have written:

More laud than to gilt o'er-dusted. JAHN.

Gilt in the second line is a substantive.
Dust a little gilt means, ordinary performance, ostentatiously displayed, and magnified by the favour of friends and that admiration of novelty which prefers "new-born gawds" to "things past." *Gilt o'er-dusted* means, splendid actions of preceding ages, the remembrance of which is weakened by time.

The poet seems to have been thinking of

NOTES TO

Our poet was so fond. One man eats, while another fasts. Achilles is he who fasts; who capriciously abstains from those active exertions which would furnish new food for his pride. MALONE.

P. 195, l. 1, and fol. Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back, &c.] This speech is printed in all the modern editions with such deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor. JOHNSON.

P. 195, l. 19-21. Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,

Lie there for pavement to the abject rear, Over-run and trampled on:] The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus:

And leave you hindmost, then what they do at present —

The folio seems to have some omission, for the simile begins,

Or, like a gallant horse —. JOHNSON.
The construction is, Or, like a gallant horse, &c. You lie there for pavement —, the personal pronoun of a preceding line being understood here. There are many other passages in these plays in which a similar ellipsis is found. MALONE.

P. 195, l. 52. 53. For beauty, wit, High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service, I The modern

editors read: For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service, &c.

I do not deny but the changes produce a inferior work of Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson might have said, — the great Shakespeare as inaugled by the author, — the great

scribers; and unskilful printers. He has somewhere else observed, that perhaps we have not received one of our author's plays as it was originally written. STEEVENS.

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The poet seems to have been thinking rather of

But I think *question* means intercourse, interchange of conversation. JOHNSON.

— Question of the gentle truce is, conversation while the gentle truce lasts. MALONE.

P. 199, l. 22. — *By Venus' hand I swear,*] This oath was used to insinuate his resentment for Diomedes' wounding his mother in the hand.

WARBURTON.

— I believe Shakespeare had no such allusion in his thoughts. He would hardly have made Achæus civil and uncivil in the same breath. STEEVENS.

P. 200, l. 5. *His purpose meets you,*] I bring you his meaning and his orders. JOHNSON.

P. 200, l. 34. *The lees and dregs of a flat tanned piece,*] i.e. a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all drawn.

WARBURTON.

P. 201, l. 2. *But he as he, the heavier for a*

whore,] I read: *But he as he, each heavier for a whore.* Heavy is taken both for weighty, and for end or miserable. The quarto reads:

But he as he, the heavier for a whore, I know not whether the thought is not that of a wager. It must then be read thus:

But he as he, Which heavier for a whore? That is, for a whore staked down, which is the heavier? JOHNSON.

As the quarto reads: *the heavier for a whore,*

I think all new pointing or alteration unnecessary. The sense appears to be this: the merits of either

are sunk in value, because the contest between them is only for a strumpet. STEEVENS. 10

The merits of each, whatever they may be, being weighed one against the other, are easily

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 407.

evidences of the universe, a kind of *apignified*, expression is exquisitely fine; yet, the Oxford alters it to — *Keeps pace, and so destroys beauty.* WARBURTON.

here not here some allusion to that sublime notion of the divine omnipresence in the 139th? HENLEY.

P. 294, l. 32. 33. *There is a mystery (with whom relation*

Durst never meddle in the soul of state,) there is a secret administration of affairs, which history was ever able to discover. JOHNSON.
P. 195, l. 52. 33. *Omission to do what is necessary*

Seals a commission to a blank of dangers, neglecting our duty we commission or enable at danger of dishonour, which could not reach before, to lay hold upon us. JOHNSON.
P. 196, l. 23. — with a *politick regard,* With *shy look.* JOHNSON.

P. 198, l. 6. It has been already observed that *catling* signifies a small Inte-string made of cat-tail. One of the musicians in *Romeo and Juliet* called Simen *Catling.* STEEVENS.

P. 198, l. 10. — *the more capable creature,* the more intelligent creature. MALONE.

P. 198, l. 11—15. *My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;* And I myself see not the bottom of it.] This is an image frequently introduced by our author. STEEVENS.

P. 199, l. 11. *During all question of the gentle truce;*] I speak I ought to read:

During all question of the gentle truce,

[*whore.*] each heavier for a whore
for weighty; and for sadder
and realer.
the heavier for a whore,
or the thought is not that of a
can be read thus:
Which, heavier for a whore?
ore staked down, which is the
N. ~~which~~ ^{is the} ends;
piet for a whore,
ointing or alteration unnecessary;
to be this: the meritis of either
ue, because the contest between
a trumpet. STEEVENS. 10
I, each, whatever they may be,
are against the other, as easily

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 409

in each of the scales, however, in which
weights are to be weighed, a basket must be
, since each of them has been equally bat-
to one. This is the reading of the quarto.
olio reads,

— which *heavier for a whore.* MALONE,
101, l. 15, *We'll not command what we
intend to sell.*] I be-

the meaning is only this: though you prac-
s buyer's art, we will not practise this self-

We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not
end her. JOHNSON.

Warburton would read — *not sell.*

SEEVERS.

sense, I think, requires we should read —
nn. TYNDAL.

en Dr. Johnson says, they meant to sell
dear, he evidently does not mean that they
intended to sell her at all, (as he has been
stood,) but that the Greeks should pay very
or her, if they had her. We'll not com-
what we intend to make you pay very dear
if you have her. So Ajax says in another
“however, he shall pay for me, not be-
re,”

uand is, I think, the true reading, our
having introduced a similar sentiment in
ther places. MALONE. Evidently Dr. Warburton's reading is the true one,
We'll not command what we intend not sell,
lently opposed to

Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;”
same speech.

such elliptical phraseology as is introduced
r. Warburton's emendation, my author's
will afford numerous examples of Explanations.

P. 210, l. 52-54. *Grecian, thou dost not use
me courteously,*

*To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her.] Old copies — the *zeal*,
To shame the *zeal* of a petition is nonsense. Shak-
speare wrote:*

*To shame the *zeal* —*
and the sense is this: *Grecian, you use me dis-
courteously; you see I am a *passionate* lover by
my petition to you; and therefore you should not
shame the *zeal* of it, by promising to do what I
require of you, for the sake of her *beauty*; when,
if you had good manners, or a sense of a *lover's*
delicacy, you would have promised to do it in
compassion to his *pangs* and *sufferings*.*

WARBURTON.

*Troilus, I suppose, means to say, that Diomedes does not use him courteously by addressing himself to Cressida, and assuring her that she shall be well treated for her own sake, and on account of her singular beauty, instead of making a direct answer to that *warm* request which Troilus had just made to him to "entreat her fair."*

MALONE.

P. 211, l. 10, *I'll answer to my *lust*;*] *Lust* I think is right, though both the old copies read *lust*. JOHNSON.

Lust is, inclination, will. HENLEY.

So, in *Exodus*, xv. 9: "I will divide the spoil; *my lust* shall be satisfied upon them." In many of our ancient writers, *lust* and *list* are synonymous employed, *I'll answer to my lust*, — *I'll follow my inclination.* STEEVENS.

Lust was used formerly as synonymous to *ple-
asure*. MALONE.

*And violenteth in a sense as strokēt
As that which causeth it, —*

Violenteth is a word with which I am not acquainted, yet perhaps it may be right. The reading of the text is without authority. JOHNSON.

P. 208, l. 9. *Consign'd* means sealed; from *consigno*, Lat. MALONE.

P. 208, l. 12. *Distasted with the salt of broken tears.*] i. e. of tears to which we are not permitted to give full vent; being interrupted and suddenly torn from each other. The poet was probably thinking of broken sobs, or broken slumbers. MALONE.

Broken tears is sufficiently explained by — *interrupted tears*. STEEVENS.

P. 208, l. 28. *Deem* (a word now obsolete) signifies, *opinion*, *surmise*. STEEVENS.

P. 208, l. 33. *For I will throw my glove to death himself,*] That is, I will challenge death himself in defence of thy fidelity. JOHNSON.

P. 209, l. 26. *The lavolta was a dance.* STEEVENS.

P. 210, l. 10. *While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth, catch mere simplicity;*] The meaning, I think, is, while others, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation. JOHNSON.

P. 210, l. 21. *The port is the gate.* STEEVENS.

P. 210, l. 22. — *possesst thee what she is.*] I will make thee fully understand. This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our author. JOHNSON.

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Lust was used formerly as synonymous to
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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 1615

She tells him that then he shall have Ulysses when Helen is a maid again.

"Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due;

"Ulyss. Never's thy day, and then a kiss for you."

But I rather think that Ulysses means to slight her, and that the present reading is right. JOHNSON.

P. 214, l. 18. 19. *There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,*
Nay, her foot speaks,] One would almost think that Shakspeare had, on this occasion, been reading St. Chrysostom, who says — “*Non loquuta es lingua, sed loquuta es gressu: non loquuta es voce, sed oculis loquuta es clarius quam voce;*” i. e. “they say nothing with their monthes, they speake in their gate, they speake with their eyes, they speake in the carriage of their bodies.” I have borrowed this invective against a wanton, as well as the translation of it, from Burton’s *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. Sect. II. Memb. 2. Subs. 3. STEEVENS.

P. 214, l. 21. *Motive, for part that contributes to motion.* JOHNSON.

P. 214, l. 23. *That give a chasting welcome ere it comes,*] Ere what comes? As this passage stands, the pronoun *it*, has no antecedent. Johnson says, *a chasting* means an *amorous address, courtship,* but he has given no example to prove it, or shown how the word can possibly bear that meaning. If have no doubt but we should read:

And give a chasting welcome ere it come. — M. MASON
Mr. M. Mason’s conjecture is plausible and in-

genious; and yet, without some hesitation, it cannot be admitted into the text.

A coasting welcome may mean a side-long glance of invitation. Ere it comes, may signify, before such an overture has reached her. Perhaps, therefore, the plain sense of the passage may be, that Cressida is one of those females who throw out their lure, before any like signal has been made to them by our sex.

I always advance with reluctance what I cannot prove by examples; and yet perhaps I may be allowed to add, that in some old book of voyages which I have formerly read, I remember that the phrase, a coasting salute, was used to express a salute of guns from a ship passing by a fortified place at which the navigator did not design to stop, though the salute was instantly returned. Cressida may therefore resemble a fortress which salutes before it has been saluted. STEEVENS.

A coasting welcome is a conciliatory welcome that makes silent advances before the tongue has uttered a word. MALONE.

P. 214, l. 25, 26. — set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity, J. Cor.
rupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity
may make a prey. JOHNSON.

P. 214, last l. & P. 215, first l. — what shall
be done

To him that victory commands? This
phrase is scriptural, and signifies — what hon-
our shall he receive? So, in Samuel I. 26: "What shall be done to the man that killeth
this Philistine?" STEEVENS.

P. 215, l. 4. — to the edge of all extremity
So, in All's well that ends well: "To the ex-
treme edge of hazard." STEEVENS.

She tells him that then he shall have it, — When Helen is a maid again:

"*Cres.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due;

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this Philistine?" STEEVENS.

P. 215, l. 4. — *to the et
end, in All's well that end
treme edge of hazard.*" ST

TROIUS AND CRESSIDA. 417

P. 215, l. 10-12. Achil. *'Tis done like Hector; &c.*] This speech, in the old copies, is given to Agamemnon.

MALONE.

It seems absurd to me, that Agamemnon should make a remark to the disparagement of Hector for pride, and that Aeneas should immediately say,

"If not Achilles, Sir, what is your name?" To Achilles I have ventured to place it. and consulting Mr. Dryden's alteration of this play, I was, not a little pleased to find, that I had but seconded the opinion of that great man in this point.

THEOBALD.

Though all the old copies agree in giving this speech to Agamemnon, I have no doubt but Theobald is right in restoring it to Achilles. It is this very speech, so much in character, that makes Aeneas immediately recognize Achilles, and say in reply,

"If not Achilles, Sir, what is your name?" And it is to Achilles he afterwards addresses himself in reply to this speech; on which he answers the observation it contains on Hector's conduct, by giving his just character, and clearing himself from the charge of pride. — I have already observed that the copies of this play are uncommonly faulty with respect to the distribution of the speeches to the proper persons. M. MASON.

P. 215, l. 10. — *securely done,*] In the sense of the Latin, *securus — securus admodum dubio, animi securi homo.* A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton truly observes, that the word *securely* is here used in the Latin sense.

Warner, in his ingenious letter to Mr. ~~G~~, thinks this sense peculiar to Shakespeare, (says he) I have not been able to trace it where." This gentleman has treated me with much civility, that I am bound in honour to move his difficulty.

It is to be found in the last act of *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"O damned devil, how *secure* he is."

In my Lord Bacon's *Essay on Humour*, ther ist any Prince or state be *secure* conion discoutents." And besides these, in Dr Fletcher, and the vulgar translation of the

Mr. Warner had as little success in his ~~hes~~ for the word *religion* in its Latin accept I meet with it however in Hoby's translation *Castilio*, 1561: "Some be so scrupulous, were, with a *religion* of this their Tidende."

Ben Jonson more than once uses both the substantive and the adjective in this sense.

As to the word *Cavalero*, with the termination, it is to be found in Heywood, Davies, Taylor, and many other writers.

P. 215, l. 18. 19. *In the extremity of*
and little,

Valour and pride excel themselves in
tòr;] Shakspeare's

is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is his character. The meaning is plain! (say Aeneas) is in Hector greater than in other men, and pride in Hector is less than in other men. So that Hector is distinguishing the excellence of having pride less than pride, and valour more than other valour.

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could have been rendered by any other words than knight and squire. Mr. Pope, in his translation of the *Iliad*, is very liberal of the former a song.

STEVENS.

These knights to the amount of about two hundred thousand (for there were not less in both armies) Shakespeare found with all the appendages of chivalry in *The Three Destinations of Troilus*.

P. 218, l. 30. — *divine integrity*;] i. divine integrity like that of heaven. STEVENS.

P. 218, l. 32. — *most imperious* [Agamemnon] Imperious and Imperial had formerly the same signification. MALONE.

P. 219, l. 5. Men. *The noble Metropolis* Mr. Ritson supposes this speech to belong to Aeneas. REED.

P. 219, l. 8. 9. *Mock not*, that I affect the untried oath, sultry

Your quondam wise swears still by *Perseus' glove*.] The quondam has here a strange corruption.

Mock not thy effect, the untried oaths of men.

A singular oath, not in common use; cf. T. Ward's *Wit at Wits' End*, act. i. sc. 1. and Malone.

P. 219, l. 16. *Labouring for dottity*;] The exaggeration of Feste. MALONE.

P. 220, l. 17 — 19. — *and I have seen thee, as safe as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed*,] As the equestrian

image of Perseus, on the present occasion must be alluded to, this simile will serve to confirm the opinion, that in a former instant the horse was meant for a real one, and not, allegorically, a steedship. See p. 260, last note. STEVENS.

NOTES TO

Such a licentious conjecture deserves no attention.
—^{MALOR}

My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus ^{the son} he meant Achilles himself; and remembering ^{the son} was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, ^{considered} Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilium*, thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have used Neoptolemus ^{as} Achilles. Wilfrid Holme, the author of a poem called *The Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion*, &c. 1537, had made the same mistake before him. In Lydgate, however, Achilles, Neoptolemus, and Pyrrhus, are distinct characters. Neoptolemus is enumerated among the Grecian Princes who first embarked to revenge the rape of Helen; and Pyrrhus, very properly, is not heard of till after the death of his father. SLEEVENS.

I agree with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens in thinking that Shakspeare supposed Neoptolemus ^{was} the *nomen gentilium*: an error into which he might have been led by some book of the time. That by Neoptolemus he meant Achilles, and not Pyrrhus, may be inferred from a former passage in p. 495, by which it appears that he knew Pyrrhus had not yet engaged in the siege of Troy.

"But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home," &c. MALOR.

P. 218, l. 2. Well answer it;] That is, answer the *expectance*. JOHNSON.

P. 218, l. 15. The word *knight*, as often it occurs, is sure to bring with it the idea of chivalry, and revives the memory of Amadis and his fantastic followers, rather than that of the mighty confederates who fought on either side in the Trojan war. I wish that *equus* and *arrogant*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 465

Perhaps the secret of Achilles arose from a opposition that Ulysses, by inviting Hector immediately after his visit to Agamemnon, designedly to represent himself as the person next in rank and consequence to the general of the Grecian forces.

STEEVENS.

P. 220, last but one l. Now, Hector, I had
fed mine eyes on thee.) The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector, is taken from Lydgate.

STEEVENS.

P. 221, first l. And quoted joint by joint.] To quote is to observe. STEEVENS.

P. 221, l. 32. — by the forge that stithy'd Mars his helm,) After this is an anvil, and from hence the verb stithy'd is formed. M. MASON.

The word is still used in Yorkshire. MALONE.

P. 222, l. 5-7. You may have every day enough of Hector,

If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.) Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to intinute that he was afraid of fighting with Hector: " You may every day (says he) have enough of Hector, if you choose it; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to engage with him."

To have a stomach to any thing, is, to have an inclination to it. M. MASON.

P. 222, l. 9. We have had peking ware
i.e. petty, inconsiderable ones. STEEVENS.

P. 222, l. 17. To gongive is to feast. This word is not peculiar to Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

" If the poet had ~~said~~^{wrote} — Aeneas means, " Nestor is still living old man; we have long known his may, however, only meant to infer Nestor is the person who has addx

I believe, that Aeneas, who at the ceremonies, is now merely an to Hector, as he had before and to him; for as Mr. Ritson has ob speech, p. 421. most evidently be

P. 220, l. 53. 54. Achil. I st

Lord U
Should we not read — *though* i
ng you have invited Hector to
draw him first into wine. TYR
The repetition of *thou!* was
one who meant to insult another
Night: " — if thou *thou'st*,
it shall not be amiss." STEEV
L. eviations on the

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 425

Perhaps the scorn of Achilles arose from a supposition that Ulysses, by inviting Hector immediately after his visit to Agamemnon, designed to represent himself as the person next in rank and consequence to the general of the Grecian forces.

STEEVENS.

P. 220, last but one l. Now, Hector, I had fed mine eyes on thee.] The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector, is taken from Lydgate.

STEEVENS.

P. 221, first l. And quoted joint by joint.] To quote is to observe. STEEVENS.

P. 221, l. 32. — by the forge that stithy'd Mars his helm,] A. stithy is an *anvil*, and from hence the verb *stithied* is formed. M. MASON.

The word is still used in Yorkshire. MALONE.

P. 222, l. 5-7. You may have every day enough of Hector, If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.] Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he was afraid of fighting with Hector. " You may every day (says he) have enough of Hector, if you choose it; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to engage with him."

To have a *stomach* to any thing, is, to have an inclination to it. M. MASON.

P. 222, l. 9. We have had pelting wars,] i. e. petty, inconsiderable ones. STEEVENS.

P. 222, l. 17. To *convive* is to *feast*. This word is not peculiar to Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

thor thought the *nest gall* the *blister gall*, which is called *nat*, from the conglomeration of *burrum*; but both the critics read — *Out gall!* [P. 224, l. 25. *Finch egg!*] Of this I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as it is a gaudy, useless favourite, and yet more, something more worthless; a singing bird in the egg, or gaudily, a slight thing easily crushed. JOHNSON.

A *finch's egg* is remarkably gaudy; but such terms of reproach it is difficult to promote to the true signification. STEEVENS.

[P. 224, l. 28. 29. *Here is a letter from Hecuba;*

A token from her daughter, my fate, &c.] This is a circumstance taken from the story-book of *The Three Destinations of Troy*. He

[P. 225, l. 6-15. *Here's Agamemnon,* an honest fellow enough, and one that loves his wife; but he has not so much brain as ear w^t — *the goodly transformation of Jupiter that he his brother, the bull,* — *the primitive star,* and oblique monorail of cuckold; a thrifing-horn in a chain, hanging at his *leg*, — *what form*, but that he is, wit larded with malice, and malice forced wit, turn him to P] He calls *Mordred* the transformation of Jupiter, that is, as he himself explains it, the *bull*, on account of this *star*, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold was the primitive status of cuckold; i. e. Mordred had made him so famous, that he stood as great archetype of his character. WILKINSON.

Mr. Heath observes, that “the *monorail* was called ‘oblique’; because it was only *one* such, upon the common supposition.”

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

The person spoken of in Dekker's
fronte, a harlot, who is introduced
in the text. I have no doubt that the text is

There is nothing either criminal or in
a male varlet. The word *propostor*
adapted to express the idea of Thersites,
therefore requires that we should adopt

M. MASON.
Man-mistress is a term of reproach
out by Dorax, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian*
of Portugal. STEEVENS.

P. 224, l. 6-11. Now the rotten dia-
the south, the guts-gripping, ruptures
folio at cold palsies. This passage, as de-
is in the quarto: the retrenchment was
opinion judicious. It may be remarked, that
it proves nothing, that, of the few other
made by Milton in the second edition of his
wonderful poem, one way, an enlargement to
enumeration of diseases. JOHNSON.

P. 224, l. 16. — you ruinous heat,] Re-
clus reproaches Thersites with deformity, having
one part crowded into another, JOHNSON

P. 224, l. 17. — you whoretos indistinct
ible cur,] i.e. thou cur of an undetermin-
able shape. STEEVENS.

P. 224, l. 19. — them idle, immortal babes
fallow side,] All the terms used by Thersites
Patroclus, are emphatically expressive of
timility, compliance, and mean offices. JOHNSON.

P. 224, l. 20. — Och, gall!] Sir T. Hatfield
is — nut-gall, which answers well enough to
bragg; it has already appeared, that our man

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ADMIRER OF CHAUCER'S MORT

P. 227, l. 8. — *he keepeſ a Trojan drab,* [the character of Diomedes like those of the Lydians. STEEVENS. 1830. b. 1830. quarto 1830.]

P. 228, l. 5. — *She will sing unto me at my* [sight.] [We now say *in*]

link at sight. The meaning is the same, and corresponds to the first stanza of *Malibran* [1810. p. 228. l. 5. — *if he entake her clef,*] [This is her key. Clef, French. JOHNSON. 1812. p. 117. l. 1. — a mark in music at the beginning of the lines of a song; and is the indication of the pitch, and bespeaks what kind of voice—of bass, tenor, or treble; it is proper for, utopia, &c. &c. and of personal. BRAD. HAWKES. 1812. p. 21. l. 1. — *You flow to great destruction;*]

P. 229, l. 8. — *You flow to great destruction;* [Means, I think, your impetuosity is such as may necessarily expose you to imminent danger. 1812. p. 21. l. 1. — *From the general* [Malibran]

The folio has: [Malibran] [1812. p. 21. l. 1. — *You flow to great destruction;*]

You flow to great destruction; [Malibran] [1812. p. 21. l. 1. — *The quantity* [Malibran] [1812. p. 21. l. 1. — *You flow to great destruction;*]

(1812. p. 21. l. 1. — *You flow to great destruction;* [Malibran] [1812. p. 21. l. 1. — *Johnson.* — *I would adhere to the old reading.* — *You flow to great destruction,* or *distraction,* means the tide of your imagination will hurry you either to noble death from the hand of Diomedes, or to the height of madness from the predominance of your own passions. STEEVENS. 1830. b. 1830. quarto 1830.]

Possibly we ought to read *destruction.* [Malibran] [1812. p. 21. l. 1. — *A friend has told Troilus just before this, a blemish has got upon this place is dangerous to us all.* — *The amazement deadly.* [Malibran]

P. 229, l. 32. — *you paten.* [Malibran] [1812. p. 21. l. 1. — *Behave with duplicity, treachery, fraud and* [Malibran] [1812. p. 21. l. 1. — *treason in*]

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 427

Bulls and cuckolds were furnished with horns." STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare meant nothing more by this epithet than *horned*, the bull's horns being crooked or oblique. Dr. Warburton, I think, mistakes. It is the bull, not Menelaus, that is *the primitive statue*, &c. MALONE.

Forced with wit, i. e. stuffed with wit. A term of cookery. In this speech I do not well understand what is meant by *loving quails*. JOHNSON. By loving *quails* the poet may mean loving the company of harlots. A *quail* is remarkably salacious. Mr. Upton says that Xenophon, in his memoirs of Socrates, has taken notice of this quality in the bird. STEEVENS.

In old French *caille* was synonymous to *fille de joie*. MALONE.

P. 225, l. 17. — a *fitchew*,] i. e. a *polecat*. So, in *Othello*: "Tis such another *fitchew*, marry a perfum'd one ——." STEEVENS.

P. 225, l. 23. *Hey-day! spirits and fires!*] This Thersites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights. JOHNSON.

P. 226, l. 11. *Draught* is the old word for *foricad*. It is used in the vulgar translation of the Bible. MALONE.

So, in Holinshed, and a thousand other places. STEEVENS.

P. 227, l. 3. 4. — *he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound;*] If a hound gives his mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabller*. The proverb says, — "Brabbling ears never want sore ears." ANONYMOUS.

P. 227, l. 5. — *prodigious,*] i. e. portentous, ominous. STEEVENS.

NOTES TO

P. 227, l. 9. — he keeps a Trojan drab, I
This character of Diomed is likewise taken from
Lydgate. STEEVENS.

P. 228, l. 5. She will sing any man at first
sing at sight.] We now say —
sight. The meaning is the same.

P. 228, l. 7. — if he can take her cliff, i. e. a mark in musick —
is, her key. Clef, French. JOHNSON.
Cliff, i. e. a mark in musick. That
of the lines of a song; and is the indication of the
pitch, and bespeaks what kind of voice — as
base, tenor, or treble; it is proper for.

SIR J. HAWKES.

P. 229, l. 8. You flow to great destruction;
Means, I think, your impetuosity is such as must
necessarily expose you to imminent danger.

MALONE.

The folio has:
You flow to great distraction; —
The quartos:
You flow to great destruction; —

I would adhere to the old reading: You flow
to great destruction, or distraction. You flow
tide of your imagination, or distraction, means
noble death from the hand of Diomed, or to
height of madness from the predominance of
own passions. STEEVENS.

Possibly we ought to read destruction, as U-

nes has told Troilus just before;

this place is dangerous;

"The time right deadly." M. MALONE.

P. 229, l. 22. — you palter.]
behave with duplicity. STEEVENS.

TROILUS AND CRÉSSIDA. 429

[P. 229, l. 34-55. *How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together!*] Potatoes were anciently regarded as provocationes. STEEVENS.

Luxuria was the appropriate term used by the school divines, to express the sin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury*, in all our old English writers. In the *Summae Theologiae Compendium* of Thomas Aquinas, P. 2, II. Quæst. CLIV. is *de Luxuriae Partibus*, which the author distributes under the heads of *Simplex Fornicatio, Adulterium, Incestus, Stuprum, Raptae*; &c. and Chancer, in his *Parson's Tale*, descanting on the seyen deadly sins, treats of this under the title *De Luxuria*. Hence, in *King Lear*, our author uses the word in this peculiar sense:

"To't, *Luxury*, pell-mell, for I want soldiers,"

And Middleton, in his *Game of Chess*:

"— in a room fill'd all with *Aretine's* pictures,

"(More than the twelve labours of *Luxury*.)

"Thou shalt not so much as the chaste pum-
mel see

"Of Lucrece' dagger."

But why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness, said to have a *potatoe finger*? — This root, which was in our author's time but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotic, and esteemed a very strong provocative. As the plant is so common now a day, it may entertain the reader to see how it is described by Gerard in his *Herball*, 1597, p. 780:

"This plant is habited called of some *Skyrritis* Pern, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Po-*

knowledge of the same.
garden divers roots (that I bought
in London) where they flourished v
which time they perished and ro
used to be eaten roasted in the
when they be so roasted, iu
them in wine; and others, to give
er grace in eating, do boil th
Howsoever they be dressed, they
and strengthen the bodie, pro
and that with great greedines
Drayton, in the 20th song
introduces the same idea concer

"The skirret, which, so

Shakspeare alludes to this
in *The Merry Wives of Wi*
rain potatoes, hail kissing
eringoes; let a tempest of I

Ben Jonson mentions po
Man out of his Humour
-inus meats. So, T. I

1635:

TROILUS AND GRESSIDA. 43A

sets, are your only lusty dishes." Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: "If she be a woman, marrow-bones and potatoe-pies keep me," &c. Again, in *A Chaste Maid of Cheapside*, by Middleton, 1620:

"You might have spar'd this banquet of eringoes,

"Artichokes, potatues, and your butter'd crab;

"They were fitter kept for your own wedding dinner."

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: "— a banquet of oyster-pies, skerret-roots, potatoes, eringoes, and divers other whelstones of vensry." Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"Potatoes eke, if you shall lack,

"To corroborate the back."

Again, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1603: "— by Gor, an me had known dis, me woode haue eat soin potatos, or ringoe." Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

"You shall find me a kind of sparrow-widow;

"A barley-corn goes as far as a potatoe!"

Again, in *The Ghost*, 1640:

"Then, the fine broths I daily had sent to me,

"Potatoe pasties, lusty marrow-pies," &c.

Again, in *Histrionastix, or the Player-whip*, 1610:

"Give your play-gull a stool, and my lady her stool,

"And her usher potatoes and marrow."

Nay, so notorious were the virtues of this root, that W. W. the old translator of the *Mosaickbook*

of Plautus, 1595, has introduced them into that comedy. When Menoechmus goes to the house of his mistress Erotium to bespeak a dinner, he adds, "Harke ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichokes, and potato-roots; let our other dishes be as you please."

Again, in Greene's *Disputation between a Hee Coneycatcher and a Shee Coneycatcher*, 1592: "I pray you, how many hadde proffittes againe growes from whoores. Bridewell woulde have verie fewe tenants, the hospitall woulde waute patientes, and the surgions much woorkes: the apothecaries would have surphaling water and potato-roots lyde deade on their handes." Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "— 'tis your only dish, above all your potatoes or oyster-pies in the world." Again, in *The Elder Brother*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"A banquet — well, potatoes and eringoes,
"And as I take it, cantharides — Excellent!" Again, in *The Loyal Subject*, by the same author:

"Will your Lordship please to taste a fine potato?"

"Twill advance your wither'd state,

"Fill your honour full of noble itches," &c. Again in *The Martial Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher: "Will your Ladyship have a potatoe-pie? 'tis a good stirring dish for an old lady after a long lent." Again, in *The Sea Voyage*, by the same author:

"—— Oh, for some eringoes,

"Potatoes, or cantharides!"

Again:

"See provoking dishes, candied eringoes

"And potatoes."

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 435

gain, in *The Picture*, by Massinger:

" — he hath got a pye :

" Of marrow-bones, potatoes and eringoes."

gain, in Massinger's *New Way to pay old debts*:

" — 'tis the quintessence

" Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of
sparrows,

" Knuckles of veal, potatoe-roofs and mar-

row,

" Coral and ambergris," &c.

gain, in *The Guardian*, by the same author:

" — Potargo,

" Potatoes, marrow, caviare — "

gain, in *The City Madam*, by the same:

" — prescribes my diet, and foretells

" My dreams when I eat potatoes."

Taylor, the water poet, likewise, in his character of a Bawd, ascribes the same qualities to the genial root.

Again, Decker, in his *Gulf's Hornbook*, 1606:

" Potato-pies and custards stood like the sinful
suburbs of cookery," &c. Again, in Marston's
astres, 1609:

" — camphire and lettuce chaste,

" Are now cashier'd — now Sophi 'rignon

cate,

" Candi'd potatoes are Athenian's meat,

gain, in Holinshed's *Chronicle, Description of*
England, p. 467:

" Of the potato and such venemous roots, &c.
speako not."

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P. 250, l. 32. *Cres.* Here, Diomed, keep this
sleeve, blinde full thy sleeve.] The custom of
wearing a lady's sleeve for a favour, is mentioned
in Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 12: "— One wear my
husband-piece his lady's sleeve, and another hat
on his helme the glove of his deareling."

STEEVENS.

In an old play (in six acts) called *Histriomastix*, 1610, this incident seems to be harle-
qued. *Troilus* and *Cressida* are introduced by
way of interlude: and *Cressida* breaks out:

"O Knight, with valour in thy face,
Here take my skerne, wear it for grace;
Within thy helmet put the same,
Therewith to make thine enemis lame."

A little old book, *The Hundred Histories of Troye*, tells us, "Bryseide whom Master Chaucer calleth Cresseyde, was a damosell of great beaute: and yet was more quaynte, inutile, and full of vagauant condysions." PARSON.

This *sleeve* was given by *Troilus* to *Cressida* at their parting, and she gave him a glove in return.

M. MAJOS.

What Mr. Steevens has observed on the subject of *ladies' sleeves* is certainly true; but the sleeve given in the present instance was the sleeve of *Troilus*. It may be supposed to be an ornamented tunic, such perhaps as was worn by some of our young nobility at a tilt, in Shakspeare's age.

On second consideration, I believe the sleeve of *Troilus*, which is here given to *Diomed*, was not a one as was formerly worn at tournaments.

Spenser's *View of Ireland*, p. 45, ed. 1620.

"Also the deepe smocke sleeve, which the kny-

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 455

Speaking of *dates*, he says, that "thereof he made divers excellent cordial comfortable and nourishing medicines, and that procure *lust of the body very mightily.*" He also mentions *quinces* as having the same virtues.

We may likewise add, that Shakspeare's own authority for the efficacy of *quinces* and *dates* is not wanting. He has certainly introduced them both as proper to be employed in the wedding dinner of Paris and Juliet:

"They call for *dates* and *quinces* in the
pastry."

It appears from Dr. Campbell's *Political Survey of Great Britain*, that *potatoes* were brought into Ireland about the year 1610, and that they came first from Ireland into Lancashire. It was however forty years before they were much cultivated about London. At this time they were distinguished from the Spanish by the name of *Virginia potatoes*, — or *battatas*, which is the Indian denomination of the Spanish sort. The Indians in Virginia called them *openank*. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first who planted them in Ireland. Authors differ as to the nature of this vegetable, as well as in respect of the country from whence it originally came. Switzer calls it *Sisdrum Peruvianum*, i. e. the *skirret of Peru*. Dr. Hill says it is a *solanum*; and another very respectable naturalist conceives it to be a *native of Mexico*.

"The accumulation of instances in this note is to be regarded as a proof how often dark allusions might be cleared up, if commentators were diligent in their researches. COLLINS.

But my heart with the other ey

Perhaps, rather:

But with the other eye my hea

The present reading is right. — She
“one eye yet looks on thee, Troilus,
corresponds with my heart, and loo
mede.” M. MASON.

P. 252, l. 8. *A proof of streng*
not publish
could not publish a stronger proof.

P. 252, l. 20. *That doth invert*
eyes and
that turns the very testimony of seeing
against themselves. THOBALD.

P. 252, l. 24. *I cannot conjur*
That is, I cannot raise spirits in the
sida. JOHNSON.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 437

women use; they say, was old Spanish; and is set yet in Barbary; and yet that should seeme either to be all old English fashion, for in armory ie fashion of the manches which is given in armes y' mighty; being indeed nothing else but a sleeve, fashioned much like to that sleeve." MADOK.

P. 230, last l. *As I kiss thee.* — *Nay, do not snatch it from me;*
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.] In old editions:
As I kiss thee.

Dio. *Nay, do not snatch it from me.*

Cres. *He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.*

r. Thirlby thinks this should be all placed to Cressida. She had the sleeve, and was kissing it picturously; and Diomed snatches it back from her. THEOBALD.

P. 231, l. 13. *By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,*] i. e. the ars which she points to. WARBURTON.

P. 234, l. 29. *Ther.* Nor I, by Pluto: &c.] in Thomas-Hammet gives this speech to Troilus. "does not very much resemble the language of hersites. If indeed it belongs to the former character, it should assume a metrical form, though is here given as it stands in the folio, and the ratio -long. SKEATES.

P. 232, first l. The characters of Cressida and Andarne are more immediately furnished from haucer than from Lydgate; for though the haucer entitols them both characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished Shak-

NOTES TO

speare with many circumstances to
this tragedy. STEEVENS.

P. 252, l. 1. 2. — one eye yet loo
But with my heart the other
second line should be read thus: see. —] I

But my heart with the other ey
Perhaps, rather:

But with the other eye my he

The present reading is right. Si
“one eye yet looks on thee, Troil
corresponds with my heart, and
amde.” M. MASON.

P. 252, l. 3. A proof of sti
could not publish a stronger pr

P. 252, l. 20. That doth in

that turns the very testimony o
against themselves. THROBAL

P. 252, l. 24. I cannot
That is, I cannot raise spirits
sida. JOHNSON.

P. 252, l. 26. Most sure
sent deficiency in the measur
pose our author wrote:

It is most sure she wa
P. 252, l. 30. Let it
sake of womanhood.

TROILUS AND GRESSIDA. 439

P. 202, l. 52. — Critick has here, I think, the signification of *Cynick*. MALONE.

P. 233, l. 8. g. — *If there be rule in unity it-*
self,

This was not she. } May mean, — If there be *certainty* in *unity*; if it be a *rule* that *one is one*. JOHNSON.

If it be true that one individual cannot be two distinct persons. MASON.

The rule alluded to is a very simple one; that *one* cannot be *two*. This woman therefore, says Troilus, this *false* one, cannot be that Cressida that formerly plighted her faith to me. MALONE.

P. 233, l. 9-11. — *O madness of discourse,*
That cause sets up with and against it-
self!

Bi-fold authority!] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us:

By foul authority! —

There is 'madness' in that disquisition in which a man reasons at once for and against himself upon authority which he knows not to be valid. The quarto is right. JOHNSON.

This is one of the passages in which the editor of the folio changed words that he found in the quartos, merely because he did not understand them. MALONE.

P. 233, l. 11-13: — *where reason can*
not make revolts
Without perdition, and loss desume all
the wiles of a passage, this more to see

462 *ADDITIONS TO THE NOTES*

P. 236, l. 5 - 8. — "Do not commit robbery,
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
~~For we would give much to violent~~
~~thefts, or to robbery,~~
"And rob in the behalf of charity." This is
so oddly confused in the folio, that I transcribe
it as specimen of incorrectness; but the original words
do not count it robbery, but are nothing
but "To hurt by being just; it is as lawful."
"For we would count give much to as viel
as the abest violent theft," etc.
"And rob in the behalf of charity."

Johnson's first reading of this line is: "I believe we should read: 'For we would give much to our violent thefts,'"
i.e. to the violent thefts, because we would give
much. The word *count* had crept in from the
last line but one. Tyrwhitt.

I have adopted the emendation proposed by Mr.
Tyrwhitt. Mr. Howe cut the knot, instead of ~~the~~
tying it, by reading:
"For us to count we give what's gained by
our own & hard-~~less~~ *thief*, among a rafter-patched
and all the subsequent editors have copied him.

MALONE.
Book 3, l. 9. *It is the purpose of that maker*,
~~an author or a poet~~ *to strengthen the rose*. The
med prophetess speaks here with all the coolness
and judgement of a skilful casuist. "The ~~purpose~~
of a Lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow
of which the end is wrong, must not be regarded
as cogent." Johnson.

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tain John Smith's *Sea Grammar*, quarto, 1627 : "A spout is, as it were a small river falling entirely from the clouds, like one of our water-spouts, which make the sea, where it falleth, to rebound in flashes exceeding high;" i. e. in the language of Shakspere, to *dizzy the ear of Neptune*. STEEVENS.

P. 234, l. 10. — *concupy.*] A cast word, formed by our author from *concupiscence*. STEEVENS.

P. 234, l. 25. — *wear a castle on thy head.*] I. e. defend thy heart with armour of more than common security. STEEVENS.

P. 235, first l. — *a burning devil take them.*] Alluding to the venereal disease, formerly called the *brenning* or *burning*. M. MASON.

So, in *Isaiah*, iii. 24: "— and *burning* instead of *Beauty.*" STEEVENS.

P. 235, l. 12. *My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.*] The hint for this dream of Andromache might be either taken from Lydgate, or a passage in Chaucer's *Nonnes Prestes Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 15147. STEEVENS.

My dreams of last night will prove ominous to the day; forebode ill to it, and shew that it will be a fatal day to Troy. MALONE.

P. 235, l. 19. *Dear,* on this occasion, seems to mean *important, consequential.* STEEVENS.

P. 236, first l. — *peevish w.*] *Sad, Woolish.*

P. 236, l. 5-8. — *Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just; it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent
thefts,*
And rob in the behalf of charity.] This is so oddly confused in the folio, that I transcribe it as specimen of incorrectness:
do not count it holy,
To hurt by being just; it is as lawful—
*“For we would count give much to as vice
lant thefts,*
“And rob in the behalf of charity.”

JOHNSON.

I believe we should read:
*For we would give much, to use violent
thefts,*

i. e. to use violent thefts, because we would give much. The word *count* had crept in from the last line but one. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted the emendation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Mr. Rowe cut the knot, instead of untangling it, by reading:

*For us to count we give what's gain'd by
theft,*
 and all the subsequent editors have copied him.

MALONE.

P. 236, l. 9. *It is the purpose, that makes
strong the vow;*] The mad prophetess speaks here with all the coolness and judgement of a skilful casuist. “The essence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the end is wrong must not be regarded as cogent.” JOHNSON.

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P. 236, l. 14. *My honour keeps the weather of my fate:* If this be not a nautical phrase, which I cannot well explain or apply, perhaps we should read:

Mine honour keeps the weather off my fate: i. e. I am secured by the cause I am engaged in; mine honour will avert the storms of fate; will protect my life amidst the dangers of the field. A somewhat similar phrase occurs in *The Winter's Tale*:

"In the lime grove that *weather-fends* our cell." STEEVENS.

P. 236, l. 15. — the *dear man*] *Valuable man.* The modern editions read — *brave man.* The repetition of the word is in our author's manner. JOHNSON.

P. 236, l. 29. 30. — *you have a wise of mercy;*
— *in you,* — *which better fits a lion, than a man.* [Johns. The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man.

P. 236, last l. & P. 237, l. 1. 2. Shakspeare seems not to have studied the Homeric character of Hector, whose disposition was by no means inclined to clemency, as we may learn from Andromache's speech in the 24th *Iliad*:

"For thy stern father never spared a man." Pope.

It appears from *Segar on Honor; Military and Civil*, folio, 1602, p. 122, that a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or if challenged, might refuse the combat.

Alluding to this circumstance Cleopatra says: "These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

"A meaneer than myself."

These punctilioes are well ridiculed in *Albamazar*, Act IV. sc. VII. REED.

P. 242, l. 3. — *bastard Margarelon*] The introduction of a bastard son of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumstances taken from the story book of *The Three Destructions of Troy*. THEOBALD.

P. 242, l. 5. — *waging his beam*,] i. e. his lance like a weaver's beam, as Goliath's spear is described. STEEVENS.

P. 242, l. 6. — *pashed* —] i. e. bruised, crushed. STEEVENS.

P. 242, l. 10. 11. — *the dreadful Sagittary Appsals our numbers*;] "Beyonde the roialme of Amazonne came an auncient Kynges wyse and dyscreete, named Epystrophus, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouse beste that was called SAGITTAYRE, that behynde the myddles was an horse, and to fore, a man; this beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen rede as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe: this beste made the Grekes sore afarde, and slew many of them with his bowe. The Three Destructions of Troy, printed by Caxton. THEOBALD.

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P. 242, l. 19. *And there they fly, or die,
like scaled sculls.]* Sculls are great numbers of fishes swimming together. The modern editors not being acquainted with the term, changed it into *shoals*. My knowledge of this word is derived from a little book called *The English Expositor*, London, printed by John Legatt, 1616. STEEVENS.

Scaled means here, dispersed, put to flight. This is proved decisively by the original reading of the quarto, *scaling*, which was either changed by the poet himself to *scaled* (with the same sense) or by the editor of the folio. If the latter was the case, it is probable that not being sufficiently acquainted with our author's manner, who frequently uses the active for the passive participle, he supposed that the epithet was merely descriptive of some quality in the thing described. MALONE.

Sculls and *shoals*, have not only one and the same meaning, but are actually, or at least originally, one and the same word. A *scull* of herrings (and it is to those fish that the speaker alludes) so termed on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, is elsewhere called a *shoal*. RITSON.

P. 242, l. 21. — the *strawy Greeks,*] In the folio it is — the *straying Greeks*. JOHNSON.

P. 242, l. 22. *Swath* is the quantity of grass cut down by a single stroke of the mower's scythe. STEEVENS.

P. 243, l. 16. Nest. *So, so, we draw together.]* This remark seems to be made by Nestor in consequence of the return of Ajax to the field, he having lately re-

fused to co-operate or *draw together* Greeks, though at present he is too sullen fit by the loss of a friend.

P. 245, l. 19. — *boy-queller*, derer of a boy. STEEVENS.

P. 244, l. 15. — *I will not*
That is, (as we should now speak
he a *looker-on*. MALONE.

P. 244, l. 16. — *you cogging G*
epithet has no particular propriety
but the author had heard of *Graec*

Surely the epithet had propriety
Diomed at least, who had defrauded
mistress. Troilus bestows it on *hunc
culpam*. A fraudulent man, as I
still call'd in the North — a *g*
Cicero bears witness to this character
cient Greeks: “*Testimoniorum r
fidem nunquam ista natio coluit.*”

P. 245, l. 9. He shall not carry
prevail over him. STEEVENS.

P. 245, l. 15. 16. — *I like thy*
I'll crush it,] The word *si*
found elsewhere, nor understand
Haumer explains it, to *break or*

Mr. M. Mason observes, that “*planation* appears to be right; and the
in this sense, to be derived from the
cer, to bruise, or break to pieces.”

To *crush* a chicken, &c. is a word
as ancient as *Wynkyu de Wurde*.

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subject, 1508; and was succeeded by another phrase which we may suppose to have been synonymous, viz. — to “break up a capon;” words that occur in *Love’s Labour’s Lost*.

MALONE.

P. 246, l. 5. *To execute their arme* is to employ them; to put them to use. M. MASON.

P. 246, l. 19. *Bastard*, in ancient times, was a reputable appellation. STEEVENS.

P. 247, l. 15. *Even with the veil and darkning of the sun,*] The *veil* is, I think, the *sinking* of the sun; not *veil* or *cover*. JOHNSON.

P. 247, l. 19. *Strikes, fellows, strike;*] This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old story-book. HANMER.

P. 248, first l. A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They are often mentioned by Sidney. They were called *sticklers*, from carrying sticks or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the duellists. We now call these *sticklers* — *sidesmen*. STEEVENS.

Minsheu gives the same etymology, in his DICT. 1617: “A *stickler* betweene two, so called as putting a *stick* or *staffe* betweene two fighting or fencing together.” MALONE.

Sticklers are arbitrators, judges, or, as called in some places, *sidesmen*. At every wrestling in Cornwall, before the *games* begin, a certain number of *sticklers* are chosen, who regulate the proceedings and determine every dispute. The *turne* of the English language, as I conceive.

does not allow the derivation of *stickler* from *stick*, which, as a word, it has not the remotest connection with. *Stickler* (*stic-kle-er*) is immediately from the verb *stickle*, to interfere, to take part with, to busy one's self in any matter. RITSON.

P. 247, last. l. and P. 248, l. 1-5. These four despicable verses, as well as the rhyming fit with which "the blockish Ajax" is afterwards seized, could scarce have fallen from the pen of our author, in his most unlucky moments of composition. STEEVENS.

Whatever may have been the remainder of this speech as it came out of Shakspeare's hands, we may be confident that this bombast stuff made no part of it. Our author's gold was stolen and the thief's brass left in its place. RITSON.

P. 249, l. 9. *Sit, gods upon your thrones,
and smile at Troy!* Mr. Upton thinks that Shakspeare had the Psalmist in view. "He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision." Ps. ii. 4. "The Lord shall laugh him to scorn; for he hath seen that his day is coming." Ps. xxxvii. 13. In the passage before us, (he adds,) "the heavens are the ministers of the Gods to execute their vengeance, and they are bid to frown on; but the Gods themselves smile at Troy; they hold Troy in derision, for its day is coming." MALONE.

P. 249, l. 21. *Make wells and Niobes of the
maids and wives,*] I adopt the conjecture of a deceased friend, who would read — *wolland*, i. e. weeping Niobes.

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Saxon termination of the participle in *and*, *ig*, is common in our old poets, and often spelt at the press. WHALLEY. There is surely no need of emendation.

STEVENS.

249, l. 26. — *pight* —] i. e. pitched, The obsolete preterite and participle past to *pitch*. STEVENS.

249, last lines. *Strike a free march, to Troy!* — with comfort go: *Topes of revenge shall hide our inward woe.*] This couplet, as

a full and natural close to the play; and as I once thought differently, I must now be my firm belief that Shakspeare designed it should end here, and that what follows is either a subsequent and injudicious restoration from some older drama mentioned in p. 348. or the notion of some wretched buffoon who represented Iulus. When the hero of the scene was not alive, but on the stage, our author would have trusted the conclusion of his piece to ordinary character whom he had uniformly up to detestation. It is still less probable he should have wound up his story with a outrage to decency, and a deliberate insult to his audience. — But in several other parts of his drama I cannot persuade myself that I have been reading Shakspeare. STEVENS.

250, l. 4. *Ignomy* was used in our author's sense for *ignominy*. MALONE.

250, l. 18. 19. — *set this in your painted cloths.*] i. e. the painted curtains with which your rooms are hung.

STEVENS.

P. 250, l. 28. *Some galled goose of chester]* The p stews were anciently under the jurisdiction Bishop of Winchester. POPE.

Mr. Pope's explanation may be supposed the following passage in one of the old plays which my negligence has lost the title:

"Collier! how came the *goose* to be pu you?"

"I'll tell thee: The term lying at *Wit* ter in Henry the Third's days, and many women coming out of the Isle of Wight &c. there were many punks in the town,"

A particular symptom in the *lues veneris* called a *Winchester Goose*. STEEVENS.

At the public stews were under the control the Bishop of Winchester, a strumpet was a *Winchester goose*, and a *galled Win* goose may mean, either a strumpet through the venereal disease, or one that felt herself by what Pandarus had said. It is probable the word was purposely used to express these senses. It does not appear to me the passage cited by Steevens, that any symptom of the venereal disease was called a *Win* goose. M. MASON.

Cole, in his Latin Dict. 1660, renders a *chester goose* by *pudendagra*. MALONE.

There are more hard, bombastical puns the serious part of this play, than, I can be picked out of any other six plays of Shakspeare. Take the following specimens: — *persistive*, — *protractive*, — *impo-*

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insisture, — deracinate, — dividable. Add in
the next act: *past-proportion, — unrespective,*
— propugnation, — self-assumption, — self-
admission, — assubjugate, — kingdom'd, &c.

TYRWHITT.

P. 250, l. 29. Till then I'll sweat,] i. e.
adopt the regimen then used for curing what Pi-
troll calls "The malady of France." STEVENS.

P. 250, last l. This play is more correctly writ-
ten than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it
is not one of those in which either the extent of his
views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed.
As the story abounded with materials he has exerted
little invention; but he has diversified his charac-
ters with great variety, and preserved them with
great exactness. His vicious characters disgust,
but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pan-
darus are detested and contemned. The comic
characters seem to have been the favourites of
the writer; they are of the superficial kind, and
exhibit more of manners than nature; but they
are copiously filled and powerfully impressed.
Shakspeare has in his story followed, for the
greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was
then very popular; but the character of Thersites,
of which it makes no mention, is a proof that
this play was written after Chapman had published
his version of Homer. JOHNSON.

The first seven books of Chapman's *Homer*
were published in the year 1596, and again in
1598. They were dedicated as follows: *To the*
most honoured now living instance of the
Achilleian virtues eternized by divine Homer,
the Earle of Essex, Earl Marshall, &c. &c.

454 NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

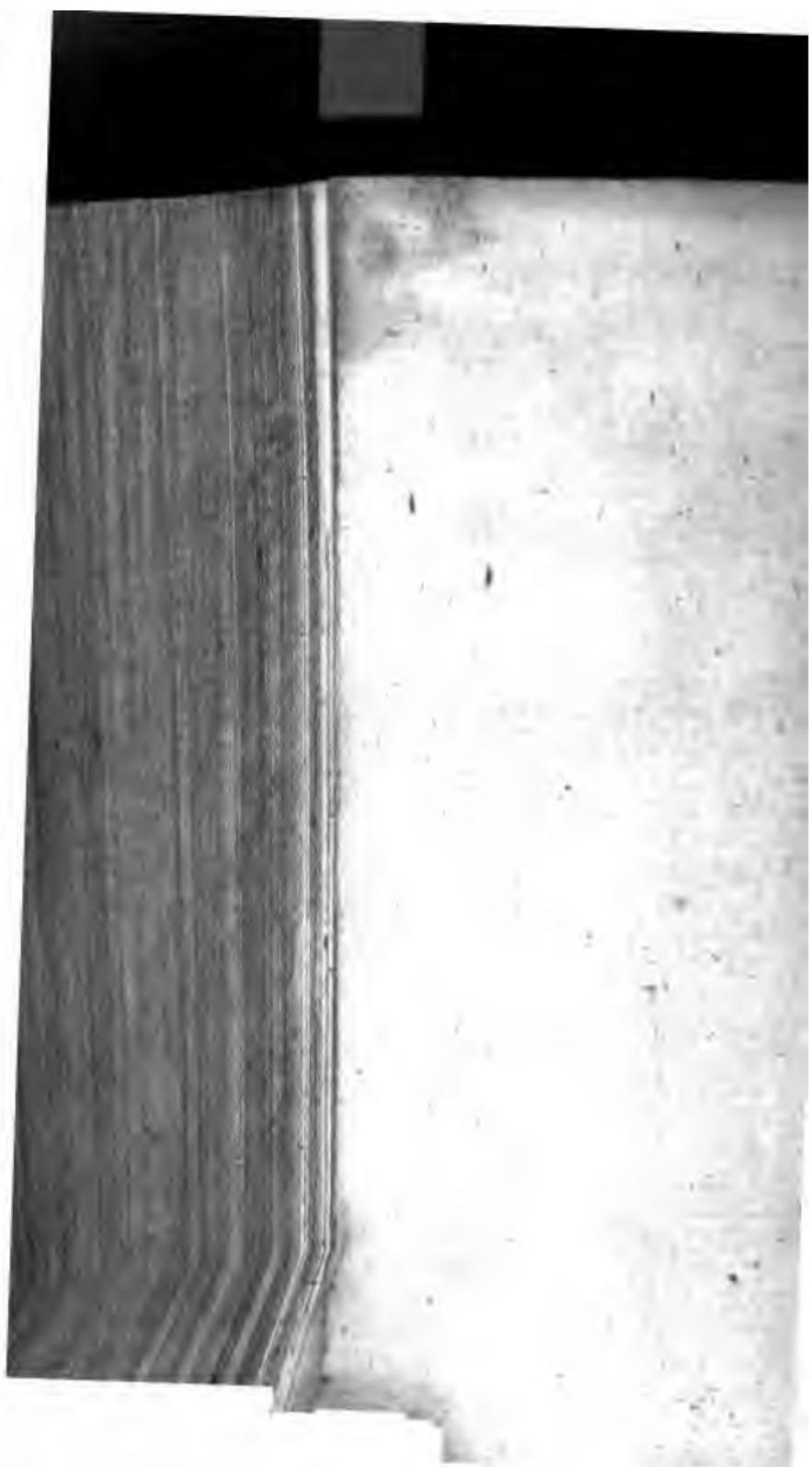
an anonymous Interlude, called *Thersites his Humours and Conceits*, had been published in 1598. Puttenham also, in his *Arte of English Poesy*, 1589, p. 35, makes mention of "Thersites the glorious noddie," &c. STEEVENS.

The interlude of *Thersites* was; I believe, published long before 1598. That date was one of the numerous forgeries of Chetwood the Prompter, as well as the addition to the title of the piece, — "Thersites *his Humours and Conceits*;" for no such words are found in the catalogue published in 1671, by Kirkman, who appears to have seen it. MALONE.

END OF THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME.

Notes to Tables and Figures

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